

CALIFORNIANA



SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1223 90156 9328

BOOK NO.

ACCESSION

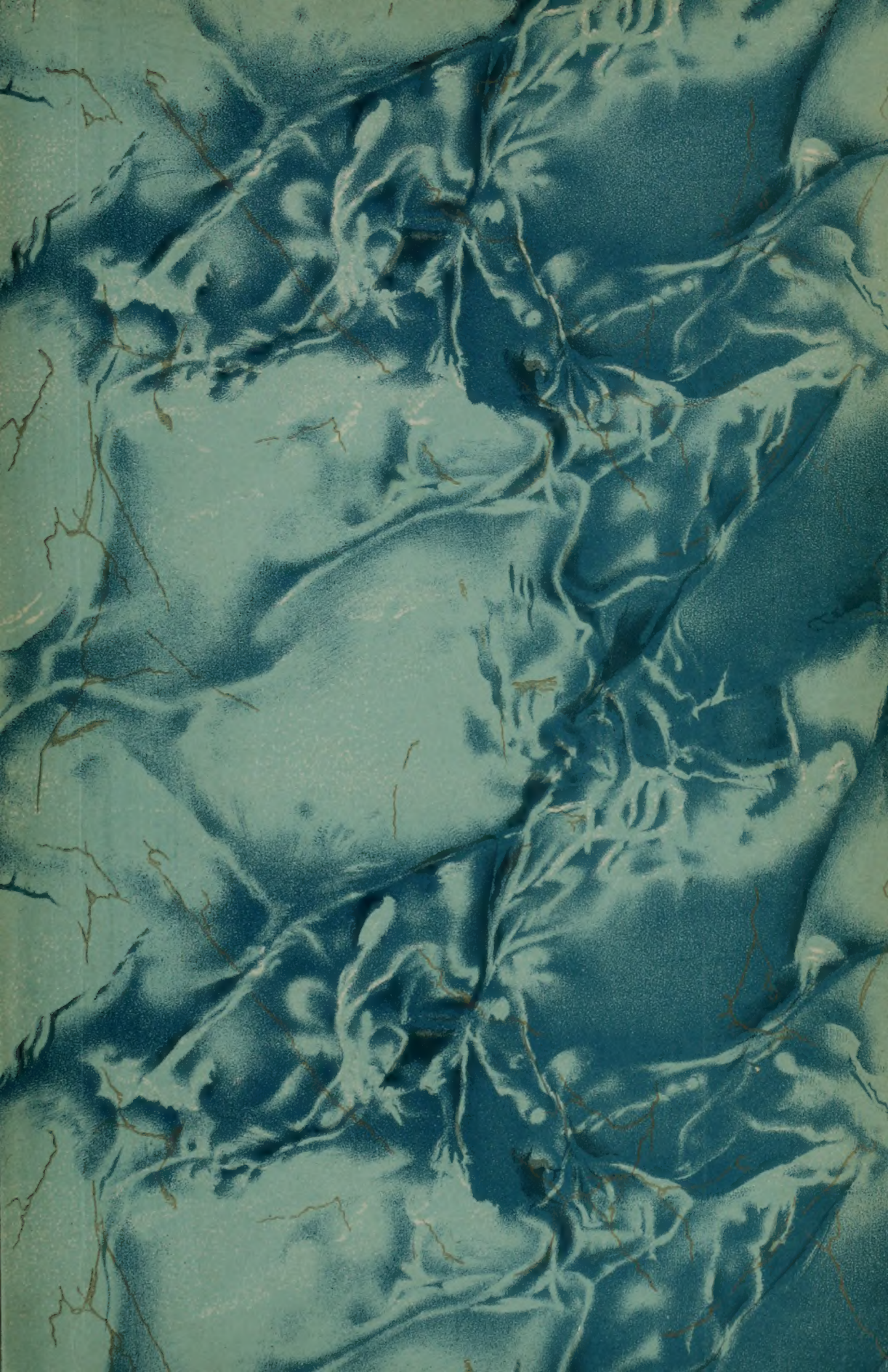
1

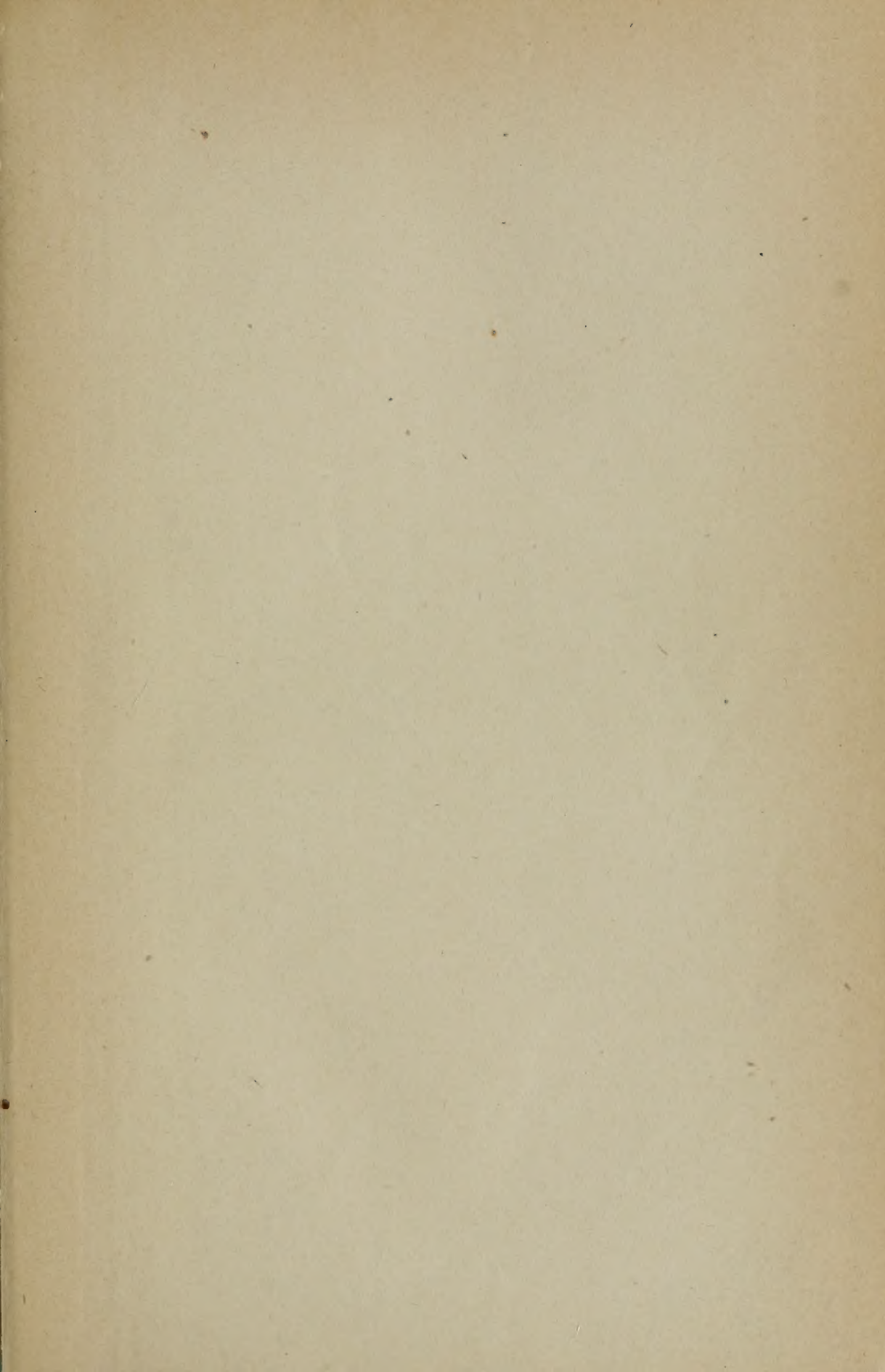
979.461 M611 D

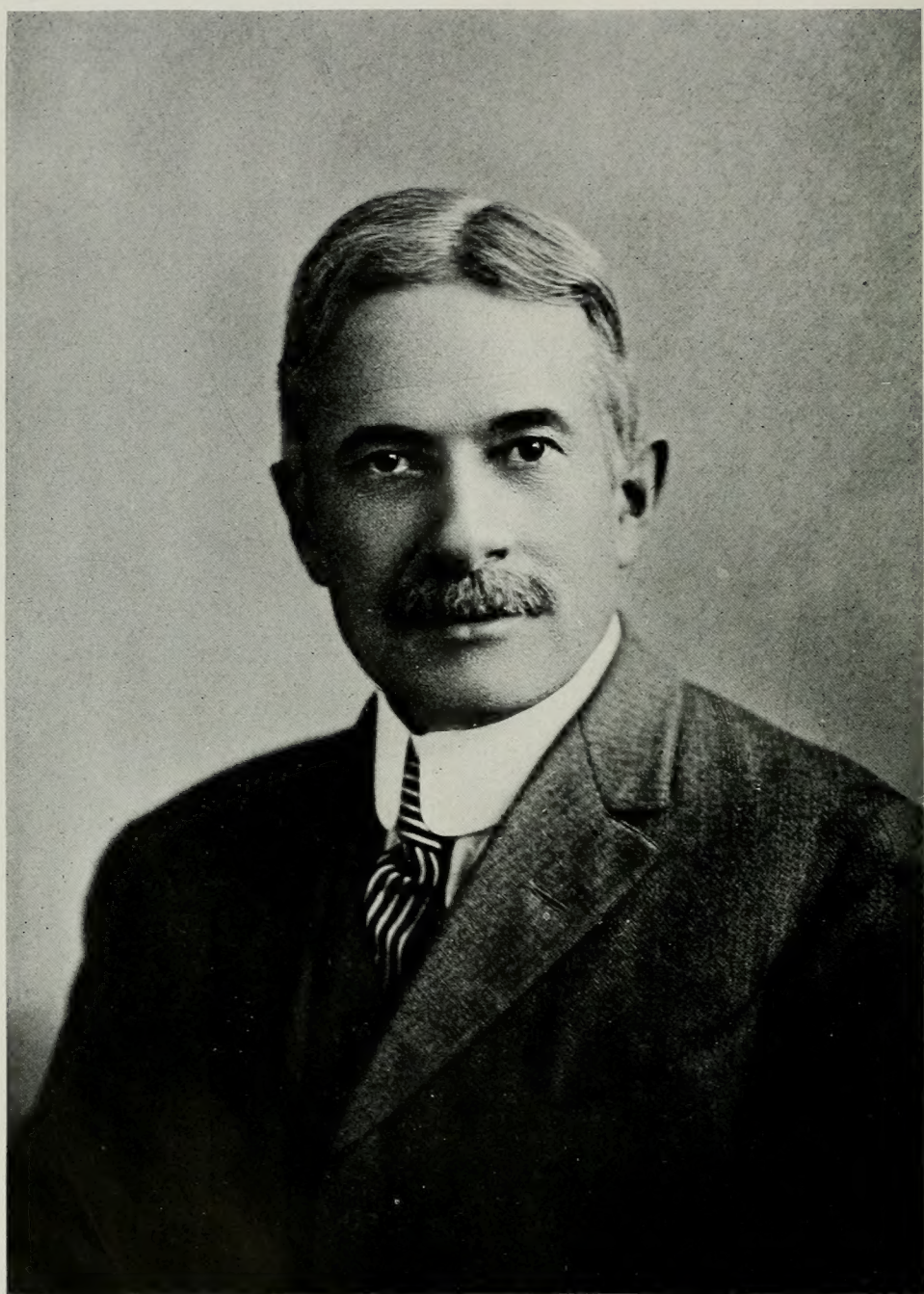
563992

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY

FORM 3427-4500 8-44







Bailey Millard

HISTORY
OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO BAY
REGION

BY
BAILEY MILLARD

In Collaboration With Able Assistants

History and Biography

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME I

S. F. PUBLIC LIBRARY

PUBLISHERS

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK

1924

Copyright, 1924
BY
THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

x 979.461
M611¹ D

563992

Y8A800.1 01.809.7.2

TO THE MEMORY

OF

Martha Beatrice Millard

A Native Daughter of California and a Loyal and
Loving Wife and Mother

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND REVERENTLY
DEDICATED

BY HER HUSBAND

BY WAY OF PREFACE

An important event is one thing, a man's opinion or interpretation of it is another, and may be quite unimportant. A historical personage, having played his part and gracefully withdrawn or lain down and died, has left his deeds to speak for themselves. How these deeds may strike the peculiar mentality of the historian who records them is, as a rule, not of paramount interest or value as literature. To be sure, there are exceptions, as in the cases of Plutarch, Macaulay, Gibbon and Carlyle; but the annalist himself must be of sufficient mental stature and of such high authority, because of his scholarly attainments, as to make his comments or interpretative observations natural and warrantable parts of the record and, in a sense, inseparable from it. One might well wish to know what Carlyle thought of certain phases of the French Revolution or of its leaders, but one would be likely to yawn over commentaries presented by a less famous or forceful writer.

This history which I have written is not, as will be seen by its perusal, an obtrusively opinionated one; and wherever a comment, an expository observation or illustrative explanation happens to be thrown in it is always negligible. For the most part there is little or no coloring of the matter presented—no heightening, remoulding or suppression of important details to make a case for or against any individual or group of individuals whose names and acts appear or are reported in the text.

This rather unusual plan of treatment of the annals of San Francisco and its neighboring towns has been adopted by me because I believe that the discerning reader of such a history does not look for nor placidly accept ordinary judgment, much less argument. What he wants is facts. And so, though I have not failed altogether in analysis and comparison, I have tried to avoid anything save the most conservative comments.

I have the utmost respect for the old chroniclers of California, but it seems to me that they have too generously arrogated to themselves the privilege of free and unrestrained criticism, and at times have not hesitated to obtrude wholly prejudiced and, therefore, worthless observations. So we occasionally find in this or that chapter relating to sectional, political, industrial, religious or professional affairs an excellent example of the point of view forced throughout. This is particularly true of matters pertaining to the Civil war, to politics and

to newspaper rivalry and to certain men of whom the writers sought to make heroes or to portray as undesirable citizens.

In the presence of such conflict of opinion as is found in the presentation of certain historical facts by ancient diarists or latter-day local historians, each of whom could see but one side of the matter in hand, the conclusions arrived at from one's researches are likely to be somewhat mixed and unsatisfactory; but I have tried to weigh one annalist's viewpoint against that of another, and thus arrive at the truth.

Still there has been an occasional instance, which the reader will not fail to note, where the presentation of a certain event and of the character of the participants in it has been at such wide variance with other reports of the same occurrence, no two of them wholly agreeing, as to baffle all attempts to weigh them scrupulously or to reconcile them with any valid concept of the truth of the matter. In such a case I have deemed it expedient to recite more than one account of the affair. This, of course, leaves the reader nowhere, unless, forsooth, he is better equipped than I am with means by which he may be able to choose the correct version.

When the reader of the year 2023 shall take down this volume and examine its musty, time-discolored pages, he may be more impressed by the quaintness or the obsolescence of its diction than by the importance of the facts here recorded, but, speaking to him, as it were, from the grave and, therefore, entitled to a modicum of respect, I would ask him not to judge too harshly what may appear to him the futile and fanatical deeds of the Mission fathers whose acts are depicted in these chapters, nor the wild, free, devil-may-care ways of the inhabitants of the San Francisco of the days of the gold period, also disclosed. For we of these sober times freely overlook and condone both these widely divergent examples of intemperance. We love the old padres for their sincerity and for what they aspired to be and to do, and we love the old pioneers for their open-handed generosity, their freedom and frankness and for what they did to upbuild San Francisco. So that although, to preserve the verities, I have drawn their frailties from their dread abode, I am not holding them up to scorn, but to charity.

Hawesworth said to Johnson, "You have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world." I hope sincerely that none of my readers who are well versed in the works of the older Californian chroniclers, or in California generally, is possessed of a Johnsonian memory; for it is simply impossible for me to acknowledge half the sources of information from which my "History of the San Francisco Bay Region" has been drawn. Those writers who have undertaken to play the annalist of a geographical

section as rich in historical interest as that of San Francisco and its environs—and in many respects there is none richer—will understand how such a thing as giving credit for every fact presented in his work is simply out of the question.

To Zoeth Skinner Eldredge I owe not a little of the data concerning the beginnings of San Francisco, though I have not adopted his theories and arguments, interesting and, for the most part, illuminating and convincing though they may be. Most historians of San Francisco have drawn heavily from "The Annals of San Francisco," by Soule, Gihon and Nisbet, but I have not followed them far, though what I have gleaned from them I cheerfully acknowledge, as I also do in the cases of Hubert Howe Bancroft, John S. Hittell, Frederic Hall and Josiah Royce, all recognized Californian annalists of the first class.

I am indebted to Professor Rockwell D. Hunt, member of the American Historical Association, for the presentation of many outstanding facts in a clearer way than they have been given by some of his contemporaries, to Henry K. Norton, to Dr. W. F. McNutt, to David Starr Jordan, to Fremont Older, to Louis J. Stellman, to Lewis F. Byington, to Arthur McEwen, to Helen Throop Purdy, to Gertrude Atherton, to Ella Sterling Mighels, to Laura Bride Powers and particularly to Eliza Donner Houghton who, with C. F. McGlashan, have afforded me the closest glimpses I have had of the details of the tragedy of the Donner party, and who have given me the opportunity of assisting in setting to rest the horrible stories relating to Lewis Keseberg's connection with the affair, as told with gravity by older historians, whose mythic jottings have passed for sober history.

To John P. Young, for years managing editor of the Chronicle and to the Chronicle itself, I have gone for many facts, as well as to the files of the Evening Bulletin, the Morning Call, the Alta California and the Examiner. For all of these papers I have worked in an editorial capacity in remote and recent years.

Dry chronological facts are not so difficult to secure, but colorful stories of the old days, authentic or apocryphal, are not so readily gotten into one's annalistic dragnet. Many, however, I have been able to recall by efforts of a memory which, though not Johnsonian, is fairly comprehensive and trustworthy when it comes to affairs relating to the bay region during the past forty years and over. But I owe to Col. James J. Ayres, to Frank A. Leach, to W. S. Leake, to Edwin Markham and to Thomas Edwin Farish some of the material for tales of public characters living about the bay in early times and also those incidental to important events.

THE AUTHOR.

San Francisco, September 1, 1923.



MAP OF BAY REGION

CONTENTS

THE BAY FROM TAMALPAIS

	PAGE
A PHYSIOGRAPHICAL PRELUDE.....	1

CHAPTER I

BEFORE DRAKE CAME

WHAT IS KNOWN AND WHAT IS GUESSED OF THE ANCIENT TRIBAL PEOPLES OF THE SHORES OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY—WERE THE FIRST RACES SUPERIOR TO THE DIGGER INDIANS OF THESE DAYS? —ETHNOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS THAT HAVE RUN RIOT—TOOLS, UTENSILS, WEAPONS, SHELL MOUNDS.....	7
---	---

CHAPTER II

EXPLORERS AND ROMANCERS

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES OF SALCEDO, CABRILLO, DRAKE, DE GALI AND CERMENON—A BRITISH BUCCANEER—WILD YARNS OF VIZ- CAINO, WHO SAW MANY THINGS THAT WERE NOT—NOT ONE OF HIS REPORTS WERE DISPROVED BY SUBSEQUENT EXPLORA- TIONS—HIS DISOBEDIENCE TO HIS ROYAL MASTER.....	11
--	----

CHAPTER III

HOW THE BAY WAS FOUND

WHEN STOUT PORTOLA AND HIS MEN STARED AT THE GREAT ESTERO—WAS FRANCISCO ORTEGA THE FIRST TO SEE IT?—ANAL- YSIS OF THE REPORTS OF THE OLD ANNALISTS AMONG WHICH THERE IS MUCH CONFLICT OF TESTIMONY—WHY IT IS BELIEVED THAT ORTEGA MADE THE DISCOVERY.....	21
---	----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER IV

SERRA'S TITANIC TASK

PAGE

- HOW HE FOUNDED THE MISSIONS, FED THE "GENTILES" PHYSICALLY AND SPIRITUALLY, LABORED LONG AND FAITHFULLY, AND ALL FOR WHAT? WORKING UPON THE MENTALITIES OF THE LOWEST ORDER, HOW DID HE IMPROVE THEM?—WHAT VESTIGE REMAINS OF HIS LABOR SAVE THE CRUMBLING MISSION WALLS?.. 31

CHAPTER V

BRAVE WORK OF AYALA

- THE DAUNTLESS MARINER SAILS IN THROUGH THE UNCHARTED GOLDEN GATE IN FADING DAYLIGHT PAST WAVE-LASHED CLIFFS—EXPLORES THE ISLANDS OF THE BAY AND LANDS ON THE PENINSULA OF SAN FRANCISCO—MISSION DOLORES IS ESTABLISHED—THE PASSING OF FATHER SERRA..... 37

CHAPTER VI

SAN FRANCISCO IN EMBRYO

- IT IS SETTLED IN THE WHIRLWIND YEAR OF 1776—COMING OF THE COLONISTS FROM MONTEREY—UNRULY MISSION INDIANS AND HOW THEY WERE PUNISHED—A FLAGELLANT RULE—NEGLECT OF NATIVE WOMEN IN THE EDUCATIONAL WORK—A PLEA FOR THE PADRES AND THEIR POINT OF VIEW..... 46

CHAPTER VII

FIRST TOWN IN CALIFORNIA

- SAN JOSE AND ITS BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS—LAYING OUT OF THE PUEBLO—SHIFTLESS NATURE OF THE POBLADORES—THEIR DISINCLINATION TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITIES AS COLONISTS—HOW THEY WERE FORCED BY THE SOLDIERS TO WORK IN THE FIELDS..... 52

CHAPTER VIII

THE COMING OF THE GRINGO

- BUILDING OF THE SANTA CLARA MISSION—ITS DESTRUCTION BY EARTHQUAKE—RISING OF A NEW EDIFICE—OUTRAGES BY INDIANS—LAND DISPUTES—FIRST FOREIGN SETTLERS—MEXICAN OCCUPATION OF CALIFORNIA—A THUMB-NAIL WAR AND ITS RESULTS—INDEPENDENT GOVERNMENT..... 58

CONTENTS

xi

CHAPTER IX

WHAT DANA SAW

	PAGE
HIS PROPHECIC DICTUM AS TO SAN FRANCISCO AND THE BAY REGION —PROSPERITY OF SAN JOSE—FIRST WAGON TRAIN TO CROSS THE SIERRA NEVADA—TALES OF OVERLAND TRAVELERS—THEIR HARD- SHIPS, TRIUMPHS AND LOSSES—GOOD OLD MARTIN MURPHY AND HIS FREE-HANDED HOSPITALITY.....	63

CHAPTER X

THE EAST BAY TOWNS

BEGINNINGS OF OAKLAND, SAN LORENZO, ALAMEDA, MARTINEZ AND BENICIA—MISSION OF SOLANO—COMING OF THE RUSSIANS —VALLEJO'S WATCHFUL WAITING—AN ERA OF MEXICAN ANXIETY—FORT ROSS AND ITS CHAPEL—AN UNSUCCESSFUL COLONY—END OF THE MENACE OF THE SLAV.....	68
---	----

CHAPTER XI

STORIES OF THE PASTORAL AGE

A CLERICAL EDICT AGAINST WALTZING, TO THE EXCLUSION OF THE FANDANGO AND WHAT CAME OF IT—HOW A COMMANDANTE ESCAPED A BEATING—SOCIAL LIFE OF THE '40s, WHEN EVERY- BODY RODE, DANCED AND SANG—A TALE OF TAME WILD GEESE AND ANOTHER OF THE LAST CALIFORNIAN BULLFIGHT.....	74
--	----

CHAPTER XII

DAYS OF INTRIGUE AND REVOLT

RESULT OF THE SECULARIZATION OF THE MISSIONS—HONEST GOV- ERNOR FIGUEROA AND HIS LESS HONEST SUCCESSORS—PIO PICO, "PACIFIST"—COMMODORE JONES RAISES THE AMERICAN FLAG AT MONTEREY AND PULLS IT DOWN AGAIN—ANNEXATION IN THE AIR—MANIFEST DESTINY OF CALIFORNIA.....	85
--	----

CHAPTER XIII

EARLY SAN MATEO COUNTY

STORIES OF THE LUMBERMAN WHO SAWED THE FIRST LOGS FOR THE BUILDING OF THE CITIES—BILL, THE SAWYER, AND HOW HE TAUGHT THE INDIANS—SOME OF THE TIMBER LAND GRABBERS OF THESE TIMES—THEIR AUDACIOUS ACTS—THE TALE OF A SAWMILL INJUNCTION.....	90
---	----

CHAPTER XIV

BOLD JOHN FREMONT

	PAGE
HIS AGGRESSIVE ACTS IN CALIFORNIA AND WHAT THEY LED UP TO —SENT ON AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION BY THE GOVERNMENT— DID HE TREAT CASTRO FAIRLY?—BUILDS AND ABANDONS A FORT ON GABILAN PEAK—RETTREATS TO OREGON AND RETURNS TO MENACE THE PEACEFUL MEXICANS.....	96

CHAPTER XV

THE DONNER TRAGEDY

CLEARING THE MAZE OF CONFLICTING TALES—HOW THE DONNER PARTY SET OUT—TAKING THE FATAL CUT-OFF—TRAGEDIES BY THE WAYSIDE—FACING THE SIERRA WINTER—THE CAMP OF DEATH—BAFFLING STRAITS AND DESPERATE SHIFTS—KESEBURG, THE MALIGNED.....	105
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI

SHAKING OFF THE MEXICAN YOKE

THE BEAR FLAG REVOLUTION AND WILLIAM B. IDE, ITS LEADER— OUTRAGEOUS TREATMENT OF GENERAL VALLEJO—FREMONT'S PECULIAR ATTITUDE TOWARD IDE—ARRIVAL OF SLOAT AT MON- TEREY—A SERIES OF OPERA BOUFFE BATTLES, MORE OR LESS SANGUINARY—CALIFORNIA UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES....	113
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII

EPIC OF THE GOLD

DISCOVERIES PRIOR TO THAT OF MARSHALL—HOW THE YELLOW METAL WAS FOUND AT COLOMA—FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES —THE EYES OF THE WORLD UPON CALIFORNIA—GREAT RUSH TO THE GOLD FIELDS—SAN FRANCISCO'S MUSHROOM GROWTH— TALES OF THE GAMBLERS.....	124
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII

STORY OF HARRY MEIGGS

"CROOKED DEALS" OF THE EARLY DAYS—MEIGGS ENTERS THE FINANCIAL ARENA—HIS POPULARITY—HIS GIGANTIC SWINDLE FLIGHT TO CHILE—AMAZING REGENERATION AND SPLENDID PROGRESS AS A SOUTH AMERICAN RAILROAD BUILDER—HIS EFFORTS TO REPAY HIS DUPES—DEATH IN EXILE.....	139
--	-----

CONTENTS

xiii

CHAPTER XIX

FIRST STATE CAPITOL

PAGE

SAN JOSE AND ITS LEGISLATURE OF A THOUSAND DRINKS—STORIES OF THE FREE AND FESTIVE LAW-MAKERS—GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY—SEAT OF GOVERNMENT REMOVES TO VALLEJO—"JENNY LIND" TRAGEDY—THE FIRST RAILROAD AND WHAT IT COST SANTA CLARA COUNTY—A SEVERE EARTHQUAKE—BUILDING OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.....	147
---	-----

CHAPTER XX

JAMES LICK, THE ECCENTRIC

HIS VAST WEALTH AND HOW HE OBTAINED IT—MORE MONEY FOR HIM IN SAN FRANCISCO SAND LOTS THAN IN THE GOLD FIELDS—TALES OF HIS ODDITIES—HIS STRANGE PENURIOUS WAYS—ROMANTIC STORY OF A MILLER'S DAUGHTER—HIS GREAT TELESCOPE ON MOUNT HAMILTON.....	154
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI

THE FEVERISH FIFTIES

HOW THE BAY REGION BECAME A WHIRLPOOL OF HUMANITY—THE MAD GOLD LUST RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BRINGING IN OF MANY CRIMINALS AND THE COMMISSION OF MANY CRIMES—"THE HOUNDS"—GREAT CONFLAGRATIONS AND REBUILDINGS—INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY—RAPID GROWTH OF SAN FRANCISCO.....	161
--	-----

CHAPTER XXII

THE VIGILANTES

WHY THE CITIZENS ROSE AND TOOK THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS—AN EFFECTIVE ANTIDOTE FOR RUFFIANISM AND OFFICIAL CORRUPTION—KILLING OF JAMES KING OF WILLIAM—HOW HIS DEATH WAS AVENGED BY THE PEOPLE—"FORT GUNNYBAGS"—CASEY AND CORA—PANIC SPREAD AMONG EVIL-DOERS.....	174
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIII

RISE OF BRODERICK

HOW HE SECURED HIS POLITICAL HOLD ON SAN FRANCISCO BY TAMMANY METHODS IN WHICH HE WAS WELL VERSED—HE RUNS AFOUL OF THE VIGILANTES—HIS FUTILE FIRST ATTEMPTS TO GRAB THE UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP—ESPouses CAUSE OF NORTHERN DEMOCRACY—THE FAMOUS GWIN LETTER AND HOW BRODERICK USED IT.....	188
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV

A WORLD-FAMOUS DUEL

	PAGE
THE TERRY-BRODERICK AFFAIR AND WHAT GAVE RISE TO IT—A CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA FIGHTS A UNITED STATES SENATOR UPON THE "FIELD OF HONOR" AND SLAYS HIM—ANALYSIS OF THE CHARACTERS OF THE TWO MEN—TERRY'S TRAGIC DEMISE AND HIS WIFE'S DEATH IN A MAD-HOUSE.....	193.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SILVER CRAZE

DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT COMSTOCK LODGE TURNS THE HEADS OF THE COOLEST MEN IN CALIFORNIA—EVERYBODY INVESTS IN SILVER STOCKS, MANY TO THE SORROW, BUT THE MINES TURN IMMENSE WEALTH INTO SAN FRANCISCO COFFERS AND GREATLY AID THE MATERIAL GROWTH OF THE CITY.....	201
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVI

A MARIN MEMORY

THE ANNALIST PAUSES TO PORTRAY THE CHARACTER AND DOINGS OF A DEBONNAIRE POLITICIAN AND MAN ABOUT TOWN—"LORD" CHARLES FAIRFAX, WHO PLAYED QUEER POLITICAL PRANKS IN EARLY CALIFORNIAN DAYS—HIS POPULARITY—HIS FIGHT WITH HARVEY LEE, WHOSE LIFE HE SPARED.....	209
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVII

CALIFORNIA'S "BIG FOUR"

HOW THEY BUILT THE FIRST OVERLAND RAILROAD TO PROMONTORY, NEVADA, TO JOIN THE UNION PACIFIC—THE RISE OF HUNTINGTON, STANFORD, CROCKER AND HOPKINS—DRIVING OF THE LAST SPIKE—SEVERE CRITICISM OF THE RAILROAD KINGS—SUBSEQUENT RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION.....	213
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII

BAY CITY JOURNALISM

SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRST NEWSPAPERS—THE STAR—NO LACK OF NEWSPAPERS DURING THE GOLD EXCITEMENT—THE ALTA CALIFORNIA—THE EVENING BULLETIN—THE MORNING CALL—THE CHRONICLE—THE EXAMINER—OTHER JOURNALS OF THE OLD DAYS AND OF THE PRESENT—RISE OF THE DE YOUNGS—CHARACTERS OF FITCH, PICKERING AND OTHER JOURNALISTS.....	227
---	-----

CONTENTS

xv

CHAPTER XXIX

MARK TWAIN AND HIS FRIENDS

	PAGE
HOW SAMUEL L. CLEMENS BEGAN HIS LITERARY CAREER—HIS SAGE-BRUSH DAYS—"THE JUMPING FROG"—A LECTURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS AND HOW BRET HARTE AND OTHER SAN FRANCISCO LITTERATEURS "ASSISTED"—ENTERPRISE OF THE ALTA FOR WHICH MARK WROTE "INNOCENTS ABROAD"—HIS LUCKY MARRIAGE.....	245

CHAPTER XXX

HEARST AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

HE BUYS THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, HIS FIRST NEWSPAPER—BECOMES TREMENDOUSLY SUCCESSFUL AS A JAZZ JOURNALIST—IMITATED BY OTHER BAY CITY EDITORS—GOES TO NEW YORK AND ESTABLISHES PAPERS THERE AND IN OTHER CITIES—GROWTH OF THE JOURNALS OF THE BAY REGION—DEATH OF THE ALTA.....	253
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXI

MEN OF THE LAW

JUSTICE AS ADMINISTERED IN THE EARLY DAYS—A JUDICIAL FIRE-BRAND—COL. E. D. BAKER, ORATOR, LAWYER AND HERO OF THE CIVIL WAR, BRODERICK, DELMAS, McALLISTER AND OTHERS—INTERESTING PHASES OF THE LIVES OF FRANKLIN K. LANE, JOURNALIST, LAWYER AND STATESMAN, AND OF GAVIN McNAB, REFORMER.....	261
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXII

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

WHAT IT HAD TO CONTEND WITH IN SAN FRANCISCO IN PIONEER TIMES—LACK OF SANITATION IN OLD YERBA BUENA—DR. PETER SMITH AND HOW HE CARED FOR THE INDIGENT SICK AT TREMENDOUS COST TO THE CITY—A BRIEF HISTORY OF MEDICINE IN THE BAY CITY BY DR. W. F. McNUTT, A POPULAR PRACTITIONER...	268
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE WRITER FOLK

A BRIEF CONSIDERATION OF SOME OF THE LITERARY MEN AND WOMEN THAT HAVE MADE CALIFORNIA FAMOUS IN FICTION, IN	
---	--

	PAGE
HISTORY AND IN POETRY—NEARLY ALL OF THEM HAVE LIVED AND LABORED IN THE BAY REGION—OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THEIR INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN WORK.....	274

CHAPTER XXXIV

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

A PROUD NAME MADE FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY REGION IN CANVAS, MARBLE AND BRONZE—EARLY EXHIBITIONS OF PICTURES BY LOCAL ARTISTS—STORIES OF KEITH AND DAVENPORT—A STATUE THAT CAME OFF ITS PERCH—GROWTH OF THE APPRECIATION OF ART AMONG LOCAL PATRONS.....	285
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXV

AMUSEMENTS OF THE BAY REGION PEOPLE

EARLY THEATRES AND PLAYERS—TREMENDOUS INTEREST IN THE DRAMA IN THE DAYS OF GOLD—HIGH PRICES PAID FOR ADMISSION TO PLAYHOUSES THAT WERE MERE BARNS—BUILDING OF THE SPLENDID METROPOLITAN THEATRE IN 1853—NOTABLE PERFORMANCES—VISITS OF IRVING, TERRY, BOOTH AND OTHER CELEBRITIES.....	298
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXVI

MUSIC IN SAN FRANCISCO

STRIKING THE LIGHT GUITAR IN THE OLD MISSION DAYS—THE CHANTS OF THE PADRES—SINGING IN THE DANCE HALLS OF '49—DUSKY MINSTRELS—OPERA IN THE EARLY DAYS AND LATER—PATTI'S TRIUMPHS—OPERATIC INNOVATIONS—THE GREAT AUDITORIUM AND THE SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.	307
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXVII

MEN OF SCIENCE

IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FIELD OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND ACHIEVEMENT MADE BY BAY REGION PEOPLE—INTERESTING WORK IN MECHANICS, PHYSICS, ASTRONOMY AND NATURAL HISTORY—SPLENDID RESULTS ATTAINED BY MUIR, JORDAN, BURBANK, HOWISON, MEAD AND MANY OTHERS.....	315
--	-----

CONTENTS

xvii

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CAFES, CLUBS AND HOTELS

PAGE

SAN FRANCISCO, A CITY OF GUSTATORY DELIGHTS SUCH AS ARE NOT TO BE FOUND AND ENJOYED ELSEWHERE IN THE WEST—A PEOPLE OF EPICUREAN TASTES WHO SMILE AT THE "BARBARIC FEEDINGS" OF TOWNS OF LESSER KNOWLEDGE OF CUISINE—SOME OF THE OLD RESTAURANTS—FINE HOTELS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.....	327
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIX

SOCIETY, EXCLUSIVE AND OTHERWISE

PHASES OF SOCIETY IN THE BAY REGION FROM THE EARLIEST TIME UP TO THE PRESENT DAY—WHAT JAMES BRYCE, THE BRITISH DIPLOMAT AND HISTORIAN, SAID OF IT—A QUAIN'T REVIEW OF THE SOCIETY OF THE '60S AND '70S—THE SMART SETS OF BURLINGAME, SAN MATEO, SAN RAFAEL AND BELVEDERE.....	333
---	-----

CHAPTER XL

CHURCHES AND CHURCHMEN

SAN FRANCISCO NOT GIVEN CREDIT FOR THE GREAT AMOUNT OF RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT TO BE FOUND WITHIN ITS BORDERS—THE MISSION FATHERS AND THE CHURCH WORKERS THAT FOLLOWED THEM—SOME OF THE EARLY PROTESTANT CHURCHES OF THE BAY REGION — COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF RELIGIOUS DEVOTEES.....	341
---	-----

CHAPTER XLI

ASIATICS IN THE BAY REGION

PROBLEMS ARISING FROM CHINESE IMMIGRATION—DENIS KEARNEY AND THE SAND-LOTTERS DENOUNCE AND ASSAIL THE CELESTIALS—THEIR IMMIGRATION CURBED BY EXCLUSION LAWS—COMING OF THE JAPANESE SINCE THE RUSSO-NIPPON WAR—BOARD OF EDUCATION TRIES TO SEGREGATE JAPANESE FROM WHITE PUPILS, BUT IS THWARTED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.....	347
--	-----

CHAPTER XLII

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

ATTRACTIVE AND ENJOYABLE CLIMATIC ADVANTAGES OF THE BAY REGION—NO EXTREMES OF HEAT OR COLD—WINTER AND SUM-	
--	--

Vol. I—B

	PAGE
MER SPORTS—GOLF, TENNIS, POLO, YACHTING, FISHING, MOTOR- ING OVER THE SMOOTH HIGHWAYS AND HIKING OVER THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS—A PARADISE FOR THE TOURIST AND PLEAS- URE SEEKER.....	359

CHAPTER XLIII

MAGIC STORY OF OUR COMMERCE

HOW IT HAS BEEN SWIFTLY BUILT UP FROM YEAR TO YEAR SINCE THE DAYS OF THE PADRES—GREAT STRIDES DURING THE '80s AND AGAIN DURING THE WORLD WAR—SHIP-BUILDING AT SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND AND MARE ISLAND—ENORMOUS TONNAGE PASSING THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE ANNUALLY.....	384
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIV

FINANCE, TRADE, INDUSTRY

JEFFERSON'S PECULIAR CRITICISM OF BANKS AND WHAT IT IMPLIES —BEGINNINGS OF THE BANKING SYSTEM OF SAN FRANCISCO, NOW AND FOR ALL PREVIOUS YEARS THE LARGEST ON THE PACIFIC COAST—A REMARKABLE CHAIN OF BANKS—FEATURES OF THE BAY REGION TRADE AND WHY IT LEADS THE WEST.....	400
---	-----

CHAPTER XLV

CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT

SOME INTERESTING SCRAPS OF SCHOLASTIC HISTORY—HOW THE TWO GREAT UNIVERSITIES OF CALIFORNIA WERE FOUNDED, AND HOW ONE OF THEM GREW TO BE THE LARGEST IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY—PECULIAR ADVANTAGES OF THE BAY REGION AS A SEAT OF LEARNING—RESTORATION OF STANFORD AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.....	414
---	-----

CHAPTER XLVI

SIGNIFICANT LITERARY LIVES

STORIES OF FRANK NORRIS, JACK LONDON, AMBROSE BIERCE AND OTHER CALIFORNIAN WRITERS WHO LIVED AND LABORED ABOUT THE BAY—HOW NORRIS WROTE "McTEAGUE," "THE OCTOPUS" AND OTHER NOVELS—FIRST LITERARY WORK OF LONDON— STORIES OF BIERCE, THE LAST OF THE SATIRISTS—PIXLEY AND THE ARGONAUT.....	422
--	-----

CONTENTS

xix

CHAPTER XLVII

WHAT TWO BRITISHERS THOUGHT

PAGE.

- IMPRESSIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO BY STEVENSON AND KIPLING—HOW
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON LIVED, LABORED AND NEARLY STARVED
THERE—HE RETURNS UNDER MORE PROSPEROUS CONDITIONS—
HOW THE GREAT RUDYARD FOUND THE CITY A PLACE TO SNEER
AT—"A MAD CITY INHABITED BY MAD PEOPLE"..... 434

CHAPTER XLVIII

EDWIN MARKHAM AND HIS WORK

- YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AS A POET—ADVENTURES IN EARLY LIFE—
HIS SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS—VERSES IN MAGAZINES—HOW
HE BURST UPON THE WORLD AS THE AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS
"MAN WITH THE HOE"—HIS SPLENDID SUBSEQUENT LYRICAL
WORK—FAME AS A PROSE WRITER AND LECTURER..... 447

CHAPTER XLIX

SONOMA CELEBRITIES

- THE VALLEY OF THE MOON, THE HOME OF LUTHER BURBANK, JACK
LONDON, THOMAS LAKE HARRIS AND GEORGE HEBBARD MAX-
WELL, WHO LIVED AND WORKED IN THAT DELECTABLE LAND FOR
YEARS—A PLACE OF INSPIRATION TO MINDS WELL KNOWN ALL
OVER THE HABITABLE GLOBE..... 459

CHAPTER L

A CHAIN OF IMPORTANT EVENTS

- OAKLAND RISES FROM A MERE SUBURB TO A GREAT MUNICIPALITY
—LAURA D. FAIR KILLS ALEXANDER CRITTENDEN—BUILDING OF
THE GREAT HOTELS—SAN JOSE BUILDS THE FIRST UNDERGROUND
ELECTRIC LINE AND THE CITY IS LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY—A
GREAT STRIKE—THE FAMOUS DURRANT MURDER CASE..... 467

CHAPTER LI

GRAFT AND GRAFTERS

- FINDINGS OF THE WALLACE GRAND JURY LEAD TO THE FLIGHT OF
BOSS BUCKLEY—JAMES D. PHELAN A REFORM MAYOR—RISE
OF ABRAHAM RUEF, THE POLITICAL BOSS, AND HIS PLIANT TOOL,
MAYOR EUGENE SCHMITZ—RUEF'S CONVICTION ON A CHARGE
OF BRIBERY AND HIS SENTENCE TO THE PENITENTIARY..... 472

CONTENTS

CHAPTER LII

A SINGULAR POLITICAL ANOMALY

	PAGE
EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR, POET-MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO—SOME OF HIS LYRICAL WORK AND HOW IT IS ESTIMATED BY CRITICS—HE ASSUMES THE MAYOR'S CHAIR AT THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF THE FIRE, THE GRAFT PROSECUTION AND THE REHABILITATION OF THE CITY—NOT AN INGLORIOUS FAILURE, AS VIEWED BY HOSTILE FORCES.....	487

CHAPTER LIII

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION

WIDESPREAD RUIN WROUGHT BY THE TERRIBLE FIRE OF APRIL, 1906—THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO NEARLY WIPED OUT—LOSS OF LIFE COMPARATIVELY SMALL—THE FIRE RESULTS FROM AN EARTHQUAKE—OTHER BAY DISTRICT TOWNS ARE SHAKEN AND MUCH DAMAGE DONE, BUT NO OTHER LOSSES BY FIRE.....	495
---	-----

CHAPTER LIV

REBUILDING OF SAN FRANCISCO

NEARLY ALL THE NEW STRUCTURES ARE LARGER, STRONGER AND HANDSOMER THAN THE OLD ONES DESTROYED IN THE GREAT FIRE—INDOMITABLE WILL OF THE CITIZENS RESTORES THE CITY WITHIN FOUR YEARS AND CAUSES IT TO EXPAND BEYOND ITS OLD BORDERS—SOME OF THE EVENTS FOLLOWING THE FIRE.....	511
---	-----

CHAPTER LV

A CITY OF FAIRS

CREDITABLE DISPLAYS IN THE OLD MECHANICS INSTITUTE—THE AUTHORS' CARNIVAL—MIDWINTER FAIR IN GOLDEN GATE PARK—THE MEMORIAL MUSEUM—PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1915 A GRAND SPECTACULAR AFFAIR WHICH DREW THE WORLD—ITS WONDERFUL BUILDING AND LIGHTING EFFECTS.....	517
--	-----

CHAPTER LVI

LATER PHASES

THE BAY REGION DURING THE WORLD WAR — PREPAREDNESS PARADERS ATTACKED BY INFAMOUS BOMBER — CONSPICUOUS PATRIOTISM EXHIBITED BY BAY CITIES IN THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RED CROSS AND THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE LIBERTY LOANS—RISE OF A SUPERIOR CIVILIZATION IN THIS DELECTABLE REGION.....	523
--	-----

INDEX

- Academy of Sciences, I, 158
Acalanes Rancho, I, 72
Actors, early, I, 298
Adams, E., I, 72
Adams, Edson, II, 356
Adams, Jewett W., III, 264
Adams, John S., III, 355
Aeroplanes, uses of, I, 383
Aiken, Celeste F., III, 103
Aiken, Charles S., I, 257
Aiken, Joseph W., III, 103
Aitken, Robert, I, 296, 297
Alameda, I, 2, 72, 396; Naval Base for the Pacific Coast, 396
Alameda, The, I, 59
Alameda County, climate, of, I, 365; banks, 409; school system, 420; charms of, 467
Alameda Creek, I, 6
Alcatraz, I, 3
Aldrich, Lizzie, II, 163
Alemany, J. S., I, 342
Alexander, Wallace M., III, 249
Allen, Harris S., II, 364
Allen, Ida III, 107
Allen, James M., III, 104
Alley, B. F., I, 93
Almy, Joseph, III, 356
Alta California, first governor of, I, 11; under the flag of Spain, I, 32
"Alta California, The," I, 167, 228, 244
Alvarado, J. B., I, 62, 72
American flag, raised at Monterey, I, 88; over Los Angeles, I, 122
American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, I, 388
American Homecroft Association, I, 465
American Medical Association, convention of, 1923, I, 273
American Theatre, I, 169
Ames, Fisher, III, 262
Amusements of the Bay Region, I, 298
Amweg, Frederick J., II, 271
"An Inglorious Columbus," I, 8
Ancient tribal peoples, I, 7
Anderson, Carl, I, 258
Anderson, Charlotte L., III, 182
Angellotti, Frank M., III, 311
Angonnet, Frank P., II, 86
"Annual duck pageant," I, 367
Anthony, Alice L., III, 83
Anthony, John H., III, 80
Anthony, Walter, I, 282
Arch Rock, I, 3
Archeluta, Ignacio, I, 53
Argonaut Club, I, 330
Arguello, Luis, I, 75
Arrillaga Musical College, II, 280
Arrillaga, Vincent, II, 280
Art Association of San Francisco, I, 331
Art exhibition, first, I, 286
Ashcroft, William, III, 37
Asiatic trade, I, 392
Asiatics in the Bay Region, I, 347
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, I, 469
Atherton, Faxon D., III, 263
Atherton, George, II, 399
Atherton, Gertrude, I, vii, 197, 251, 277; II, 400
Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, I, 219
Atwill, Joseph F., III, 282
Austin, Henry S., III, 341
Austin, Oneida D., II, 360
Australian larrikins, I, 177
Automobile, first appearance of, I, 471
Automobiles, San Francisco, I, 382
Authors, I, 274; Carnivals, 517
Auzerais House, I, 152
Aviation, I, 382
Avy, Albina, II, 56
Avy, Eugene, II, 55
Axford, William, II, 76
Ayala, brave work of, I, 37
Ayres, James J., I, vii, 130, 149, 194, 234
"Baby Bank" of San Francisco, I, 406
Bach, Alfred, II, 80
Bach, Charles, II, 79
Bacigalupi, David, III, 258
Bailly, Timothy J., II, 75
Baker, Alexina, I, 299
Baker, E. D., I, 198, 262
Baker, George H., III, 227
Baker, Joseph E., III, 366

- Baker, Mary B., III, 228
 Baldwin, Elias J. (Lucky), I, 206, 301;
 II, 410
 Baldwin, Robert O., III, 155
 Baldwin Hotel and Theater, I, 206
 Ballhaus, Charles, III, 102
 Ballinger, Fred S., II, 115
 Bancroft, Hubert H., I, vii, 282, 415
 Bank of California, I, 204
 Bank of Italy, I, 405
 Bank of San Jose, I, 152
 Banks, In San Francisco, 1921, I, 400;
 San Jose, 409; Alameda County, 409
 Baptist Church, I, 344
 Barbary Coast, I, 438
 Barber, Arthur S., III, 352
 Barendt, Arthur H., II, 198
 Barkhaus, Carl, III, 143
 Barkhaus, Frederick W., III, 140
 Barnes, George E., I, 234, 245
 Barrett, John S., II, 157
 Barrett, Mary M., II, 158
 Barrows, David P., I, 416
 Barrows, William H., III, 298
 Bartels, Louise M., III, 274
 Bartlett, Washington A., I, 120, 166
 Barry, John D., I, 282
 Baseball season, I, 370
 Bashford, Herbert, I, 251, 280
 Batchelor, Frank J., II, 243
 Bauer, Christian J., II, 385
 Baum, Clara, II, 188
 Baum, Julius, II, 187
 Bauman, Jacob H., II, 256
 Bay District Track, I, 359
 Bay from Tamalpais, I, 1
 Bay of San Francisco, discovery of,
 I, 5, 27; of the Weepers, 42
 Bay Region, map of, I, vii, 5; contribu-
 tion to science, 315; foreign trade
 of, 412; during the World War, 523
 Bayly, Henry, II, 24
 Bazzuro's first restaurant, I, 328
 Bear Flag War, I, 74; (illustration),
 75; revolution, 104, 113; making of,
 115
 Beatty, William H., III, 373
 Beaux of 1851-5, I, 337
 Becker, Christopher H., II, 327
 Becker, Cornelius, II, 324
 Belasco, David, I, 301
 Belden, David, I, 159
 Bell, Harmon, III, 245
 Bella Union, I, 151
 Belvedere and Tiburon, Near Sausa-
 lito (illustration), I, 369
 Benedict, B., III, 354
 Benicia, I, 2, 69
 Benjamin, Raymond, III, 346
 Bennett, Clement P., II, 250
 Bennett, Robert H., III, 90
 Bennett, II, Robert H., III, 91
 Bentley, Charles H., II, 181
 Bentley, Robert I., II, 103
 Benton, Thomas H., I, 118
 Bergerot, P. Alexander, II, 83
 Bergez, E. R., II, 64
 Bergez, Jeane (John), II, 63
 Berkeley, George, I, 415
 Berkeley, I, 2, 72, 375
 Berkeley String Quartet, I, 312; Cam-
 pus (illustration), 367; hills, 375
 Bernstein, S. L., I, 411
 Bertin, Leonce C., II, 268
 Bertin, Louis, II, 267
 Bianchi, Eugenio, Jr., II, 84
 Bianchi, Mme., I, 309
 Bickel, Abby F., II, 373
 Bicycling, craze for, I, 471
 Bidwell, John, I, 117
 Bierce, Ambrose, I, 251, 277, 428, 453
 Bierstadt, A., I, 286
 Bigelow, "Petie," I, 443
 Biggy, William J., I, 486
 Bigler, Henry, I, 126
 Bigler, John, I, 189
 Bigley, Cornelius, II, 104
 "Bill the Sawyer," I, 93
 Biscaccianti, Mme., I, 309
 Bishop, Anna, I, 309
 Bishop, Isabelle, II, 398
 Bissell, Martha S., II, 137
 Bissell, William A., II, 136
 Black, Winifred, I, 257
 Blair, Mrs. George, II, 147
 Blair, Harry B., III, 323
 Blair, Samuel, II, 123
 Blair, Walter, III, 361
 Blake, Charles E., II, 164
 Blake, William S., II, 164
 Blanchard, Henrietta B., II, 25
 Blanchard, Mary, III, 228
 Blanchet, Father, I, 341
 Blankart, Otto, II, 32
 Bloch, Ellis, II, 95
 "Blossoming Bough," I, 457
 Bluxome, Isaac, III, 318
 Board of State Harbor Commissioners,
 I, 391
 Bohemian Club, I, 329
 Bolinas, I, 381
 Bolton, A. E., II, 148
 Bolton, Arthur W., II, 150
 Bolton, James R., II, 173
 Bolton, Mrs. Robert C., II, 174
 Bonanza mines, I, 201
 Bonner, Geraldine, I, 282
 Bonner, John, I, 257
 Boswell, Catherine D., III, 262
 Boswell, Solomon B., III, 261
 Bosworth, Charlie J., III, 228
 Bosworth, H. D., I, 313
 "Bower, B. M.," I, 280
 Bowers, J. Milton, I, 469
 Brace, hanging of, I, 187
 Bradbury, John L., III, 107

- Bradbury, Mayes L., III, 107
 Brandenstein, H. O., I, 492
 Brannan, John, III, 180
 Brannan, Sam, I, 175
 Brannan, Samuel, I, 227
 Brayton, Albert P., II, 215
 Brayton, H. I., I, 416
 Brayton, Louise, II, 216
 Breen Family, III, 375
 Breeze, Mrs. W. F., III, 14
 Brice, Elizabeth T., III, 233
 British buccaneer, A., I, 11
 Broadway, Oakland (illustration), I, 395
 Broderick, David C., I, 167, 173; rise of, I, 188, 261
 Brohaska's Opera House, I, 152
 Brooklyn, I, 72
 Brooks, Benjamin S., II, 56
 Brooks, George W., III, 120
 Brooks, Samuel, I, 289
 Brooks, Mrs. William, II, 57
 Brotherhood of the New Life, I, 459
 Brotherton, Robert, II, 168
 Broughton, Erwin R., II, 163
 Broughton, Olga J., II, 164
 Brown, Arthur, Jr., II, 199
 Brown, C. B., I, 313
 Brown, Elam, I, 72
 Brown, James D., II, 219
 Bruckman, Lillie, III, 125
 Brunn, Mrs. Harold, II, 138
 Brunnier, Henry J., III, 178
 Bryant, Edgar R., II, 362
 Buckingham, Aurelius E., II, 259
 Buckingham, Rose A., II, 260
 Buckley, Christopher, I, 468, 473, 474
 Buckley, Daniel J., III, 158
 Buckley, Edward P., II, 241
 Buckley, Francis, III, 158
 Bucknall, George J., II, 13
 Bucknall, Mary E., II, 14
 Bull, Alpheus, Jr., II, 36
 Bull, Mrs. Alpheus, II, 39
 Bulletin. The, I, 179
 "Bulletin," I, 229
 Bundschu, Charles, II, 191
 Burbank, Blanche, II, 180
 Burbank, Luther, I, 316; (the plant wizard) 323, 459
 Burbank, William F., II, 179
 Burgess, Gelett, I, 251, 282
 Burke, Lizzie K., III, 184
 Burke, William F., III, 188
 Burlingame, I, 2; Grammar School (illustration), 370
 Burnett, Ellen C., II, 311
 Burnett, Jane C. C., III, 31
 Burnett, John M., II, 310
 Burnett, Peter H., I, 123, 262; II, 309
 Burnett, Sarah C., II, 311
 Burnett, Wellington C., III, 24
 Burns, William J., I, 476
 Burr, Edmund C., II, 193
 Burr, E. Willard, II, 192
 Burton, Emma L., II, 168
 Bush, Norton, I, 286, 289, 292
 Byington, C. S., III, 332
 Byington, Lewis F., I, vii; III, 332
 Cable railroad, I, 469
 Cabrillo, Juan, I, 12
 Cafes, I, 327
 Cafeterias, I, 329
 Cahill, Edward F., I, 257, 282
 Caldwell, John E., III, 244
 Calhoun, Patrick, I, 478, 480
 California, first town in, I, 52; Mexican occupation of, 58; last bullfight, 74; gold yield of, 129; first newspaper in, 150; "home of the crank," 154; women beginning to arrive, 162; "Big Four," 213; movement of commodities, 390; 1849 (illustration), 127
 California republic, I, 114
 California Star, I, 166, 227
 California State Automobile Association, I, 330; Redwood Park, I, 382
 California State Supreme Court, 267
 California Theatre, I, 300; "Stock Company," 301
 California & Atlantic Steamship Company, I, 388
 California & Oregon Railway, I, 469
 "Call-Examiner-Chronicle," I, 503
 Calvary Presbyterian Church, I, 343
 "Camp of Death," I, 108; "Glory," 508; "Hell," 508; "Thankful," 508
 Campanile, University of California, I, 366 (illustration)
 Campbell, Alexander, I, 262
 Campi's Restaurant, I, 329
 Camps of refugees, I, 507
 Cannon, Kingsley W., III, 83
 Capital, removal of, to Vallejo, I, 150
 Carlisle, Elinor, II, 23
 Carmany, Ringold, II, 107
 Carmel Mission, I, 33
 Carpenter, W. L., I, 234
 Carpentier, Horace W., I, 72
 Carquinez Straits, I, 528
 Carr, William B., II, 32
 Carroll, Mary A., II, 175
 Carroll, Richard T., II, 175
 Casey, James F., I, 179; Execution of, 183
 Casserly, Eugene, I, 263
 Castro, Jose, I, 62, 87, 118
 Caubu, William P., III, 23
 Cave, Thomas C., III, 77
 Central Methodist Church, I, 344
 Central Pacific Railroad, I, 215; termini, 219
 Cermenon, Sebastian, I, 12, 16

- Chamber Music Society, I, 312
 Chamberlain, Samuel S., I, 257
 Chamberlain, William H., II, 361
 Chandler, John G., II, 255
 Chandler, Katherine, I, 316
 Chandler, Logan B., II, 256
 Cheney, John V., I, 456; prize poem, 456
 Cheney, Mrs. W. F., III, 92
 Chevalier, Miss A. A., I, 463; exposure of Harris, 464
 Chew, Ng Poon, I, 352
 Children's Hospital, I, 271
 Chinatown, I, 169; San Francisco (illustration), 348, 349
 Chinese, influx of, I, 167; sentiment against, 347; immigrants, 349; resident of Bay Region, 352; bicycle club, 471; Temple, I, 353
 Chipman, Norton P., II, 185
 Chittenden, Alice B., II, 218
 Chittenden, Joseph G., II, 217
 Chloupek, Mrs. E. L., III, 125
 Cholera, in 1850, I, 141; in 1852, 268
 Christensen, Peter, III, 368
 Christeson, Andrew, III, 164
 Christian Science Church, I, 345
 Christianson, T. L., III, 223
 "Chronicle," I, 237; Building, San Francisco (illustration), 401
 Chroniclers of California, I, iii
 Chrystal, Peter, II, 371
 Church, Augustus M., III, 368
 "Church of the Stranger," I, 344
 Churches, I, 341
 Circuses, early, I, 298
 Citizens Committee, I, 507
 City Hall, Oakland (illustration), I, 394; of San Francisco, 510 (illustration)
 "City That Was," I, 285
 City warrants, forging of, I, 178
 Clark, Edward H., II, 51
 Clark, Sallie R., II, 211
 Clark, William C., II, 210
 Clarke, Arthur L., I, 257, 258
 Clearing houses, I, 404
 Clemens, Samuel L., I, 245
 Clement, Ada, I, 313; III, 43
 Clement, Henry N., III, 43
 Cleveland, Asaph, III, 358
 Cliff House, I, 327
 Climate of San Francisco, I, 361; of Bay Region, 362; of Alameda, 365
 Clubs, I, 327; woman's, 330
 Coast primacy of San Francisco, I, 528
 Coast-to-coast traffic, I, 388
 Cobb, Charles W., I, 477
 Cobbledick, L. N., III, 367
 "Cobwebs from an Empty Skull," I, 429
 Cody, William J., II, 19, 86
 Coggsell, Henry D., I, 297, 414
 Coghlan, Mary R., II, 248
 Cohn, Elkan, I, 344
 Coldwell, Colbert, III, 143
 Coleman, Robert L., II, 28
 Coleman, William T. (illustration), I, 175, 176, 180, 230; II, 27
 College of California, I, 416
 College of the Pacific, I, 421
 Collins, Francis T., III, 78
 Collins, William, III, 362
 Coloma, I, 125; gold, 127
 Colonists from Monterey, I, 46
 Colonization scheme in 1834, I, 86
 Colton, David, I, 222
 Colton, D. D., I, 468
 Colton, Walter, I, 150
 "Columbus," I, 515
 Commerce, I, 384; early, 384
 Commercial Club, I, 330
 Committee on Vagrants, I, 140; of safety, 176
 Commonwealth Club, I, 330
 Comstock lode, I, 173, 201
 Concordia Club, I, 330
 Conner, John L., III, 395
 Conner, John W., III, 394
 Conness, John, I, 64
 Connolly, Peter, II, 394
 Constitutional convention, 1849, I, 123
 Contra Costa District, I, 71; canyons, 375; academy, 416
 Coolbrith, Ina, I, 251, 283
 Coolidge, Dane, I, 282
 Coombs, Nathan, II, 156
 Coombs, William H., II, 156
 Cooper, Chas. S., I, 270
 Cooper, John, I, 74
 Cooper Medical College, I, 270
 Coon, Henry P., II, 41
 Cope, Mrs. Asenath, H., III, 274
 Cope, Walter B., III, 274
 Cora, Execution of, I, 183
 Corte Madera, I, 2
 Cosgrave, John O., I, 257, 258
 Council of the Indies, I, 17
 Country Clubs, of Bay Region, I, 368
 County officers, first election of, I, 167
 Court House, San Rafael (illustration), I, 376
 Court of the Four Seasons, I, 520
 Courts, of San Francisco and Oakland, I, 267
 Covarrubias, Nicholas A., I, 22
 Cox, Palmer, I, 235
 Crabtree, Lotta, I, 302
 Crane, A. Bathurst, II, 365
 Crary, Clarence S., III, 306
 Crespi, diary of, I, 27; Father, 59
 Crittenden, Alexander, I, 467
 Crittenden, Charles P., III, 17
 Crittenden, Deborah K., III, 21
 Crittenden, Mary L., III, 22

- Crocker, Charles, I, 213; (portrait), 214
 Crocker, Charles H., II, 404
 Crocker family, I, 415
 Crockett, David C., II, 236
 Crockett, Mrs. Joseph R., II, 237
 "Crooked deals," I, 142
 Crothers, R. A., I, 156; III, 202
 Croudace, Frederick W., II, 130
 Cultural development, I, 414
 Cummings, M. Earl, II, 395
 Cunningham, John F., III, 127
 Cunningham, Mary, III, 127
 Curry, Henry J., II, 385
- "Daily Courier," I, 228
 "Daily Morning Chronicle," I, 240
 Daingerfield, Leroy P., II, 210
 Dana, Richard H., I, 63, 384
 Daniels, Joseph, II, 64
 Danjels, Josephine, II, 64
 Danfels, Sam H., II, 64
 Dare, Helen, I, 257
 Dargie, Thomas T., III, 317
 Dargie, William E., II, 357
 Dashford, Herbert, I, 282
 Davenport, Homer C., I, 293
 Davidson, Alice, I, 316
 Davidson, George, I, 379, 503
 Davidson, Mary, I, 293
 Davis, A. E., I, 153
 Davis, Isaac E., III, 201
 Davis, Nathaniel A., I, 399
 Davis, Willis E., III, 201
 Dawson, Emma F., I, 279
 Dawson, H. Ward, III, 145
 Deakin, Edwin, I, 289
 de Ayala, Juan Manyel, I, 39
 DeBell, Mrs. Wm. H., III, 211
 Decker, Charles W., II, 350
 de Gali, Francisco, I, 12, 16
 de Galvez, Jose, I, 23
 deGrift, Fanny, I, 434
 Delger, Frederick, III, 359
 Delmas, D. M., I, 263
 Deming, Halleck V., II, 175
 Deming, Joseph G., III, 74
 Deming, Mary A., III, 77
 Denman, William, III, 395
 Denniston, Anna B., III, 210
 Denniston, Edward G., III, 209
 Denny, G. J., I, 289
 de Portola, Gaspar, I, 11, 21
 de Quille, Dan, I, 235
 Derby, John, I, 329
 Derby, Richard, III, 226
 de Sola, Pablo Vicente, I, 71
 de Valsco, Luis, I, 16
 Devoto, James A., III, 168
 de Young, Charles, I, 237; (portrait), 238
 de Young, M. H., I, 237; (portrait), 239; 415, 518; Memorial Building, Golden Gate Park (illustration), 516
- de Zuniga y Azevedo, Gaspar, I, 17
 Diamond mine swindle, I, 202
 Dill, G. Marshall, II, 304
 Dill, Laura M., III, 32
 Dipsea, I, 380
 Dixon, Maynard, I, 292
 Doe, Charles W., III, 218
 Doe, Laura M., III, 221
 Doe, Loring B., II, 44
 Dominicans, I, 342
 Donnelly, Mrs. James J., III, 288
 Donner, George, I, 106, 109
 Donner, Jacob, I, 106, 108
 Donner Lake, I, 108
 Donner Lake, I, 108; Tragedy, 105
 Dore, Gustave, I, 519
 Dornin, George D., III, 41
 Dornin, George W., III, 42
 Douglas, George, I, 282
 Doxsee, Clarence M., III, 239
 Doyle, John T., I, 262
 Drake, Francis, I, 9; Francis (portrait), 12; return to England, 15
 "Dramatic Chronicle," I, 237
 Dramatic Museum, I, 299
 Draper, Clara, II, 266
 Drexler, Elise A., II, 123
 Drexler, Louis P., II, 122
 Druffel, Francis H., II, 359
 Drum, John S., II, 404
 Drury, Wells, I, 258
 Dryden, Charles, I, 257
 Duels fought by editors, I, 233
 Duisenberg, Augusta, II, 148
 Duisenberg, Charles A. C., II, 147
 Duisenberg, Minna, II, 148
 Dunlop, Mrs., Wilcoxson, III, 262
 Dunn, John S., II, 407
 Dunphy, William, III, 276
 Durant, Henry, I, 416
 Durrant, Theodore, I, 470
 Dutton, Henry, II, 96
 Dutton, Mrs. L. E., III, 61
 Dutton, William J., II, 99
 Dwyer, Joseph J., I, 477
 Dwyer, Sarah, II, 265
- Earthquakes of 1868, I, 153; severe, 496; of 1906, 505
 East Bay cities, tremendous strides of, I, 529
 East Bay towns, I, 68
 Ebbets, Arthur M., III, 256
 Ebbets, Robert C., III, 256
 Eden, Edward, III, 361
 Edict against waltzing, I, 74
 Eldredge, Zoeth S., I, vii, 282
 Electric lighting, possibilities of, I, 521
 "Elite Directory," I, 333
 Ellert, L. R., I, 474

- Elliott, W. L., I, 471
 Elmhurst, I, 2
 Emerson tree, I, 378
 Engineers' Club, I, 330
 Ensenada de los Llonos, I, 42
 Epic of gold, I, 124
 Estudillo, Jose Maria, I, 75
 Ethnological speculations, I, 7
 Evans, Thomas B., II, 349
 "Evening News," I, 256
 "Evening Picayune," I, 228
 Ewing, Samuel, I, 257
 "Examiner," I, 237
 Exclusion Act, I, 349
 Expeditions from the Philippines, I,
 16; into Alta California, 23
 Explorers and Romancers, I, 11
 Export trade, I, 385
 Express banking business, I, 402
 Extortionate prices, I, 140
 Eyre, Florence A., III, 264
- Fages, Pedro, I, 37, 53
 Failures of justice, I, 170
 Fair, James G., I, 207, 256
 Fair, Laura D., I, 467
 Fairfax, Charles S., I, 209
 Fairfax Village, I, 209
 Fairmont Hotel, I, 332
 Fallon, Thomas, I, 64, 119
 Fandango, I, 78
 Farish, Edwin, I, v
 Farish, John B., I, 136
 Farish, Thomas, I, 136
 Farnham, Mrs. Sylvanus C., III, 6
 Farrelly, Robert, II, 356
 Fechner, Charles S., II, 137
 Felton, Charles N., I, 419
 Felton, John B., I, 158, 262
 Female immigrants, increase of, I, 163
 Ferry building in San Francisco, I,
 220; (illustration), 504
 Ferry connection with Oakland, I, 219
 Festival Hall, I, 520
 Feusier, Louis, III, 183
 Feusier, Louise G., III, 184
 Feverish '50s, I, 167
 Fickert, Mrs. C. M., III, 152
 Field, Charles K., I, 279; III, 251
 Field, Cyrus, I, 262
 Field, Stephen J., I, 262
 Figueroa, Lieutenant, I, 18
 Figueroa, Jose, I, 85
 Finance, I, 400
 Fire limits of San Francisco, I, 471
 First governor of Alta California, I,
 11
 First legislative body, I, 148
 First Unitarian Church, I, 345
 Fitch, George H., I, 282, 460
 Fitch, George K., I, 236
 Fitch, Marjorie S., III, 351
 Fitzhugh, Mary E., II, 280
 Fitzhugh, William M., II, 280
- Fitzmaurice, Edward, II, 389
 Fitzpatrick, Edward F., III, 8
 Fleas, I, 164
 Fleishhacker, Aaron, III, 240
 Fleishhacker, Delia S., III, 240
 Flood, Henry S., II, 253
 Flood, Mary, III, 279
 Flood & O'Brien, I, 207
 Floyd, Richard S., I, 158
 Flynn, Thomas, J., I, 257
 Folsom, A. J., I, 232
 Foote, Henry S., I, 65, 190
 Ford, Henry L., I, 115
 Ford, James, III, 288
 Ford, Tirey L., I, 478, 484
 Foreign export trade, I, 392
 Foreign trade of the Bay District, I,
 412
 Forerunners of Californian civiliza-
 tion, I, 36
 Fort Gunnybags, I, 181
 Fort Ross, I, 70
 Foster, Arthur W., II, 287
 Fountain Grove Colony, I, 462
 Fraser River gold rush, I, 172
 Free and festive law-makers, I, 147
 Freeman, Abraham C., III, 235
 Freeman, Josephine F., III, 239
 Fremont, John C., I, 96; (portrait), 97;
 expeditions, 96; return of, 102, 117,
 188
 Fremont's plan of conquest, I, 121
 French Hotel, I, 151
 Friedlander, Isaac, I, 468
 "Friend of the Forest," I, 378
 Frink, George W., II, 372
 "Frisco," I, 166
 "Frontier gallantry," I, 164
 Fruchey, Jesse C., III, 13
 Fruits, earliest shipped from Cali-
 fornia, I, 55; auctioning of, I, 470;
 production of, I, 470
 Funston, Eda B., II, 28
 Funston, Frederick, II, 28
- Gallagher, T. H., I, 479
 Gallois, Mrs. John, III, 36
 Galloway, Joseph, III, 107
 Gamage, Mary T., II, 345
 Gambling, I, 130; in full blast, 170
 Garnett, James S., III, 92
 Gaskill, DeWitt C., III, 360
 Gates, Alice E., III, 304
 Gates, Eleanor, I, 257, 280
 Gates, Harry, I, 309
 Gay, Mary C., III, 163
 Gayley, Charles M., I, 282
 Geary, Ernest G., II, 33
 Geary, John W., I, 167; II, 33
 "General industrial languor," I, 165
 George, Henry, I, 240, 282, 316, 472
 Gere, George G., II, 151
 Gere, Sarah W., II, 151
 Gerrard, Rachel N., II, 79

- Gerster, Etelka, I, 309
 Gerstle, Lewis, III, 53
 Geysers, I, 373
 Ghirardelli, Joseph N., III, 367
 Giannini, Amadeo P., I, 405
 Giant redwoods, I, 6
 Gibb, James, III, 134
 Gibb, Margaret H., III, 137
 Gibbons, Henry, Sr., I, 270
 Gigantic swindle, A, I, 139
 Gihon, John H., I, 282
 Gilbert, May B., III, 156
 Gillpatrick, Mary J., III, 331
 Gillespie, Archibald, I, 101
 Gillespie, Harriet M., III, 216
 Gilroy, John, I, 61
 Gingg, Mrs. Emil, III, 416
 Giselman, Anna M., II, 197
 Giselman, William A., II, 197
 Glover, Mary W., III, 97
 Glover, Stephen C., III, 97
 Goat Island Project, I, 219
 Goddard, William H., III, 181
 Gold in California, first recorded discovery of, I, 124; rush for the mines, 127; yield of California, 129; pan mining, 135; sluice mining, 135; hydraulic power mining, 135; largest nugget ever found in California, 136; land dredging for, 138; mining, a lottery, 141; Bluffs mining excitement, 168; exportation, in 1853, 169; greatest shipment of, 470
 "Golden Era," I, 235
 Golden Gate, The (illustration), I, 15; discovery of, 27; bridge, 528
 Golden Gate Park, I, 365, 461; Memorial Museum, 519
 "Golden Hind," I, 14
 Gonzales, Manuel, I, 53
 Goodman, Joseph T., I, 245
 Gordon, James L., III, 139
 Gorham, Sarah C., III, 299
 Government, removed to Vallejo, I, 147
 Governor, first of Alta California, I, 11
 Grace Episcopal Church, I, 344
 Gracier, Francis J., Jr., III, 127
 Gracier, Seth B., III, 128
 Grady, John H., II, 116
 Graeber, Oliver L., III, 414
 Graft and grafters, I, 472
 Grafting on vice, I, 475
 Graft prosecution, I, 477
 Grafters, from to prosecute, I, 476; prosecution of, 481
 Grape-growers, I, 527
 Grau, Otto K., III, 398
 Great Civic Auditorium, I, 311
 Great conflagration, I, 495; fighting the fire, 502
 Greek Theater, University of California, I, 368, 417
 Greeley, Horace, I, 151
 Green, James E., II, 133
 Green, Mary P., II, 133
 Greenbaum, Herman, II, 110
 Greenway, Edward M., II, 205
 Greenway, Ned, I, 339
 Gregg, Wellington, II, 293
 Gringo, coming of the, I, 58
 Grosjean, Mrs. C. E., III, 390
 Group of Piers (illustration), I, 386
 Gunter, Archibald C., I, 432
 Guptill, Agnes B., III, 48
 Guptill, Edwin A., III, 47
 Gwin, Blanch M., II, 61
 Gwin, William M., I, 188; II, 58
 Gyle, Muriel C., II, 157
 Haas, Bertha G., II, 110
 Haas, William, II, 109
 Hager, Ethel, III, 164
 Hager, John S., III, 163
 Hahnemann Hospital Medical College, I, 271
 Haight, Sophia P., III, 181
 Haldorn, Mrs. Stuart, II, 294
 Hale, Julia A., III, 244
 Half-Moon Bay, I, 382
 Hall, Frederic, I, v, 147, 282
 Hall, Marynia E., II, 70
 Hallidie, Andrew S., III, 312
 Hallidie, Martha E., III, 317
 Hamilton, Edward H., I, 258
 Hamilton, Fletcher, II, 244
 Hammersmith, F. Arthur, II, 262
 Hanify, John R., II, 389
 Hanify, Mrs. J. R., II, 390
 Hanna, Edward J., I, 343; II, 303
 Harbor, largest landlocked in world, I, 384; of Oakland, 395
 Harder, Clara P., II, 191
 Harder, Peter, II, 188
 Harding, Samuel C., II, 338
 Harding, Warren G., I, 528
 Harley, Mrs. Charles K., II, 176
 Harrigan, Edward, I, 301
 Harrington, Joseph, I, 289
 Harris, L. W., III, 72
 Harris, Thomas L., I, 459
 Harrison, Edward C., III, 115
 Harrison, Eugenia C., II, 371
 Harrison, Frederick A., II, 368
 Harrison, Gregory A., III, 116
 Hart, Jerome A., I, 282, 433
 Harte, Bret, I, 235, 247, 251, 274
 Harte, Will, I, 244
 Hastings, S. C., I, 262
 Hatman, George W., III, 317
 Hatman, William J., III, 318
 Havens, Charles R., II, 328
 Hawkins, Horatio B., I, 307
 Hayes, Everis A., I, 259
 Hayes, Gilbert, III, 303
 Hayes, Jack, I, 94
 Hays, Harry T., III, 337

- Hays, John C., III, 32
 Hays, John C., III, 336
 Hays, T. A., III, 119
 Hayward, I, 2
 Hayward, Alvinza, I, 204
 Hearst, George, I, 253; II, 49
 Hearst, Phoebe A., I, 414, 418; II, 48
 Hearst, William R., I, 243, 253; (illustration), 254; 368, 414
 Hearst Building, San Francisco (illustration), I, 498
 Heath, Helen C., II, 316
 "Heathen Chinese," I, 274
 Hecht, Elias, I, 312
 Heger, Daniel C., III, 275
 Heger, D., III, 275
 Hellman, Frederick J., II, 69
 Hellman, Isaias W., II, 64
 Hellman, Isaias W., Jr., III, 221
 Heney, Francis J., I, 476, 479
 Henrici, Mrs. W. B., II, 367
 Hensley, Samuel J., I, 115
 Heron, Matilda, I, 300
 Herron, Walter, I, 107
 Hertz, Alfred, I, 312
 Hester, Craven P., III, 215
 Hetch-Hetchy Valley, I, 512
 Hetherington, hanging of, I, 187
 Heydenfeldt, Elkan, I, 148
 Heyman, Augusta, III, 98
 Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, I, 403
 Higgins, D. W., I, 234
 High School, San Mateo (illustration), I, 381
 Highland Drive, I, 375
 Highton, Henry E., I, 262
 Higuera, Ignacio, I, 60
 Hajar-Padres Company, I, 86
 Hill, Sarah A., I, 198
 Hill, Thomas, I, 286, 289
 Hill's "Last Spike," I, 217
 Hinckley, William S., alcalde, I, 165
 Hindu Temple, I, 345
 Hittell, John S., I, v 282
 Hobbs, Jennie, III, 134
 Hodges, Ethel A., III, 201
 Hodghead, Beverly L., II, 335
 Hodghead, David A., III, 36
 Hodghead, Lillian K., I, 313; III, 37
 Hoge, Joseph P., I, 262
 Holbrook, Charles, III, 284
 Holder, Charles F., I, 316
 Holliday, B. R., III, 330
 Holmes, Charles S., II, 242
 Holmes, E. Clarence, II, 242
 Holt, Charles H., III, 217
 Holtz, Louis F., II, 144
 Hood, William, I, 216; III, 91
 Hook, William, III, 156
 Hooker, Charles G., II, 348
 Hooker, Charles O., II, 348
 Hooker, Jennie M., II, 348
 Hooper, George W., I, 271
 Hoover, Herbert C., I, 316, 326
 Hoover War Library, I, 420
 Hopkins, Mark, I, 213, 468
 Hopkins, Samuel, II, 129
 Hoppe, J. D., I, 152
 Hopper, James, I, 279
 Horse racing, I, 360
 Hotels, I, 327
 Hotels, Oakland, I, 467
 Houghton, Eliza D., I, vii, 106
 Howard, Horace Z., III, 155
 Howard, William F., I, 93
 Howison, George H., I, 316
 Hoyle, James H., II, 322
 Hudson, Horace R., I, 257
 Huff, Socrates, III, 358
 Huie, William H. T., III, 190
 Hull, Guy P., II, 384
 Hull, Lewis L., II, 205
 Hume, Hugh, I, 257
 Hunt, Emma C., II, 238
 Hunt, Henry B., II, 237
 Hunt, Rockwell D., I, vii, 282
 Hunter, Alena M., II, 75
 Hunter, James, II, 72
 Huntington, Collis P., I, 213; (illustration), I, 217
 Huntington-Colton letters, I, 225
 Hurlbut, Elizabeth A., II, 324
 Hutchings, James M., I, 235
 Hutchinson, Joseph K., III, 412
 Hutchinson, Kate K., III, 412
 Hutter, John D., III, 216
 Hydraulic power gold mining, 135; mining, 137; campaign against, 137
 Ide, William B., I, 113, 115
 Immigrant train, first to cross the Sierras, I, 117
 Independent government, I, 58
 Indian of Northern California (illustration), I, 48
 Indians of the Bay Region, I, 9; of Carmel Valley, 34; Missions, 46; first converts baptized, 48; liked the mission, 48; of Alta California, 50; of Santa Clara Valley called Olhones, 57; outrages by, 58; Santa Clara Mission, 59
 Industrial activity, I, 161, 413
 Industry, I, 400
 Inland voyaging, I, 92
 "Innocents Abroad," I, 249
 Intercoastal tonnage, I, 391
 "In the Bishop's Carriage," I, 257
 Irving, Henry, I, 303
 Irwin, Benoni, I, 289
 Irwin, Wallace, I, 251, 282
 Irwin, Will, I, 251, 282
 Isaac, John, II, 292
 Islands of the bay, I, 3

- Jack London Memorial Library, I, 428
 Jackson, Jacob G., III, 293
 Jacobs, Myer, III, 98
 Jacobs, Solomon, III, 97
 Jacobson, Pauline, I, 257
 Jaffa, Myer E., I, 316
 James, Col., I, 132
 James, Jefferson G., III, 401
 Janke, Charles A., II, 367
 Janssen, Frederick G. E., III, 273
 Japanese, wave of immigration, I, 355;
 schools for, 355
 Jenkins, hanging of, I, 178
 Jenny Lind Theater, I, 169, 299; trag-
 edy, 147
 Jensen, assault and robbery of, I, 174
 Jobson, Charles F., III, 5
 Johnson, Elizabeth D., II, 367
 Johnson, Hiram, I, 480, 482, 485, 523;
 II, 409
 Jones, Commodore, I, 85
 Jones, E. P., I, 166
 Jones, John P., I, 207
 Jones, John R., II, 275
 Jones, May F. B., III, 262
 Jones, Thomas A. C., I, 88
 Jordan, David S., I, vii, 251, 282, 316,
 321, 419
 Journalism, I, 227, 253
 Joyce, James, III, 400
 Judah, Theodore P., I, 213
 Judson, Charles C., II, 221
 Judson, Henry C., III, 242
 "Jumping Frog of Calaveras," I, 247
 Justice, as administered in the early
 days, I, 261

 Kahn, Emile E., III, 131
 Kalloch, Isaac S., I, 242
 Kane, Michael, III, 357
 Kearney, Denis, I, 241, 349, 468, 472
 Keeler, Charles, I, 280, 282, 316
 Keene, James R., I, 207
 Keesling, Francis V., III, 397
 Keil, Hugo, I, 486
 Keith, Eliza D., III, 280
 Keith, William, I, 286; (portrait), 288,
 289
 Kelley, Edgar S., I, 313
 Kelley, William H., II, 120
 Kellogg, George H., III, 413
 Kellogg, Martin, I, 416
 Kennedy, John F., II, 43
 Kenney, Mary H., III, 351
 Kerr, Orpheus C., I, 235
 Keseburg, Lewis, I, 109, 111
 Key, Francis Scott, monument to, I,
 158
 Kimball, Roy T., II, 300
 King, Edward W., III, 37
 King, Flora M., III, 72
 King, Homer S., II, 228
 King, James, III, 59
 King, Joseph L., III, 71
 King, Joseph L. Jr., III, 72
 King, P. L., III, 72
 King, Thomas S., I, 184, 345; III, 327
 King of William, James, I, 178; murder
 of, 180; III, 59
 Kingsbury, Kenneth R., II, 193
 King's highway, I, 381
 Kip, W. I., I, 343
 Kipling, Rudyard, in San Francisco, I,
 439
 Knight, Samuel, III, 182
 Knowland, Joseph, III, 356
 Knowland, Joseph R., I, 259; II, 393
 Know-Nothing Party, I, 190
 Kraft, Agnes F., II, 254
 Krebs, Henry, III, 297
 Kronkrite, Maria C., III, 59
 Kyne, Peter B., I, 251, 277

 La Bocana de la Escanada de los
 Farallones, I, 38
 Lake Merritt, I, 367
 Lake Shore Boulevard, I, 375
 Lakes, I, 91
 Lambert, Charles G., II, 218
 Lamont, Blanche, I, 470
 Land disputes, I, 58; dredging for gold,
 138
 Lane, Franklin K., I, 257, 263, 265, 520
 Lane, L. C., I, 270, 271
 Lane Medical College and Hospital,
 I, 271
 Langdon, William A., I, 475
 Langlois, Father, I, 341
 La Paz Bay, I, 17
 Larkin, Thomas O., I, 68, 99, 102
 Larkspur, I, 2; Canyon, 2
 Larue, J. B., I, 73
 Las Junstas, I, 71
 Lassen, May C., III, 409
 Lassen, Peter, III, 407
 Latham, Milton S., I, 263
 Lathrop, John, I, 257
 Laughlin, Gail, III, 189
 Law and Order party, I, 184
 Lawrence, Andrew M., I, 257
 Lawrence, E. R., I, 132
 Lawrence, Mary T., II, 9
 Lawson, Andrew C., I, 5
 Lazelle, Rena, I, 313
 Leach, Frank A., I, vii, 259
 Leake, W. S., I, vii
 LeaVine, Mrs. C. A. B., II, 385
 Leavitt, Nell L., III, 83
 LeConte, Joseph, I, 316
 Lee, Harvey, I, 210
 Lee, James, III, 312
 Lees, Isaiah W., II, 266
 Leese, Jacob, I, 113, 163
 Legislature of a Thousand Drinks, I,
 147; on wheels, 149

- Leigh, Ella L., II, 267
 Leland Stanford Junior University, I, 418
 Lemare, Edwin, I, 313
 Lenzen, Theodore, I, 153
 LeRoy, Wright, I, 469
 Leviston, George, III, 322
 Leviston, Stella M., III, 323
 Lewis, Exum P., I, 316
 Lewitt, William, II, 197
 Liberty Bond subscriptions, I, 525
 Lick, James, I, 154; (portrait), 155; "the lunatic," 156; death of, 159, 414
 Lick, John H., I, 158
 Lick House, The, I, 157; observatory, 52, 159, 372; telescope, 158
 "Lick's Folly," I, 156
 Lilienthal, Bertha G., III, 54
 Lilienthal, Jesse W., II, 47
 Lilly, Eugenia, III, 228
 "Lincoln and Other Poems," I, 457
 Lipman, Frederick L., II, 55
 Lippincott, Benjamin, I, 148
 Lister, Marie, I, 257
 Litchfield, Joseph M., III, 299
 Litchfield, Sarah E., III, 300
 "Literary California," I, 274
 Literary lives, I, 422
 Livermore, Robert, I, 62
 Lloyd, Reuben H., I, 132, 263
 Lockwood, Rufus A., I, 262
 Loeser, Katharine F., II, 217
 Loeser, Robert M., II, 216
 Loller, Mrs. William H., III, 404
 London, Charmian, I, 428
 London, Jack, I, 251; (portrait), 277, 278, 425, 459
 Lone Tree Trail, I, 380
 "Lord Charley," I, 211
 Loring, Conrad, III, 305
 Loring, David W., III, 304
 Loring Club, I, 312
 Los Tularcitos Rancho, I, 71
 Lotta's Fountain, I, 302
 Loughead, Flora H., I, 280
 Louschner, A. O., I, 505
 Lower California, missions, I, 21
 Luchenbach Steamship Company, I, 388
 "Luck of Roaring Camp," I, 235, 274
 Lumbering in the mountains, I, 92
 Lumberman, stories of the, I, 90
 Lynch, Jeremiah, I, 282
 Lynch, John C., III, 150
 Lyons, Emilie B., III, 412
 Lyons, Ernest G., III, 412
 Lyster's English Opera Company, I, 308
 McAdie, Alexander G., I, 361
 McAllister, Hall, I, 262
 McCarthy, Denis, III, 126
 McClutchen, William, I, 107
 McComb, John, I, 249
 McCullough, John, I, 300
 McDowell, Powell A., III, 357
 McDougal, John, I, 232
 McDougal, James A., I, 263
 McEnerney, Garret W., I, 263
 McEwen, Arthur, I, vii, 250, 282, 431
 McGlashan, C. F., I, vii, 110
 McGowan, George A., III, 404
 McInstry, E. W., I, 263
 McIntyre, Anna E., III, 303
 McKinley, Benjamin F., II, 169
 McKinley, Mary A., II, 170
 McMullin, Mrs. Dave S., III, 36
 McNab, Gavin, I, 263; Father of the Fair, 264
 McNutt, William F., I, vii, 270; II, 39
 Mac Adam, Mrs. M. V. B., II, 250
 MacDonald, Elizabeth, III, 400
 MacDonald, George, III, 399
 Mackay, John W., I, 207
 Mad gold rush, The, I, 161
 Magee, E. DeLos, III, 146
 Magee, Thomas, I, 492
 "Mahogany Mill," I, 156
 Mahoney, Denis, III, 384
 Mahoney, Thomas L., II, 25
 Mahoney, William C., III, 73
 Maison de Fer, I, 328
 Maison Riche, I, 328, 329
 Majors, Alexander, II, 14
 "Man with the Hoe," I, 447
 Mann, Seth, III, 222
 Manning's Oyster House, I, 328
 Mansfield, Albert, III, 79
 Map of Bay Region, I, viii
 Marchand's Restaurant, I, 329
 Marcy, William G., II, 337
 Margo, Alexander, II, 71
 Margo, Mary, II, 72
 Marin memory, A, I, 209; Municipal Water District, 513
 Marina, The, I, 383
 Market Street, San Francisco (illustration), I, 501
 Markham, Anna C., I, 457
 Markham, Catherine, I, 450
 Markham, Edwin, I, vii, 251, 282, 447; (portrait), 448
 Marple, William, I, 289
 Marriage among the natives, I, 32
 Marsh, Elias B., II, 276
 Marsh, John, I, 72
 Marshall, James W., I, 124, 134
 Marshall, Robert, III, 305
 Marsicano, Fabrizio, III, 225
 Marsicano, Marina, III, 225
 Marston, Ward, I, 121
 Martin, Julius, I, 64
 Martinez, I, 68
 Marvin, Frank W., II, 141
 Marvin, Sarah A. C., II, 141
 Marvin, William W., II, 138

- Marymont, Cora S., II, 129
 Masonic Club, I, 330
 Masten, Joseph M., II, 361
 Masten, Nathan K., II, 360
 Mastick, Edwin B., I, 158
 Ma Tanta Restaurant, I, 328
 Matthews, Arthur, I, 289
 Maxwell, George H., I, 459, 464
 Maybeck, Bernard B., I, 316
 Mead, Charlotte L., III, 53
 Mead, Elwood, I, 316
 Mead, Lewis R., III, 48
 Mead, Louis D., III, 50
 Means of fire fighting, I, 512
 Mechanics' Institute, I, 158; Pavilion, I, 507
 "Mediaeval Romance," I, 250
 Medical profession, I, 268; schools, "Class A," 272
 Meiggs, Harry, I, 308
 Meiggs, Henry career of, I, 142; death of, 146
 Meiggs, John G., I, 145
 Meiggs' Wharf, I, 143
 Mellersh, Thomas, III, 101
 Mellersh, T. C., III, 102
 Melrose, I, 2
 Melvin, Bradford M., III, 89
 Melvin, Henry A., III, 86
 Memorial Museum, I, 517
 Menacing Russians, I, 21
 Mendenhall, William M., III, 369
 Mercantile Library, I, 170
 Merritt, Ezekiel, I, 113, 116
 Metcalf, Victor H., II, 359
 Methodist Church, I, 344
 Metropolitan Theater, I, 300
 Meussdorffer, John C., III, 92
 Meussdorffer, Ottilie, III, 95
 Mexican occupation of California, I, 58
 Mezes, Sidney M., III, 382
 Michels, Carrie, III, 378
 Michels, Ella S., I, 282
 Michels, Leopold, III, 377
 Michelson, Charles, I, 257
 Michelson, Miriam, I, 257
 Michelson, Paul D., Jr., II, 318
 Micheltorena, General, I, 62
 Midwinter Fair, I, 517
 Mighels, Ella S., I, vii, 274, 282
 Mighels, Philip V., I, 282
 Mill Valley, I, 2, 374
 Millard, Bailey, II, 373
 Miller, Bernard T., III, 345
 Miller, George W., III, 14
 Miller, James, III, 343
 Miller, Joaquin, I, 38, 235, 240, 251, 513; (illustration), 276, 277
 Miller, John H., II, 110
 Milling operations, illegal, I, 94
 Millington, James, III, 363
 Mills, Maria E., II, 223
 Mills, Mary C., II, 395
 Mills, William H., II, 221
 Mills College, Oakland, I, 420
 Minetti, Giulio, I, 312; Symphony Orchestra, 312
 Ming, Chang, I, 347
 Mining, I, 135
 Mission Dolores, San Francisco (illustration), I, 41, 42, 342; in San Lucia Valley, 34; of San Antonio de Padua, 35; of San Buenaventura, 26, 35; of San Francisco de Assissi, 35, 42; of San Gabriel, 35; San Jose, 60; San Juan Capistrano, 35; San Luis Obispo, 35; San Luis Rey, 35; Santa Clara, 35; Santa Inez, 35; Solano, 70
 Mission padres, influence of, I, 83
 Missions, in Lower California, I, 21; founding of, 32; secularization of, 85
 Modjeska, Helena, I, 302
 Moffatt, George, III, 168
 Moffatt, Mrs. L. W., III, 169
 Moffett, Samuel E., I, 257
 Monsarrat, May, II, 33
 Monte Diablo, I, 2, 372, 375
 Monterey, Mission, I, 32; taken by the Americans, 119
 Montgomery, George, I, 343
 Monumental Mine, I, 136
 Moody, Joseph L., III, 84
 Moon, A. J., I, 72
 Moon, Andrew, II, 69
 Mooney, Thomas J., I, 525
 Moore, Audrey C., III, 211
 Moore, Hattie, I, 309
 Mooser, Louis H., II, 330
 Moraga, Jose, I, 46
 Moran, I, 286
 Moran, John H., III, 287
 "Morning Call," I, 256
 Morrin, Thomas, III, 169
 Morrison, Alexander F., III, 378
 Morrow, Eliza G., III, 249
 Morrow, Robert F., III, 246
 Morrow, William C., I, 279
 Morrow, William G., III, 249
 Morse, Isaac H., II, 294
 Motoring, I, 374
 Motion picture houses, I, 304
 Mott, Mrs. Baldwin E., II, 336
 Moulder, Andrew J., II, 406
 Mount Hamilton, I, 2; Tamalpais, 365; (illustration), 379
 Muir, John, I, 251, 316; (portrait), 317
 Muir, Wood, I, 2, 376, 380
 Mulford, Prentice, I, 235
 Municipal Railroad, I, 513
 Murdock, Charles, I, 492
 Murguia, Padre, I, 58
 Murietta, Joaquin, I, 449
 Murphy, Al, I, 257
 Murphy, Bernard, I, 152
 Murphy, George R., II, 13

- Murphy, Jemima, III, 162
 Murphy, Lemuel, I, 108
 Murphy, Martin, I, 63, 64
 Murphy, Martin, Jr., II, 174
 Murphy, Matthew, III, 161
 Murphy, William J., I, 486
 Murray, Isabelle, III, 377
 Murray, Samuel, II, 227
 Music in San Francisco, I, 307
 Musto, Joseph, II, 158

 Naglee, Henry M., I, 402
 Napa, I, 2; Valley, 373
 Napoleonic relics, I, 519
 Nappenbach, H., I, 293
 Narjot, I, 286
 National Reclamation Association, I, 465
 Native Sons of the Golden West, I, 101
 Naval Base for the Pacific Coast, I, 396
 Neagle, William, I, 198
 Neal, David, I, 289
 Negro minstrels, I, 310
 Nelson, Charles, III, 365
 Nelson, Mrs. N. Laurence, II, 120
 Nelson, Thomas, II, 77
 Nevada, Emma, I, 309
 Neve, Felipe, I, 53
 New Helvetia, I, 124
 New republic, I, 118
 New revolutionary government in California, I, 87
 Newark, I, 2
 Newspapers, first in San Jose, I, 150; first in California, 150, 166
 Newton, Hollis, II, 161
 Ney Wolskill Collection, I, 519
 Nicholson, Miriam, I, 282
 Nichols, Charlotte M., II, 409
 Nichols, William F., II, 297
 Nielson, Adelaide, I, 301
 Nisbet, James, I, 282
 Nolan, Clara R., III, 196
 Nolan, Michael, III, 196
 Normal School, building of the, I, 147
 Norris, Charles G., I, 425
 Norris, Frank, I, 251, 279, 422; (illustration), 423
 Norris, Kathleen, I, 280, 425
 North, Chester L., III, 78
 Norton, Henry K., I, vii
 Norwood, William E., III, 14
 Notre Dame des Victoires, I, 342
 Nugent, John, I, 185
 Nunan, Thomas, I, 257, 282, 313
 Nye, A. B., I, 259
 Nystrom, John R., III, 370

 Oakland, I, 2, 72, 367, 529; waterfront, 394; industries, 395; hotels, 467; a great municipality, 467
 Oakland and Lake Merritt (illustration), I, 364
 "Oakland Enquirer," I, 159; "Evening Post," 468; "Tribune," 259; "Wasp," 467
 Oaks on Berkeley Campus, I, 367
 O'Brien, W. S., I, 468
 Ocean Beach and Esplanade, San Francisco (illustration), I, 408
 O'Connell, Daniel, I, 282
 O'Donnell, Emma G., III, 268
 O'Farrell, Jasper, II, 212
 Ohabai Shalome Congregation, I, 345
 Oil production, I, 138
 Ojo del Agua rancho, I, 66
 Oliphant, Laurence, I, 462
 Old Colony Club, I, 330
 Old Ladies' Home, I, 158
 Old Mechanics' Institute, I, 517
 "Old St. Mary's Church," I, 342
 Old Spanish rule, I, 62
 Older, Fremont, I, v, 256, 257, 476, 479, 483
 Older, Mrs. Fremont, I, 282
 Olhones, I, 57
 Oliver grand jury, I, 477
 Olympic Club, I, 329, 331
 O'Neil, William, III, 355
 Opera, first season of, I, 308
 Opera Bouffe Battles, I, 113
 Operas, early, I, 303; San Francisco, 1860, 308
 Oratorios, in the '50s, I, 311,
 Oregon Building, I, 520
 Oriental Public School, I, 356; population, 357
 Orphan Asylum, I, 158
 Ortega, Francisco, I, 21
 Osborne, James, II, 142
 Osbourne, Fanny D., I, 434
 Osbourne, Lloyd, I, 434
 O'Shaughnessy, M. M. I, 527
 O'Sullivan, Margaret, III, 288
 "Our National Defense the Patriotism of Peace," I, 465
 "Overland Magazine," I, 235
 Overland travelers, tales of, I, 63

 Pacific aviation base, I, 383; Coast Baseball League, 370; mail steamers, 387
 Pacific Medical School, I, 270
 Pacific Musical Society, I, 313
 "Pacific News," I, 228
 Pacific Railroad, completed, I, 217
 Pacific-Union Club, I, 330
 Padres, pioneer, of California, I, 35; plea for, 46; not cruel, 50
 Pagan, Joseph, II, 70
 Pageants, I, 304
 Pages, Jules, I, 293
 Painters, I, 285

- Palace Hotel, I, 205, 332; of Horticulture, 520; of Machinery, 520; of Fine Arts (illustration), 521
 Palmer, Charles, II, 354
 Palo Alto, I, 2
 Pan mining, I, 135
 Panama-Pacific International Exposition, I, 520
 Panama Railroad, I, 170
 Paper money, little used, I, 402
 Park Memorial Museum, I, 415
 Parks, James F., II, 261
 Parks, Mary P., II, 262
 Parrish, William H., II, 355
 Parrott, John, I, 169
 Partington, Gertrude, I, 293
 Partington, J. H. E., I, 293
 Partington, Richard, I, 293
 Pastoral age, stories of, I, 74
 Patigian, Haig, II, 285
 Patrick, James C., II, 334
 Patrick, Margaret H., II, 335
 Patti, Adelina, I, 309
 Patton, Charles L., II, 366
 Payne (Theodore) & Co., I, 269
 Payot, Henry, I, 492
 Peace, James, I, 94
 "Peace Over Africa," I, 456
 Pease, Richard H., III, 62
 Peixotto, Edgar D., II, 88
 Pellegrini Opera Company, I, 308
 People's Party, I, 171
 People's Symphony Association, I, 312
 Peralta, Luis, I, 71
 Perine, William D., III, 354
 Perley, D. W., I, 195
 Permanent settlement of San Francisco, I, 47
 Petaluma, I, 373; Creek, 398
 Peters, Charles R., I, 292
 Peterson, Ferdinand C., III, 257
 Pfeiffer, Louis, II, 42
 Phelan, James D., I, 296, 414, 470, 474, 477
 Phelps, Laura H., III, 215
 Philharmonic Trio and Florestan Trio, I, 312
 Phillips, Adelaide, I, 309
 Physiographical prelude, I, 1
 Piercy, Andrew J., I, 360
 Pianos, first, in San Francisco, I, 307
 Pickering, Loring, I, 236, 256
 Pickering, Loring, Jr., I, 256
 Pico, Pio, I, 62, 85, 87, 122
 Pierce, Edwin G., III, 17
 Pierce, Lottie M., II, 259
 Pierce, Minnie M., III, 17
 Pilarcitos Lake, I, 92
 Pinchot, Gifford, I, 378
 Pinkerton, Thomas H., III, 353
 Pioneer padres of California, I, 35
 Pistols and bowie knives, California's investment in, I, 162
 Pitt, Henry, I, 119
 Pittsburg, I, 398
 Pixley, Frank M., I, 432
 Plagemann, Fred P., III, 133
 Plagemann, Henry, III, 133
 Plagemann, John C., II, 101
 Planel French Opera Company, I, 308
 Plea by Utah, I, 149
 Plum, Charles M., I, 158
 Pobladores, interest in agriculture, I, 54
 Poet-Mayor of San Francisco, I, 487
 Political anomaly, I, 487
 Pollock, Sarah A., II, 116
 "Poodle Dog," I, 329
 "Poor Little Rich Girl," I, 257
 Population, of California, in 1849, I, 139
 Port of San Francisco, I, 392
 Portals of the Past (illustration), I, 518
 Porter, Bruce, I, 296
 Portola, I, 11; and his men, 9; expedition, 26; as represented by Don Nicolas A. Covarrubias, at the Portola Festival, San Francisco, 1909 (illustration), 22; pageant, 304
 Potter, Mary M., II, 40
 Power, James E., III, 383
 Powers, Laura B., I, vii
 Pratt, George W., II, 232
 Pratt, James R., III, 178
 "Prayer Book Cross," I, 14
 Presbyterian Church, I, 343
 Presbyterian Theological Seminary, I, 344
 Presidio, buildings of, I, 47
 Press Club, I, 330
 Prize fighting, I, 360
 "Progress and Poverty," I, 490
 Prohibition, I, 328
 Prohibitive laws, early, I, 61
 Prudon, Victor, I, 113
 "Public Balance," I, 227
 Public Library, Alameda (illustration) I, 398
 Public Library in Civic Center, San Francisco (illustration), I, 417
 Puerta de San Francisco, I, 20
 Puppet revolution of the Bear Flag, I, 104
 Purdy, Helen T., I, v, 282, 285
 Quadro, Benito, II, 85
 Quartz mines, prospector for, I, 137
 Radford, Mary J., III, 104
 Railroad, building of the first from San Francisco, I, 153; to Niles, 153
 Railroads, the first, I, 147; first transcontinental, 213
 Railton, H. E. A., II, 348
 Rainfall of 1897-98, I, 471

- Raleigh, Henry, I, 293
 Ralston, William C., I, 204
 "Ramona," I, 277
 Rasette, Joseph, III, 103
 Rathjens, Peter F., II, 410
 Rats and fleas, I, 164
 Rauschert, George, II, 167
 Reclamation Act, I, 465
 Redwood, I, 2; City, 529
 Redwoods, giant, I, 6, 91
 Redwood Groves, I, 373
 Reed, James F., I, 106
 Reed, William, III, 364
 Reese, Michael, I, 133, 468
 Refugees from great fire, camps of, I, 507
 Reid, Mrs. James W., III, 50
 Reimer, Edward L., III, 406
 Reinhardt, Aurelia H., I, 420
 "Republic of Sonora," I, 170
 Remillard, C. L., II, 155
 Remillard, Peter N., II, 152
 Rhinehart, Joseph, I, 108
 Rice, George H., III, 270
 Rice, Mary L. T., III, 273
 Richardson, William A., I, 384
 Richardson, William A., III, 279
 Richmond, I, 2, 396, 529
 Richmond Belt Railroad Company, I, 396
 Richmond business blocks (illustrations), I, 526
 Richmond, in 1901 and Today (illustrations), I, 397
 Richmond, Shipping Scenes (illustrations), I, 410
 Riley, James, II, 247
 Rivalry of editors, I, 232
 Rive-King, Madame, I, 311
 Rix, Alice, I, 257
 Rix, Julian, I, 289
 Roads, I, 374
 Roadmaking, I, 381
 "Roasting the railroad," I, 221
 Robbins, Reuel D., III, 393
 Robertson, Peter, I, 282, 313
 Robinson, Charles D., I, 289
 Rococo architecture, I, 152
 Rohlfs, Alma, II, 334
 Rohlfs, Carl C., II, 333
 Rohlfs, Marie V., II, 334
 Roman, Anton, I, 235
 Romancers and explorers, I, 11
 Roosevelt Dam, I, 465
 Root, Geo. W., III, 137
 Root, Lloyd L., III, 138
 Rosa, Parepa, I, 309
 Rosborough, Alexander M., II, 220
 Rosenthal, Toby, I, 289
 Ross, I, 2
 Ross, George C., III, 113
 Ross, Joseph L., III, 72
 Rothschild, Joseph, II, 80
 Rouleau, F. A., III, 11
 Rouleau, O. A., III, 11
 Royce, Josiah, I, vii, 282
 Ruef, Abraham, I, 261, 470, 474, 482
 Ruef-Schmitz combine, I, 475
 Rueger, John, III, 416
 Ruelle, Baptiste, I, 124
 Rush for the mines, I, 127
 Russ, Adolphus G., III, 122
 Russell, A. C., I, 232
 Russell, Joel, II, 355
 Russell, Muriel A., II, 400
 Russian settlement, I, 69; River, 373
 Ryan, Daniel A., II, 223
 Ryers, James J., I, 233
 Ryfkgogel, H. A. L., III, 370
 Sabin, John I., II, 176
 Sabin, Laura P., II, 179
 Sabin, Wallace A., III, 410
 Sacramento theaters, I, 299; shipping industry of, 396
 "Sacramento Union," I, 247
 Salavsky, Alexander, I, 312
 Salcedo, Felipe, I, 12, 13
 San Andreas Lake, I, 92
 San Anselmo, I, 2
 San Antonio, I, 73
 San Antonio Rancho, I, 71
 Sanborn, Blanche L. H., II, 281
 San Buenaventura Mission, I, 26
 San Carols Borromeo, I, 31
 Sanchez, Francisco, I, 120
 Sanderson, James, II, 299
 San Francisco, beginnings of, I, 37; in embryo, 46; whirlwind year of 1776, 46; permanent settlement of, 47; name, 69; city charter revised, 168; tremendous conflagration, 168; organized, 170; journalism in, 231; writers, 251; lowest infant mortality rate, 273; hotels, 332; motoring, 374; as a wholesale center, 411; adoption of city charter, 470; greatest strike in, 470; fire limits of, 471; fire of 1906, 495; seal, 495; works of art, perished in, 292; burned district, 509; rebuilding of, 511; water supply, 512; a city of fairs, 517; a convention city, 522; coast primacy, 528; superior civilization in, 530; after fire of 1906 (illustration), 494; and the Golden Gate (illustration), 468
 San Francisco Bay, how found, I, 21; world's most wonderful harbor, 26; real discoverer of, 28; christening of, 29
 "San Francisco Call," I, 233, 485
 San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, I, 330
 San Francisco Clearing House, I, 404
 San Francisco Convention and Tourist League, I, 522

- San Francisco Conservatory of Music, III, 43
 San Francisco county, organized, I, 170
 "San Francisco Examiner," I, 253
 "San Francisco Herald," I, 228, 232, 257
 San Francisco in 1849 (illustration), I, 64
 "San Francisco Journal," I, 257
 "San Francisco Journal of Commerce," I, 257
 San Francisco Musical Club, I, 313
 San Francisco in Relief (illustration), I, 524
 San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, I, 311
 San Francisco theaters in fire of 1906, I, 303
 San Francisco Trio, I, 312
 San Joaquin Railroad, I, 469
 San Jose, I, 2, 52, 151, 529; the first town in California, 52; first known as San Jose de Guadalupe, 52; first houses in, 56; prosperity of, 63; bull-fighting in, 79; first State Capitol, 147; first newspaper in, 150; banks, 409
 San Jose Daily Argus, I, 150
 San Jose "Mercury-Herald," I, 259
 San Jose Tribune, I, 152
 San Jose Weekly Mercury, I, 152
 San Leandro, I, 2; grant, 71
 San Lorenzo, I, 68
 San Mateo, I, 2, 529
 San Mateo County, I, 90, 170
 San Mateo County Court House, Redwood City, (illustration), I, 371
 San Mateo High School (illustration), I, 381
 Sanor, Michael, III, 267
 San Pablo, I, 2; Bay, 2
 San Quentin, I, 3
 San Rafael, I, 2, 374
 San Ramon valley, I, 375
 Santa Clara, I, 2; Mission, 58; Valley, oranges, 55, 151, 372; Indians, 59, 529
 Santa Rosa, I, 373
 Santiago, Missions of, I, 25
 Saunders, Charles F., I, 316
 Sausalito, I, 2
 Sausalito and Bay from Heights (illustration), I, 374
 Savings and Loan Society, I, 403
 Sawmill, first, I, 166
 Sawmill injunction, I, 90
 Scandinavian Singing Society, I, 312
 Scanlon, David, I, 500
 Scannel, David, I, 182
 "Scarlet letter, The," I, 191
 Schallenger, Moses, 8, 64
 Scheeline, Simon C., III, 242
 Schmitz, Eugene, I, 470, 475, 478
 Schoenwald, George, I, 158
 School of mechanical arts, I, 158
 School system, Alameda county, I, 421
 Schultz, E. Louis J., III, 288
 Schultz, Mrs. E. L. J., III, 289
 Science, I, 315
 Scott, Albert W., II, 291
 Scott, Mrs. Albert W. II, 288
 Scott, George, III, 162
 Scott, W. A., I, 343
 Sculptors, I, 285
 Seabough, Sam, I, 247
 Seal Rock House, I, 327
 Searles, Edward F., I, 414
 Selling, John, II, 70
 Selling, Nathalie, II, 71
 Semple, Charles D., I, 68, 150
 Semple, Robert, I, 116
 Serra, Junipero, I, 21, 42
 Serra, Junipero (statue of), I, 30; titanic task, 31; signature of, 33; death of, 37
 Sessions, W. W., II, 114
 Sessions & Ballinger, II, 114
 Settlers, first foreign, I, 58
 Shaking off the Mexican yoke, I, 113
 Shannon, Henry L., II, 206
 Sharon, William, I, 198, 204
 Sharpsteen, William C., II, 209
 Shattuck, Francis K., III, 362
 Shaw, Lucian, II, 405
 Shaw, S. W., I, 289
 Sheldon, Tristram W., II, 203
 Sherman, Leander S., II, 238
 Sherman, William, I, 158
 Sherman (W. T.), "Memoirs," I, 181
 Sheridan, William E., I, 301
 Shima, George, I, 358
 Shipbuilding on San Francisco Bay, I, 526
 Shipman, Charles G., III, 194
 Shipman, Mrs. Charles H., III, 194
 Shipping industry of Sacramento, I, 396
 Shipping Scenes, Richmond (illustrations), I, 410
 Shoemaker, Edwin H., III, 205
 Shoemaker, Samuel, I, 108
 Shooting on sight, I, 162
 Shorb, Ethel R., III, 410
 Shorb, James D., III, 410
 Shortridge, Samuel M., II, 405
 Shortage of water, I, 513
 Sierra Club, I, 330
 Sierra winter, I, 105
 Silva, Francis M., III, 338
 Silver craze, I, 201
 "Silverado Squatters," I, 373
 Simenauer, Emil, III, 125
 Simmons, Julia P., II, 43
 Simoneau, Pere J., I, 435
 Simpson, Anna P., III, 178

- Simpson, Sarah, III, 401
 Single Tax, theory of, I, 472
 Sisson, Albert W., III, 56
 Sisson, Albert W. F., III, 59
 Sisson, Maria C., III, 59
 Sisson, William J., III, 56
 Skerrit, Nicholas, I, 469
 Skilling, David, III, 360
 Slack, Charles W., II, 403
 Slessinger, Lewis, II, 129
 Sluice mining, I, 135; robbing, 141
 Smith, Clarence M., II, 380
 Smith, David W., III, 299
 Smith, Hiram C., II, 311
 Smith, James, I, 108
 Smith, Julius P., III, 173
 Smith, Peter, I, 261, 269
 Smith, Sara B., III, 177
 Smith, Stephen, I, 166
 Smith, Theodore E., III, 309
 Smith, William (Bill the Sawyer), I, 93
 Snyder, John, I, 107
 Social life of the '40s, I, 74
 Society, I, 333; began to crystallize, 1852, 336
 Society of California Pioneers, I, 158, 167, 328
 Solano County, I, 372
 Solari, Camille M., II, 167
 Solari, Mary K., II, 167
 Somali, John, I, 328
 "Songs from the Golden Gate," I, 283
 Sonnet to San Francisco, I, 283
 "Sonnets of Heredia," I, 493
 Sonoma County, I, 373; celebrities, 459
 Soule, Frank, I, 282
 Sousa, John, Mrs., II, 266
 South Pacific Coast line, I, 153
 Southern Pacific Company, I, 220; Railroad, 223
 Spanish cattle herds, I, 93
 Spanish families, I, 46
 Spanish priests, I, 341
 Spanish rule, I, 62
 Spear, Charles H., II, 306
 Specific contract law, I, 403
 "Splendid Idle Forties," I, 277
 Splivalo, Augustus D., II, 358
 Sports and pastimes, I, 359
 Spreckels, Augustus, I, 476
 Spreckels, Claus, I, 256, 338, 475
 Spreckels, John D., I, 256, 436
 Spreckels, Rudolph, I, 475; II, 10
 Spreckels Family, I, 338, 415
 Spring Valley Water Company, I, 512
 Springer, Norman, I, 282
 Squatters, rush of, I, 72
 Squattersville, I, 68
 St. Anthony's Church, I, 343
 St. Boniface Church, I, 343
 St. Francis Church, I, 342
 St. Francis Hotel, I, 332
 St. Goar, Henry, II, 224
 St. Goar, Nellie, II, 227
 St. Helena, I, 3
 St. Ignatius' Church and College, I, 342; College, 420
 St. Luke's Episcopal Church, I, 344
 St. Luke's Hospital, I, 71
 St. Mary's Cathedral, I, 342
 Stafford, William G., III, 350
 Stambaugh, S. S., I, 95
 Standard Oil Building, San Francisco (illustration), I, 389
 Stanford, Jane, I, 418
 Stanford, Leland, I, 213, 414, 418; (portrait), 221
 Stanford Hospital, I, 419
 Stanford Medical School, I, 272
 Stanford Memorial Chapel (illustration), I, 415
 Stanford University, Medical department, I, 271; campus, 368; buildings, 419
 Stanton, C. T., I, 107
 Stanton, Mabel B., II, 242
 Star Fonda, I, 151
 Stark, James, theater, I, 152
 State building, new, I, 267
 State Constitution, I, 468
 State Journal, I, 150
 State Market, I, 523
 State Normal School, I, 153; oldest, 420
 Statue of Father Junipero Serra (illustration), I, 30
 Steamboat, explosion of a, I, 152
 Steel skyscraper, first in San Francisco, I, 243
 Steele, James K., III, 73
 Steinman, Bernard U., II, 374
 Stellman, Louis J., I, vii, 280
 Sterling, George, I, 251, 280
 Stetson, James B., II, 273
 Stevenot, Emil K., II, 155
 Stevenot, Gabriel K., II, 155
 Stevens, William, I, 293
 Stevenson, Robert L., I, 354, 434
 Stimson Beach, I, 381
 Stine, Isabel L., III, 255
 Stine, Oliver C., III, 252
 Stockton, I, 398
 Stockton, Commodore, I, 121
 Stoddard, Charles W., I, 235, 247, 251
 Stone, Frederick P., II, 346
 Stoney, Gaillard, III, 96
 Stoney, Thomas P., III, 95
 "Story of the Files," I, 274
 "Stove-pipe" hat, only, in San Jose, I, 148
 Strauss, J. B., I, 527
 Strauss, Meyer, I, 289
 Street lamps, in 1850, I, 165
 "Stricken City," I, 281
 Strong, Joseph D., I, 289
 Sugar transportation, I, 388
 Suisun Bay, I, 2, 372

- Sullivan, Matt, I, 492
 Sullivan, Matthew I., I, 480
 Sullivan, Sylina, III, 312
 Sunol, Antoine M., I, 61
 Sun-worshippers, I, 57
 Sutherland, Howard V., I, 282, 283
 Suttro, Adolph, I, 271, 327, 415
 Sutter, John A., I, 66, 71, 100, 124, 134
 Sutter's Fort, I, 66
 Swanberg, Charles O., III, 404
 Swift, Granville P., I, 115

 Tait's-on-the-Beach, I, 328
 Tallant, Drury J., III, 232
 Tamalpais country, I, 375
 Tamalpais region, I, 381
 Tame wild geese, I, 74
 Tavernier, Jules, I, 289
 Taylor, Bayard, I, 152; death of, I, 167
 Taylor, Edward R., I, 482, 487, 493;
 (illustration), 488
 Taylor, political work of, I, 491
 Tehama House, I, 328
 Telegraph, first line, I, 152
 Telegraph Hill, I, 439
 Telephone company, first, I, 469
 Temple Emanu-El, I, 344
 Temple Sherith Israel, I, 345
 Terry-Broderick affair, I, 193; duel, 194
 Terry, David S., I, 173, 186, 198, 261
 Terry, Ellen, I, 303
 Terry, John L., II, 119
 Tetrizzini, I, 309
 Thane, Arthur F., II, 173
 Thane, James N., II, 170
 Tharp, Joseph L., II, 150
 Theatres, early, I, 170, 298; first per-
 formance, 299; new, 304
 "The Exodus," I, 112
 "The Pavilion," I, 151
 "Three Graces," I, 337
 Thomas, William, II, 134
 Thomes, W. H., I, 80
 Thompson, Robert R., II, 115
 Threlkeld, Melville, C., II, 312
 Thumb-nail war, I, 58
 Tiburon and Belvedere, near Sausalito
 illustration), I, 369
 Ticket-of leave men, I, 177
 Tierney, John, I, 136
 Tilden, Douglas, I, 296
 Tillinghast, Donald F., II, 336
 Tillinghast, William D., II, 337
 Tillman, Anna, III, 225
 Tillman, Francis J., III, 224
 Timber land grabbers, I, 90
 Tingley, George B., II, 5
 Tobin, Agnes, I, 282
 Toland, H. H., I, 270
 Toland Medical College, I, 270, 271
 Toler, William P., II, 354
 Tompkins, Juliet, I, 280
 Tonnage, volume of, I, 387
 Torres, Charles E., III, 280
 Torres, Maryanna R., III, 280
 Tower of Jewels, I, 521
 Towle, Frances A., II, 249
 Towle, George W., II, 248
 Townsend, John, I, 64
 Tozer, Lewellyn, III, 114
 Tozer, C. Walter, III, 115
 Trade, I, 400; with Philippine Islands,
 471
 Tragedy of the Donner party, I, vii
 Transcontinental Association, I, 223
 Transportation Club, I, 330
 Treadwell, Edward F., II, 305
 Treaty with Mexico, I, 122
 Tricou, Henry P., II, 103
 Tricou, Mary W., II, 103
 Trinity Episcopal Church, I, 344
 Troutt, James M., III, 84
 Tryon, Addie I., II, 203
 Tryon, Ephraim H., II, 200
 Tubbs, Alfred L., III, 323
 Tubbs, Tallant, III, 323
 Tufts, James, I, 257
 Tucker, R. P., I, 109
 Tunnel road, I, 375
 Turnbull, Walter, I, 244; II, 11
 Turney, Marion, II, 204
 Twain, Mark, I, 235, 245, 251; first
 book, 247
 Twenty-One Mile House, I, 66
 "Two Years Before the Mast," I, 385
 Tyler, John F., III, 202

 Umbsen, Ida K., III, 38
 Union League Club, I, 330
 United Mill and Mining Company, I,
 204
 United Railroads, I, 477
 United States Mint, I, 402
 University Club, I, 330
 University Library (illustration), I,
 419
 University of California, I, 415; cam-
 pus, 367; Campanile (illustration),
 366; Medical School, 272
 University of Santa Clara, I, 421
 Unruly Mission Indians, I, 46
 Unwritten law, I, 83
 Urmy, Clarence, I, 251, 280, 529

 Vachel, Horace A., I, 282
 Vale of Santa Clara, I, 52; of Sonoma,
 373
 Vale of Sonoma, I, 373
 Valleau, Alice B., II, 169
 Vallejo, Francesca, I, 113
 Vallejo, General, I, 62
 Vallejo, M. G., I, 68, 77, 113
 Vallejo, Mariano de Guadalupe, I, 377
 (portrait)
 Vallejo, I, 2, 218, 372, 398
 Vallejo, Salvador, I, 113
 Valley of the Moon, I, 459
 Vandall, Sonia, III, 110

- Vanderbilt, Cornelius, Jr., I, 257
 Van Fleet, William C., II, 405
 Van Sicklen, Gertrude, III, 201
 Van Vlack, Gilbert J., II, 396
 Van Vorst, Carrie, III, 119
 Van Vorst, George W., III, 116
 "Vice cases," I, 477
 Vician, Thomas, I, 57
 Vigilance Committee of 1851, reorganization of, I, 180
 Vigilantes, I, 174; citadel of, 181
 Vineyards of the Bay Region, I, 527
 Vivian, Thomas J., I, 257
 Vizcaino, Sebastian, I, 12, 16; expedition, 19
 Volkman, Carl M., II, 182
 Voorsanger, Rabbi, I, 344

 Wagner, Madge M., I, 282
 Wagon train, first to cross the Sierra Nevada, I, 63
 Wait, Henry O., II, 323
 Walcott, Earle A., I, 257, 258
 Walker, William, I, 170
 Wallace grand jury, I, 473
 Wallace, John, III, 151
 Wanzer, Lucy M. F., III, 196
 Ward, Artemus, I, 235
 Warnock, Mary D., II, 266
 Washington Hall, I, 299
 Water, shortage of, I, 513
 Water Users' Association, I, 465
 Watercourses and lakes, I, 91
 Watson, J. R., I, 148
 Watson, R. S., I, 177
 Watt, Robert, II, 108
 Watt, Thomas, I, 136
 Watt, William, I, 136
 Watts, William, III, 351
 Waymire, James A., I, 262
 Webb, Charles H., I, 235
 Weber, Charles M., I, 119
 Webster, Daniel, I, 89
 Webster, John N., III, 352
 "Weekly Californian," I, 235
 Weekly Patriot, San Jose, I, 152
 Weinstock, Harris, I, 470, 523; II, 124
 Welch, George F., II, 61
 Welch, Marguerite B., II, 63
 Welch, William, I, 71
 Wells, Drury, I, 257
 Welsh, James M., III, 110
 Welsh, Thaddeus, I, 289
 "Western Man's View of Wilson and Hughes," I, 263
 Wheat, production and shipment of I, 470
 Wheeler, Benjamin I., I, 251, 416; II, 378
 "When Altruria Awoke," I, 508
 "When Mazuma Was King," I, 225
 Whitaker, Herman, I, 251, 279
 White, Charles, I, 152
 White, Emilie, III, 131

 White, Isaac K., II, 102
 White, Robert, III, 128
 White, Robert (Company), III, 128
 Whittell, Alfred, II, 403
 Whittell, Anna L., II, 403
 Whittell, George, II, 400
 Whittell, George, Jr., II, 403
 Wiggan, Kate D., I, 282
 Wiggins, Doctor, I, 79
 Wiggins, Jessie W., III, 290
 Wiggins, Wilfred W., III, 289
 Wilbur, Ray L., I, 271, 419
 Wilcoxson, Jefferson F., III, 262
 Wilkins, Abbie K., III, 294
 Willey, Samuel H., I, 416
 Williams, Charles H., I, 263
 Williams, Minnie, I, 470
 Williams, Thomas H., III, 268
 Williams, Virgil, I, 289
 Williams, W. J. G., III, 134
 Williamson, John M., III, 251
 Willow Camp, I, 380
 Wilson, Benjamin D., III, 65
 Wilson, Mrs. Russell J., III, 23
 Wilson, Samuel M., I, 262; III, 23
 Wilson, Woodrow, I, 526, 529
 Winslow, Sarah S., II, 275
 Winsted, Jim, I, 136
 "Wives of Dolores," I, 44
 Woehlke, Walter V., I, 280
 Wood, Horace V., III, 97
 Woodward's Gardens, I, 286
 Woodworth, Carrie W., III, 195
 Woodworth, Selim E., III, 194
 Wooster, Sarah B., III, 322
 World Court of Justice, I, 528
 World War, I, 523
 World's most wonderful harbor, I, 26
 Worth, Charles A., III, 6
 Worth, Minnie I., III, 8
 Wright, Ann B., III, 55
 Wright, Hallock, II, 411
 Wright, Harry M., II, 378
 Wright, John H., II, 412
 Wright, Selden S., III, 55
 Wright, Willard H., I, 282, 313
 Wynne, Carmelita M., III, 383

 Yachting on the bay, I, 360
 Yelland, R. D., I, 289
 Yerba Buena, I, 3, 139; first newspaper in, 166; Cove, 143
 Yglesia de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe Church, I, 343
 Young, Ella F., III, 161
 Young, John P., I, v, 242, 257, 258
 Young, William W., III, 158
 Young Men's Christian Association, I, 330
 Young Women's Christian Association, I, 330

 Zech, William F., I, 312
 Zublin, Llewellyn, I, 234

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY REGION

THE BAY FROM TAMALPAIS

A PHYSIOGRAPHICAL PRELUDE

Come with me to the breezy summit of Tamalpais, the proudest peak within twenty miles of hilly San Francisco. It is a clear day and the sunshine plays over a laughing sea and a laughing land. Turn your back to the blue Pacific. Look first to the northward, then east, then south, and see what you shall see. What is it that gleams so broadly before your eyes? A great flood of liquid light, expanding in the north, narrowing a little in the east, widening in the south and then narrowing again to a silvery trace—the bay of San Francisco, the largest land-locked harbor in the world.

Covering over 420 square miles and with a shore line, exclusive of navigable inlets, of 155 miles, the great bay spreads before your sight like an inland sea. Almost at its geographical center to the west is the deep and narrow Golden Gate through which sweep the influent and reflux tides on which are borne the fleets which carry in and out of the bay many cargoes and many voyagers.

See there to the southward, on its many hills, its myriad windows sparkling in the sun, the city of romance and renown, famous in song and story—San Francisco.

No, I shall not quote to you here the “serene indifferent-of-fate” lines of Bret Harte, for nearly every writer who ever pictured San Francisco has done that, and though, if you look for them, you may find bromidic effects in this book, that will not be one of them.

Raise your binocular, look still to the south and see the bristle of masts and funnels that scatter themselves along the watery way—deep-water ships, steam and sail, riding at anchor on the gentle tide; and there, darting hither and yon, see them pass and repass—the great

ferryboats that whisk across the bay to and from Oakland, the spires and towers of which beautiful city you may descry as they detach themselves from the high background of the trans-bay hills.

Farther to the south, in low-lying, huddled groups, like the denser cross-hatchings of a physiographical map, there are visible, yet blurred by distance, San Mateo, Burlingame, Redwood, Palo Alto, and, fifty miles to the southward lie San Jose and Santa Clara, all pretty and populous towns, strung along the highway like beads upon a string. Northward of San Jose are Newark, Hayward, San Leandro, Elmhurst, Melrose and Alameda. Now the eye again takes in Oakland, sweeps over Berkeley, with its tall campanile, Richmond, lying on its gentle slopes and broad levels, San Pablo and the chain of villages to the north of it, until we come to that narrow inlet between bold and rocky shores that joins the upper or San Pablo Bay and the shining waters of Suisun Bay—the deep, much-voyaged Strait of Carquinez. You shall see little of Benicia, the one-time capital of California, for the bluffs obscure the better part of it, nor shall you see much of Vallejo, a proud town at the head of the bay, for Mare Island with its great navy yard and the shore headlands obtrude themselves there. Napa and Petaluma, too, are but dots in the distance, but their glimmering creeks wind and rewind under your eye as they flash through the broad marshes.

The nearer city of San Rafael, to the northeast, spreads its pleasant, tree-bordered streets before you, and there in turn are San Anselmo, Ross, Larkspur and Corte Madera. And right under you are the the roofs of the snug chalets and homelike bungalows of Mill Valley. But you shall glimpse only odd bits of sweet little Sausalito, over there to your right, hovering on its steep hills above the gleaming, swirling waters of the Protean bay.

Now look down into Larkspur Canyon and see, lying before you, sprawling through its green marshes toward the bay, the beautiful Larkspur Creek which, as it ripples and winds over the lowlands,

“Writes in silver Beauty’s name.”

And would that Herbert Bashford, the nature-loving Californian poet whose line has just been quoted, were with us on this peak, for he would be sure to point out to us, either in the lovely Muir Wood, whose brave sequoias are striving up the steep slopes, or in the green tule lands, or upon the bay itself, something of wild beauty which our questing eyes have overlooked. Perhaps he would point to that wonderfully sculptured peak of the Coast Range, Monte Diablo, whose bulk impends so nobly above the great valley to the east, or to Mount Hamilton, in the south, or to the broad rivers of San Joaquin and Sacra-

mento, pouring their waters into the Bay of Suisun, or to that other tower of delight to the northward, rugged old St. Helena. Or perhaps his keen vision would descry, away to the east, enveloped in a purple haze, the tall Sierras themselves, uplifting "their minarets of snow." On a day when the north wind clears up the eastern sky one may peer through the shining ether, now tinted by the haze, and see from this high place with naked eye the Sierran peaks, but now perhaps even the poetic vision could not pick them out of the purple.

But as for poetry, is not the whole bay region full of it? Why, the name of each of the encircling counties is a poem in itself—Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Contra Costa, Alameda, Santa Clara, San Mateo, San Francisco. What beauty, what charm and what inspiration in each! To be sure, these titles do not mean so much to the newcomer—maybe not more than to the child who rattles them off in his geography class; but to one who, like myself, has roamed the bay shores since boyhood, what fond and tender recollections are inseparably attached to these old Spanish names, how distinct in individuality is each, and what significant passages in Californian history do they not recall?

The islands of the bay! How beautiful their steep rocky shores and central eminences loom above the placid waters of the "great estero"! Yerba Buena, Alcatraz, Angel Island! Poetry again and each isle a ballad or romaunt, singing of the old historic years, and every day telling its tale anew.

We of the older period miss something from the lovely waterscape which those of more recent coming know only by report. Tall, white old Arch Rock, where the sea gulls loved to flutter and to rest, is gone forever. It stood abreast of the main channel, a little to the westward of Alcatraz, an offence to the eye of commerce and a menace to the mariner. So it was torn away by giant blasts, and it and its beauty have vanished, leaving only "a lonesome place against the sky."

How wide and wild and free the picture from this Tamalpais peak! How it typifies free California and free America! And yet down there by the bayshore, near the mouth of Larkspur Creek, stand the bastioned walls of San Quentin, the largest penal institution in the West, with its thousands of pent-up convicts, some of them immured for life for offences against a society that is not sinless in itself but makes and enforces laws to punish other transgressors. But here on this lofty summit, the winding trails to which lead far away from towns and temptations, Philosophy fades before Beauty; so that there remains only the wonder that there should be sin of any sort in a world so fair. And truly the great bay, in its every aspect, is inspiring to the thoughtful mind, and its effects are more religious than philosophic.

To cross the bay from San Francisco to Sausalito in the evening when the sun is setting through the Golden Gate and to gaze on the great red orb, slowly sinking below the watery skyline of the Pacific is not only to have glimpses, that, in the Wordsworthian sense, will make us less forlorn, but it is to receive a true spiritual message. Lanier, who sang,

“What is it but to widen man stretches the sea?”

never looked out through the Golden Gate, but he caught the divine spirit which envelopes and ennobles man in his seaward vision, as he caught that of the marshes and the forest.

My difficulty in rendering some of these passages impersonal may be appreciated and forgiven when I say that for seven years, during which period my home was in the Marin Hills, under the shadow of this very Tamalpais, I crossed and recrossed the bay nearly every day morning and evening, and often at night, when the flickering moonpath lay upon the waves. And always I turned to the Golden Gate to exult in its majestic beauty and to feel its irresistible fascination. There is no grander picture in my far-traveled mind, and there is “naught in Art’s bravuras” that can so possess my soul.

As yet we have but briefly touched upon the peninsula of San Francisco, nor can we, from this far height, see but little of its physiography or natural and artificial beauty. But in the mind of the world-traveler it is easy to establish that there are few positions on this pleasant planet more obviously suitable for the foundation and upbuilding of a great metropolis. San Francisco occupies the larger part of the peninsula, and all the other bay cities and towns are tributary to it. The tribute they pay has helped to uprear a great city, and yet they detract from San Francisco in an important respect. This is that while the daily work of their people calls them to the city by thousands upon thousands, they sleep outside of it, for the most part across the bay, which makes the census record of the great city each decade far lower than it would be otherwise.

To travel along the bay shores and to visit these lesser children of the metropolis, the towns and cities of Alameda, Contra Costa, Marin and other nearby counties, to experience their varied climates, some soft and warm, others rugged and cool, but all salubrious and temperate throughout the year, to see the comfortable homes, the beautiful grounds and gardens and to know the educational, commercial and industrial activities that make these homes possible, is to understand why over one-third of the population of California has grouped itself about the bay. And there is yet a greater reason for this grouping than any of

the others I have enumerated, and that is the indefinable charm of the whole bay region, a country formed and fashioned by God for the many dark tribes that first inhabited it and for the greater number of other and more enlightened tribes that have replaced them.

Science, which so readily accounts for and labels everything, never has satisfactorily accounted for the Bay of San Francisco. There are glacial theories and volcanic theories, but always we must come back to the old Indian legend telling of the origin of the bay, and this is as acceptable as anything. The story, as passed down from generation to generation and from tribe to tribe of the wild peoples who formerly inhabited the bay country and of which there still remain something more than vestigial traces, is that ages ago the region between the higher ridges along the ocean and what are now known as the Contra Costa Hills was a broad and fertile valley, dotted here and there by buttes or low mountains. Then came a cataclysmic day when the earth was shaken with terrific force and those of the tribes on the hillsides saw the whole valley slowly sink while from a great crack, now forming the Golden Gate, a mighty flood rushed in from the sea, filling the valley and covering the territory that had subsided, so that no land remained in all that region save the tops of the buttes which are now the islands of the bay.

During the same cataclysm the two great rivers were turned from their courses, whatever these may have been, so that they poured their waters into the newly formed bay. Whole tribes that were camping in the valley were engulfed and lost, and only the hillside remnant lived to tell the tale.

There are those men of science who smile at this legend, particularly that part of it referring to the rivers leaving their courses, but others accept it. It is probable that the Sacramento and San Joaquin had been flowing down to the sea through the Golden Gate æons before the subsidence of the valley, but that there was a valley or plain where San Francisco Bay now is situated, and that it did subside and form a new inland sea are facts acceptable enough at this late day. The main point with us at this period of history is that there is a bay and that over one-third of the people of the great commonwealth of California are grouped about it, going their daily rounds and enjoying the blessings which God has bestowed upon this favored region.

Among the physiographers who accept the old tribal traditions as to the formation of San Francisco Bay is Andrew C. Lawson, who holds that it is a submerged valley through which there once ran a river draining the greater part of northern and central California. The alluvial deposits from this river formed a delta at the present Golden Gate and to seaward of it. Far outside the Gate and all the way to the Farallones

Islands is shallow water which probably represents the old delta. Of a sudden there came a diastrophic depression of this valley, due, as we may assume, to a great earthquake. The sea rushed back through the delta and completely filled this depression.

Besides the great river which flowed down from the north into the inland sea thus formed there was also Alameda Creek, the largest stream entering the bay from the surrounding eastern hills. This creek has the largest buried delta of any stream flowing into the bay. It drains the northern slopes of Mount Hamilton, near the Santa Clara Valley, and the southern slopes of Mount Diablo, the entire watershed being over six hundred square miles. Alameda Creek emerges from its canyon through the southern extension of the Berkeley Hills at Niles which has an elevation of eighty feet above the sea, then flows gently down into the tidal marshes and on to the bay.

As to the recurrence of any such violent earthquake and tidal flow as that which resulted in the formation of the Bay of San Francisco there need be no present apprehension. Mr. Lawson calls attention to the fact that violent shocks such as this or even the lesser ones of 1868 and 1906, are due to the sudden adjustment of major stresses in the earth's crust, and he says that catastrophic earthquakes due to the movement on any single fault or fault zone generally occur at long intervals.

There are those who hold that the giant redwoods in themselves afford evidence of the fact that such an earthquake as that of 1906 does not occur oftener than once in two or three thousand years. Many of these great trees were toppled to earth in the Santa Cruz Mountains, south of San Francisco, during the last cataclysm there, and if there had been such a violent one within a period of a thousand years the pioneers of 1849 would have found ancient logs lying in great numbers in the valleys of these mountains, and would have reported the discovery. However, no such report was made. One who discredits this theory has but to remember that the redwood tree is practically imperishable even when dead. Fire will only char its surface and the ravages of time, as witnessed in the decomposition of other woods, are hardly to be observed in a whole century in the well-named *semper virens*. It should be borne in mind, however, that only where the earth fell away from the roots of the big trees, as for example, on a steep hillside, did they fall in their entirety during the modern cataclysm, though thousands of them lost their tops or large sections of their upper trunks by the snapping effect of the great quake.

Coming back to the bay, it may be said that if Nature formed this beautiful sheet of water all in a moment or a day it is not probable that in either one of those brief spaces of time she ever performed upon this planet a nobler or lovelier piece of handiwork.

I

BEFORE DRAKE CAME

WHAT IS KNOWN AND WHAT IS GUESSED OF THE ANCIENT TRIBAL PEOPLES OF THE SHORES OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY—WERE THE FIRST RACES SUPERIOR TO THE DIGGER INDIANS OF THESE DAYS?—ETHNOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS THAT HAVE RUN RIOT—TOOLS, UTENSILS, WEAPONS, SHELL MOUNDS.

Of the ancient tribal peoples that dwelt in the bay region of San Francisco little really is known, though much has been written in a speculative way. But that these shores were inhabited centuries before the coming of the Spanish conquerors there can be no doubt, even though what was left in the way of visible proof as distinguishable from the relics of later races is small. There are ethnologists who profess to an ability to differentiate between the periods to which one kind of crude tool or utensil and another belonged and to classify mounds, burial places and stone markings as to their chronological sequence, but in the main these "proofs" are unsatisfactory.

A geologist probably would not assign the first of the ancient Californian races as late a date of entry as those of the Atlantic coast, for our land is newer than that of eastern America, as is evidenced by the sharper contour of our mountains as compared with those of the East, eroded and rounded by age-long elemental forces. Hence our aboriginal tribes doubtless belonged to a later period.

That the first racial factors were of an order superior to those of the Californian Indians of the present day has been stoutly held by some authorities. These wise ones assert that samples of tools which must have belonged to the old tribes or to their immediate descendants are of much better make and shape than those possessed by the Diggers found about the bay and all through Northern California by the Spaniards.

Those who are fond of maintaining "the fall" of the Californian races, declare that, along with the Eskimos, the Terra del Fuegians and the Bushmen of Africa, the Digger Indians of California are only the debris of an ancient and nobler civilization.

"They have never invented an alphabet," says Markham; "they have

no literature, no science, no religious vision. They are an exhausted race, arrested in their evolution. They are moving in death; they crumble at the touch of civilization."

There is no question that these tribes, now labeled "degenerate"—though what they degenerated from no man knoweth—lived a stagnant life for many generations, taking little heed of time, their chief care the filling of their stomachs by means of fishing and hunting when they were not warring with their neighbors. But why do we think or how can we establish that they were degenerates?

Mr. E. P. Vining in his interesting if not convincing book, "An Inglorious Columbus," attempts to prove that these and many other American tribes first came from the Orient. There is a marked racial similarity between the Japanese and the Californian Indians, particularly if we compare the latter with the peasantry of Nippon. I have seen a lower class Japanese girl arrayed in Indian costume standing beside a Digger maiden wearing a kimono, and if an observer had not known what trick of toggerly had been practiced he would have selected the Digger as the Japanese and the Japanese as the Digger, as likely as not. This may not have proved anything more vitally convincing than the clothes theory of Carlyle's Herr Teufelsdröckh, but it would have pleased Mr. Vining.

We are assured by some writers, on the other hand, that the present Indian races descended from ancestors that migrated from Mexico and Central America, the Toltecs of the Mexican highlands, the Mayas of Yucatan or the Aztecs of Northern Mexico. Finding here a land on which it was very easy to maintain life, they became careless and slothful, degenerating from decade to decade until they reached the low status in which they were found by Drake and by the Spaniards. Just why these Mayas or Aztecs did not leave glyphs that would have established the fact of their residence here, as they left them in the southern countries, is not explained, nor is it explainable. No, not even those "superior tools" are sufficient proof of the degeneracy of the Californian Indians from a higher and nobler race, for it is conceivable that here and there one living in California in those days might have discovered an artisan who stood as an Edison among his fellows. Nor is it clearly established that these "superior tools" were not of Spanish manufacture or that they were not looted from the huts or caves of tribes outside the borders of California.

Ethnological and historical speculation and theory may run riot. There would seem to be no great harm in that, though we need not go so far as Gertrude Atherton who holds that most histories are lies anyway; but why not confess that, as a matter of fact, we know little more about

the ancient tribes of California than we do about the inhabitants of Mars? Our actual knowledge of those living in the neighborhood of San Francisco Bay dates back no further than 1579 when Sir Francis Drake landed on the coast of Marin County after sailing up the Pacific in his *Golden Hind* and taking possession of the land in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

True, there are the Indian legends, but these vague, conflicting tales are no more trustworthy than those of Munchausen. As for what Drake, in his brief, casual survey, learned and reported of the Indians it is as fantastic as the old prints accompanying the accounts of his landing.

When the Spaniards came to the bay in 1769 and later they found its shores "thickly peopled" with Indians, friendly enough on the whole, though those of the Marin country were at times fiercely hostile.

Drake had found the Indians in the vicinity of Drake's Bay, not many miles northward from Tamalpais, not only friendly to him and his men, but "ravished with admiration." They fetched many and strange gifts to Sir Francis, the men prostrating themselves in adoration and laying down their bows and arrows, while the women tore and disheveled their long black hair and beat their tawny breasts. The chief took off his crown of fine feathers and placed it upon Drake's head. He also hung a chain of beads around his neck, calling him "Hiho," which the English translated as "king."

But of breast-beatings, prostrations and genuflexions there were none when Portola and his men came to San Francisco Bay, two centuries later. Possibly during that long dark period the natives had anticipated the theory of their "degeneration" and had become less susceptible and less deferential in order that they might live up to, or rather down to it.

As described by the early Spanish visitors, the Indians of the bay region of San Francisco were in no physical essential different from those soil-stained Diggers to be found here and there at the present time throughout Northern California. They were very dark, some of them almost black. They were generally short of stature, low of forehead, with high cheek bones, raven black hair, short, rather round faces, similar to the Japanese, as already noted, with eyes as gleaming black as obsidian, bushy eyebrows, flat noses and prominent ears. The young girls were often rather attractive, but of real beauty there could have been none in all the tribes, as they were freely tattooed, their hair was matted with dirt and cut short over their foreheads and their thick, coarse lips gave them a sensual look, which, according to all report, was not denied by their habits.

Polygamy was general among these tribes. Sometimes one man would marry a whole family of sisters, and, if their father were deceased, the

mother also would be annexed. The marriage ceremony was simple. A wife was nearly always bought outright from her parents, though occasionally she was stolen. There was little, if anything, of romantic love. A girl would marry at as early an age as ten. The old Spaniards told of girl mothers of twelve and thirteen years. If a young woman possessed any attributes of attraction in early life she usually lost them by the time she arrived at the ripe age of twenty, and she was old at thirty.

In the tribal life the women did all the work while the men hunted, fished or lazed about the camps. At that time the bay swarmed with seals and otters. These would be speared by the men from balsas. A balsa was a crude kind of boat or raft built of tules or rushes. That these tules, when dried, floated as lightly upon the water as a cork is illustrated by the fact that they are frequently used at the present day in the manufacture of life preservers; but as they could not be woven together very tightly the boats were often half full of water and a fisherman was sometimes up to his waist in it while he plied his paddle. It is strange that these people did not make canoes of the redwood logs which they could easily have dragged down from the shoreward canyons; but this is another sign of their indolence or lack of enterprise.

In the mud banks along the bay shores at low tide millions of clams spouted thin streams of water, betraying their abode. These were easily taken by a little labor of digging, and they must have constituted one of the elements of subsistence of these rude savage folk, though I have been unable to find any reference to this fact in Bancroft's excellent work on "The Native Races of the Pacific" or in other ethnologic or historic volumes. Yet the many old shell mounds along the bay, particularly on the eastern shore would tend to prove that clams were the chief diet of the old tribes.

II

EXPLORERS AND ROMANCERS

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES OF SALCEDO, CABRILLO, DRAKE, DE GALI AND CERMENON—A BRITISH BUCCANEER—WILD YARNS OF VIZCAINO, WHO SAW MANY THINGS THAT WERE NOT—HOW SOME OF HIS REPORTS WERE DISPROVED BY SUBSEQUENT EXPLORATIONS—HIS DISOBEDIENCE TO HIS ROYAL MASTER.

The annals of the San Francisco Bay region really begin with the year 1769. It was in that memorable year that Gaspar de Portola and his men, after a long and arduous march from San Diego via Monterey, stood upon the heights near San Pedro and first glimpsed the blue waters of the inland sea known up to that time only by the dark, wild people that roamed its quiet shores.

Yes, a memorable year was 1769, fraught with great events and valiant deeds. While Portola, the first governor of Alta California, was wearily marching up the coast to find the great bay, stepping aside here and there in his tragic quest to bury his dead or to care for his sick or wounded, Napoleon was being born and suckled in Corsica and the British colonists of New England were rebelling against the infamous and tyrannical Stamp Act, thus planting the seeds of the great revolution, never dreaming, and perhaps never caring, that a vast new empire on the western shore of America was being peopled and prepared for occupancy and dominion by their children.

Junius, the audacious, penned the first of his terrible epistles against the recreant British ministers—his famous "State of the Nation"—in that year, and Chatham was looking with troubled eyes upon the mutinous acts of England's refractory subjects in the new world, secretly and afterward openly approving of them, while he advised royalty to withhold its punitive hand. In France the lecherous Louis XV was nestling in the arms of the wanton Pompadour whose intrigues were disorganizing the state and bringing contempt upon the crown and the country. Johnson had emerged from obscurity and Boswell was taking notes of his harangues at the club. Goldsmith was writing his "Deserted Village" and Garrick was holding the boards of Drury Lane.

Altogether it was a year of great things and certainly not the least

of them was the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco by the doughty Portola and his men, soon to be followed by the no less valiant Fray Junipero Serra, the most radiant priestly figure of the time.

Did Portola really make the discovery for which our most painstaking chronologists give him credit? Or was he, like Columbus, who was



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

superseded in his famous quest by the legendary Norsemen, only a follower after some less shining light in Californian history?

Did Felipe Salcedo, Juan Cabrillo, Sir Francis Drake, Francisco de Gali, Sebastian Cermenon or Sebastian Vizcaino have more than a glimpse of the outer Golden Gate before Gaspar de Portola's men gazed through it to the broad Pacific from the Contra Costa hills? There are those writers who affect to or really believe that the Portola party were not the first white men to look upon the bay, and some of these retailers of apochrypha would attempt to enshroud the discovery in mystery and

to leave the impression that any one of the men aforementioned might have been an earlier discoverer.

Briefly and pointedly, let us look to the record so far as it is known to unprejudiced annalists:

Who was Felipe Salcedo and how near did he arrive to the Bay of San Francisco? He was a Spanish mariner, the grandson of that Legaspi who conquered the Philippines for his king in 1565, seventy-three years after Columbus came to America. About all that was known of the Pacific coast at that time was contained in the reports of Cabrillo and his chief pilot, Bartoleme Ferrelo who in 1542-43 sailed up the coast as far north as Fort Ross, afterward anchoring in the Gulf of the Farallones off the entrance to the Golden Gate. A terrible storm sprang up and they retreated down the coast, taking refuge in the Santa Barbara Channel, where Cabrillo died. Then Ferrelo, taking command of the expedition, sailed up to Cape Mendocino, named in honor of de Mendoza, first viceroy of New Spain. Neither Cabrillo nor Ferrelo ever set up any claim to the discovery of San Francisco Bay. They saw the Golden Gate merely as a coastal indentation, but they did not enter it.

Felipe Salcedo, in the San Pedro, the flagship of his grandfather Legaspi, conqueror of the Philippines, sailed from those islands for New Spain, as the lower west coast of America was then called, with orders to survey and chart a practicable sailing route for ships crossing the Pacific. Leaving Cebu on the first day of June, 1565, the San Pedro sailed to the Ladrones, thence northward to latitude 38, thence eastward following the Japanese current, she sighted Cape Mendocino, 200 miles to the north of San Francisco.

Salcedo was directed to find a harbor on the coast, as the voyage from the Philippines to New Spain was a long and adventurous one, and ships in distress were obliged to put about and make for Japan as a place of refuge. Such being the case, the keen trained eyes of the mariners aboard the San Pedro could hardly have been expected to fail to descry the Golden Gate and to enter it on their voyage from Cape Mendocino to Acapulco, but descry it and enter it they did not. Bear in mind that a harbor on the coast of California where ships could find shelter and repair damages was the great Spanish desideratum of the day, and had such a harbor been found it would not have been casually sighted and passed. It would have been entered and carefully explored. But in none of the reports of this noteworthy voyage of the San Pedro is any mention made of the finding of such a harbor as San Francisco.

Those who assume that Salcedo saw it or even heard of it have no

real warrant for the assumption. Salcedo sailed down the coast, carefully noting every one of its rare indentations for 2,500 miles, but his search for a safe harbor to the northward was not rewarded. Yet he must have seen Drake's and Monterey bays and had sight of several other fair-weather anchorages.

Drake, in command of the *Golden Hind*, took refuge on June 17, 1579, in the bay near Point Reyes, now known as Drake's Bay. Utterly disregarding the claims of the Spaniards who had discovered the country nearly forty years previously, he blandly took possession of it in the name of the auburn-locked Queen Elizabeth and named it New Albion, because of the white cliffs which, Chaplain Fletcher of the *Hind* writes, "lie towards the sea," and also "that it might have some affinity with our country." It was such claim-jumping as this that brought about a bellicose state between England and Spain and eventually made good the brag that "Britannia rules the waves," even though for centuries the open sea was known everywhere as the Spanish main.

The first English service held in America, commemorated by the "Prayer Book Cross," in Golden Gate Park, was conducted on the shore of Drake's Bay, by Chaplain Fletcher, a fact which, in itself, had it been known to the Spaniards, would have incited warfare.

Drake found the Indians friendly, which was probably due to the fact that they were awed by the foreigners and made no resistance though their lands were being taken possession of by an alien race. However, they had no real cause for worry under that head, so far as the doughty Drake was concerned. In fact the whole event had little real significance, though Sir Francis, with the imagination of a modern Sunday magazine writer, dipped his quill in fantastic colors and invested his exploit with all the glamour and stage business of a spectacular play. He remained in Drake's Bay just thirty-seven days and after leaving it he steered across the Pacific for the Moluccas. Reaching Ternate, he sailed on to Java, thence across the Indian Ocean, down to the Cape of Good Hope and home with a hold full of loot. For he was a pirate, an emulator of Hawkins, and rather a bad man to meet on the high seas or elsewhere.

The fact that Drake had set out on his voyage to the New World under the sanction of Queen Elizabeth took nothing from his ill fame as a bold buccaneer, nor did this royal favor tend to tone down his reports of his doings, many of which may never have happened. Some of the old historians credited the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco to Drake because it had been reported that he had taken shelter from a storm in "the Port of San Francisco." But the descriptions of the port as given by his men do not tally with that of the now famous harbor. The *Golden Hind* was not reported as having sailed through any such narrow seaway

as the Golden Gate, and in fact the place in which the vessel anchored was far from being land-locked.

What was vaguely known for over a century as the Port of San Francisco, was an open roadstead stretching from Point Reyes, in the north, to Pillar Point in the south and including the greater part of the Gulf of the Farallones. If the indentation made by the Gate and the



THE GOLDEN GATE

harbor had been entered or even sighted by any of the early navigators they would have made full report of the discovery.

After his circumnavigation of the globe, Drake's return to England was the signal for great celebration. He was graciously received at court. Elizabeth conferred upon him the rare honor of banquetting aboard his vessel as it lay, weathered and barnacled, in the harbor of Plymouth. The fact that he had looted ship after ship, ransacked and pillaged the Spanish towns along the Chilean and Peruvian coast and played the freebooter and buccaneer to his heart's content seems to have had the hearty favor

of the English queen, for not only did she lend her presence to his board, but she conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, an act, however, which did not entail the soiling of his velvet cloak, as in the historic case of one Raleigh.

After Drake came El Capitan Francisco de Gali. He left the Philippines in 1585, with instructions to sail as far north as the weather would permit, and on reaching the Californian coast to sail down along it, to seek out all the available harbors and to make maps of them. According to his own report, de Gali accomplished nothing in particular. He reached California at Pillar Point, some twenty miles south of San Francisco, observed that the land was "high and fair," that the mountains were without snow and that there were many indications of rivers, bays and havens along the coast. If such abstractions as are set forth in Gali's report are to be dignified by the term of "discoveries," or "explorations," then there may be merit in the assumption that from the name of Francisco de Gali came that of San Francisco Bay, but—strange similarity—one might, with equal warrant hold that the name San Francisco, found its root in that of Francis Drake. And neither man ever claimed the discovery.

Gali was succeeded in 1594 by Captain Sebastian Cermenon, a Portuguese mariner in the Spanish service. Cermenon's orders were similar to those of Salcedo and Gali. He attempted to survey the coast in the San Augustin, but his ship stuck on one of the Farallones Islands, about twenty-five miles west of the Golden Gate, and after beaching her in Drake's Bay, his men built a viroco, from the trunk of a large tree, presumably a redwood, and in this little craft the ship's company, consisting of over seventy persons, continued the voyage. It is to be supposed that such a boat would not go far from shore and yet the mariners passed the Golden Gate without dreaming of what a safe harbor lay behind it, and sailed southward to Puerto de Navidad, where Cermenon and a part of his crew left it in charge of a pilot, Juan de Morgan and Juan, with ten other men sailed it into Acapulco on the last day of January, 1596.

This ended the explorations of the Californian coast by expeditions embarking from the Philippines.

Then came Vizcaino, the romancer, the retailer of mythic marvels. It is strange to relate, but Sebastian Vizcaino sailed for California by order of a Spanish court of justice. He was probably the only explorer to whom a black-cloaked, white-wigged judge, ever gave the order to go and explore a new country. It happened in this wise:

In the spring of 1595, Don Luis de Velasco, the viceroy of New Spain, entered into an agreement with certain other men to provide ways and means for the exploration of the coast of Alta California and the

settlement of this practically unknown territory. While the preparations for the expedition were under way a quarrel arose between the leader and his partners in the enterprise, and the matter was carried into the courts. The case dragged along until the contestants became wearied, and before a decision was obtained the leader died. Thereupon the judge summarily ordered the other partners, among whom was Vizcaino, to begin the voyage within three months. Vizcaino informed Viceroy Velasco of the decision and he assented to it, as there was apparently nothing else to do. Before Vizcaino could set sail, however, Velasco was removed from office, and on October 5, 1596, a new viceroy, Don Gaspar de Zuniga y Azevedo, Count of Monterey, was given command of New Spain. Zuniga made a careful examination of the personnel and affairs of the expedition. He did not find in Vizcaino a man whom he cared to entrust with this important work, as he was of obscure birth—and of small pecuniary resources. He had been informed that Vizcaino was unfit for so great an undertaking, as he lacked firmness and executive ability. If his men became disaffected and in any way rebellious he would be unable to handle them, nor would he be likely to withstand attacks from hostile savages.

But Vizcaino stood upon his rights, as granted by the audiencia, the highest judicial body of the colony. He asserted that he had been to considerable expense in the matter, that his fortune was now involved and that unless he were permitted to go, as arranged and ordered, he would be ruined financially.

The whole matter was finally submitted to a priest and a jurist selected by the viceroy from a number of those whose opinions were entitled to the highest respect and consideration. These two arbitrators affirmed the judgment of the court; so Zuniga resolved not to annul the contract, but to do everything in his power to aid the expedition and to insure its success.

It seems to have been a part of the irregular and conflicting system of the Spanish government of those times that the upsetting of a viceroy's decision was but a casual matter. For lo and behold, what did the grave and reverend seigneurs of the Council of the Indies do at that juncture but to take upon themselves authority for the cancellation of Vizcaino's commission and the appointment of another leader for the expedition? Fortunately for Vizcaino, there was no telegraphic cable between Old and New Spain, so that before this decision was reported in Acapulco he had sailed from that port in March, 1596, and there was no radio to intercept him. Proceeding up the Gulf of California to La Paz Bay, which he so named because of the peaceful nature and friendly attributes of the natives, he anchored in its quiet waters.

La Paz, it is supposed, was the place where Jimenez, the discoverer of

California, died in 1533. Stout Cortez is also said to have planted his ill-fated colony there two years later. When I visited La Paz in 1902, I could not but reflect that in an elemental sense the place was well named. There were, as it seemed, the same peaceful folk that had greeted the Spanish explorers centuries before. Only the most rudimentary civilization was to be found in the village. The houses were built of adobe and the crudest of implements and utensils were to be seen. I saw natives light their cigarettes with flint and steel. One of the chief industries of the place were its pearl fisheries. Vizcaino, before leaving Acapulco, had been granted the privilege of pearl fishing, but it is not of record that he took any pearls at La Paz, or elsewhere, though he reports having seen not a few of the gems.

On entering the bay at La Paz, Vizcaino's flagship, the San Francisco, struck a shoal and the mariners found it necessary to lighten cargo and cut away her masts. Because of this mishap a large part of the provisions were lost. A fort was built at La Paz after which Vizcaino, leaving the dismantled flagship and the married men of his company under command of Lieutenant Figueroa, sailed in the San Jose, a small vessel of his fleet, with eighty men, to explore the Gulf of California. He encountered severe storms during which his long boat, with nineteen men aboard, was lost.

After some trouble with the Indians and other misadventures he sailed to latitude twenty-nine, not far from the mouth of the Colorado River, which enters the gulf at its northern extremity. Yielding to the demands of his home-hungry men, he turned again to the South, though much against his desire; for he had conceived the idea that California was an island and that it was only necessary to keep upon his northern way to prove this conjecture to be true.

On his return, Vizcaino gave a radiant report of his discoveries. He had found a land double the extent of New Spain and much preferable in situation and climate. In the interior, twenty days journey to the northwest—which journey he never made nor even undertook—were people of high intelligence who lived in towns, wore clothes made of cotton decorated with gold and silver ornaments. They grew maize, and had turkeys, chickens and other fowls. If one can imagine the arid barrens of Lower California producing cotton and maize at that time or even at the present day, without irrigation, one could readily go wool-gathering through the Sahara Desert. But Vizcaino's idea was to impress the home authorities with his prowess as an explorer that he might be permitted to make another voyage.

As his own resources were exhausted he applied for a loan of thirty-five thousand dollars, from the royal treasury and for provisions and

stores for his vessels. He wanted five ships, each to be equipped with proper artillery, one hundred and fifty men and all needful arms and other supplies. He agreed to turn over to the crown one-fifth of all the gold, precious stones and other mineral substances which he should obtain, one-tenth of all the fish taken and one-twentieth of the salt.

Now that reference to salt must have made the dignified officials smile, for they had taken Vizcaino's report of his voyage up the gulf with something more than a grain of it. However, as he had now had some experience in exploration and was therefore deemed qualified to lead the expedition, they decided in his favor though Zuniga had expressed a preference for Don Gabriel Maldonado of Saville and was disappointed in the decision of the council.

So Vizcaino was made captain-general of the expedition; he agreeing to "make discovery of the whole *ensenada* and gulf of Baja and Alta California, take possession of the land in the name of his majesty," though this already had been done by Cabrillo, "make settlements, build forts and explore the country inland for a distance of one hundred leagues."

This last clause of the contract, though readily accepted by Don Quixote Vizcaino, provided for a most formidable undertaking, but he expressed himself as equal to it.

He sailed from Acapulco, May 5, 1602, his vessels being the flagship San Diego, the Santo Tomaso, commanded by Toribio de Corvan, the Tres Reyes, under Alferez Martin Aguilas and a *carco euengo*, a long open boat, to be used on rivers and bays.

The little fleet reached San Diego Bay some months later and was there on the 10th of November of the same year. Vizcaino named the bay for San Diego de Alcala, after rejecting the name of San Miguel, which Cabrillo had chosen for it six decades earlier. He reached and named San Pedro Bay on November 26th and also named the islands of Santa Catalina and San Clemente. Passing northward into the Santa Barbara Channel he gave it that name, fixing the saint's cognomen also upon the island of Santa Barbara. San Nicolas island he sighted and named as well as Point Concepcion. It is remarkable that the titular markings he made upon his map stuck to nearly every place he designated, despite the earlier ones made by former explorers. Was this because his names fitted better than the others? Hardly—and yet they have not been ignored nor replaced.

Vizcaino's method of nomenclature was simple enough. If he saw a bay, an island or a point on some saint's day it received the name of that saint. In this way he named the Santa Lucia mountains and other outstanding topographical features of the coast region.

Dropping anchor in the Bay of Monterey, December 16, 1602, he named it for his patron the Count of Monterey. As mariners of the present day are fully aware, the Bay of Monterey is merely an open roadstead, but in his report of his discovery of it to the King of Spain, Vizcaino penned a glowing description which gave the impression that it was a safe harbor in all weathers.

"It is all that can be desired for commodiousness," he reported quite correctly; but he goes on to say that "this port is sheltered from all winds," which it certainly is not, "and is thickly settled with people whom I found to be of gentle disposition, peaceable and docile. They have flax, like that of Castile and hemp and cotton."

As usual, the Indians told the explorer of large cities in the interior and, while these were within the one hundred leagues prescribed as the distance he should travel inland, he was not tempted to venture but a short distance beyond shore.

There had been a story afloat that Cermenon had left several chests of silk and a large quantity of wax in Drake's Bay, and Vizcaino sailed up there to see if he could find these valuables, which he evidently did not, as he made no report to that effect. He sailed as far north as Cape Blanco and then returned to Acapulco, arriving March 21, 1603.

From that time geographical researches ceased in the region of California for over a century and a half, and yet during all that period the legendary Port of San Francisco had its place in the romances of the time. There were many in Spain and elsewhere who bore the name in mind and referred to it, but the ancient Puerta de San Francisco, as applied by Vizcaino in his reports, could have been none other than Drake's Bay.

Bancroft recites that Vizcaino's voyage attracted much more general attention than the earlier explorations of Cabrillo had received. This is explainable by the fact that Vizcaino was a most elaborate and successful self-advertiser. Also he was an unruly subject. The King in 1606 ordered him to return to Monterey, to occupy it and to make provision there to succor and refit ships sailing from the Philippines, but these royal orders were never carried out. Vizcaino sailed instead for Japan, returning in 1613 to Acapulco where he was gathered to his fathers a few years later.

III

HOW THE BAY WAS FOUND

WHEN STOUT PORTOLA AND HIS MEN STARED AT THE GREAT ESTERO—
WAS FRANCISCO ORTEGA THE FIRST TO SEE IT?—ANALYSIS OF THE
REPORTS OF THE OLD ANNALISTS AMONG WHICH THERE IS MUCH
CONFLICT OF TESTIMONY—WHY IT IS BELIEVED THAT ORTEGA MADE
THE DISCOVERY.

And so it was that for over one hundred and fifty years no other expedition was taken to California, and the Bay of San Francisco remained undiscovered.

Then the Russians crossed the narrow Bering Straits and occupied the coast of Alaska. Their hunters came down the coast in the pursuit of otter and seals. This made the Spanish King feel uneasy as to his possessions. Would the Bear seize Alta California and make it his own? England had fought France for Canada and won it and was now casting a covetous eye upon the Spanish possessions in America. This also aroused misgivings in the royal mind, and Don Carlos III of Spain began to cast about for some means of rendering the country safe from invasion. He suspected that the Jesuits stood ready to betray him; so he ordered them all out of his dominions. The Society of Jesus had founded a number of missions in Lower California. Don Carlos wanted these turned over to the Franciscans, and Don Gaspar de Portola, a captain of dragoons, was sent to make the desired change. Portola whose name thenceforth figures largely in the early annals of Alta California, had just been appointed governor of the Californias, being the first to bear that honorable title. He sailed with fifty soldiers and fourteen Franciscan friars to dispossess the Jesuits, which was soon accomplished.

Don Carlos, in order to take formal possession of Alta California and to safeguard it against the menacing Russians, sent two expeditions north from Loreto in 1768. Two decades before that eventful year a priest had arrived in Mexico from Spain. He was of the order of Francis of Assisi and praise for his piety was on every tongue. Junipero Serra was the name of this good man, and he is still highly revered. There stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, today a statue of Serra holding aloft the cross which he planted in the wilderness, and there is another statue of him over-



PORTOLA

AS REPRESENTED BY DON NICOLAS A. COVARRUBIAS AT THE PORTOLA
FESTIVAL, SAN FRANCISCO, 1909

looking the bay of Monterey. In the annals of all California there is no name that shines with greater luster than that of Serra. He was of that type of the spiritual leader from which has come the martyrs.

Once he walked, for the glory of God, all the way from Vera Cruz, on the Eastern Mexican Coast, to the City of Mexico, scorning all offers of an easier passage, and although a painful ulcer developed on his leg because of this tramp he paid no heed to it and would accept no medical aid.

From Helen Hunt Jackson we have the following pen portrait of this man of mighty faith: "The face is one, once seen, never to be forgotten; full of spirituality, tenderness and unutterable pathos; the mouth and chin so delicately sensitive that one marvels how such a soul could have been capable of heroic endurance of hardship; the forehead and eyes strong, radiant with quenchless purpose, but filled with that solemn, yearning, almost super-human sadness, which has been in all time the sign and seal on the faces of men born to die for the sake of their fellows."

Don Jose de Galvez, Visitador-General, who had been charged by the king to send the expeditions into Alta California, assembled his men at Loreto whence Serra had preceded him to re-establish the Jesuit missions under Franciscan rule. Galvez consulted with Serra who, as president of the California missions, was almost his equal in authority. They agreed upon a plan of campaign for the expedition, which was to go in three parties, two by land and one by sea.

Serra was in his fifty-sixth year. He was wasted by fasting and scourging and yet he was determined to go, not in a ship, for that in his purview would have involved no great martyrdom; no, he would go with one of the land parties, which meant of course the traversing of hundreds of miles over cactus-hedged plains, over steep mountain ridges and across thirsty deserts.

Of the two land parties one was headed by Captain Rivera y Moncada and the other by Governor Gaspar de Portola, and both left Loreto on March 9, 1769. The ships had sailed and there was no augury of the loss of one of them, though this afterward occurred.

Father Serra had intended to go with the Portola party, but on account of his weakness and his lame leg, he was forced to remain behind in Loreto for several days, and the expeditions marched without him. Ferrevently he prayed to God that he might be permitted to rejoin Portola's men and by a miracle, his prayer was answered. On March 25, 1769, he set out, accompanied by two soldiers and a devoted servant, despite the remonstrances of his friends, some of whom could see in his adventure only death by the wayside. Heading northward toward Alta California

through the rough mountain passes and over the deserts of Baja California, along trails which, as one annalist has pointed out, "might have been designed by nature in her most vicious geological mood to test the priest's unfaltering spirit," he continued his march until about a month after starting out, he overtook Portola.

After resting for a few days the party made its way on toward the Bay of San Diego, arriving on the 1st of July. There they found that Moncada's party, which had preceded them, had arrived and was in camp and that two of the three ships composing the sea expedition were lying in harbor.

Though lame and weary, Serra set to work on the very day of his arrival to make friends with a tribe of Indians that had been reported to be particularly savage and bloodthirsty. He made presents to them and celebrated mass while Portola gave them their first taste of beef, for both land parties had driven before them small herds and flocks. These were to be the ancestors of the cattle and sheep that were to graze in the Californian valleys over a hundred years later.

Those of the expedition who had sailed in the ships had come to grief because of illness and shipwreck and most of them never got further north than San Diego.

Father Serra, zealous in the faith and anxious to impart it to the "gentiles," as he called the Indians, proceeded as soon as possible to found a mission at San Diego. This mission he named San Diego de Alcalá and it was the first to be established in Alta California.

Serra's task of enlightening the Indians was a tremendous one. He had first to learn their language, or languages, for their speech was a mere jargon, variable, uncouth, uncertain and by no means readily acquired. And in no aspect were these natives an attractive people to behold. They were nearly naked, wearing only breech-cloths made of the skins of wild animals and they were armed with bows and arrows, clubs and spears. Thick and heavy of feature, they showed no ray of mental or moral intelligence beyond that which was applied to their immediate physical needs. It is no wonder that Humboldt classed these as well as others of the upper Pacific Coast tribes as the nearest approach of the human fabric to the brute creation, as low, indeed, as the aborigines of Van Dieman's Land. They possessed little native lore and could give only the crudest and most contradictory accounts of the lives of their progenitors. They were lazy, cruel, cowardly and inordinately covetous. Their women wore braided strands of rabbit skins which hung from the waist to the knees. In those days as in these, they colored their faces, a fact recalling Hamlet's harangue in which he says to Ophelia, "God hath given you one face and you make yourselves another." Yet we need not lose sight of the fact

that the "make-up" of these ancient Californian ladies was far less artistic than those of the present or of Hamlet's day, for these Indian females smeared their cheeks and noses with highly colored mud and clay.

Serra and his fellow priests hardly had begun their work with the Indians of San Diego, when a detachment of soldiers and padres prepared for the long march from that place northward to Monterey, to find the bay which was known only from the rude chart and hazy descriptions of Vizcaino. This party were commanded by our brave Gobernador Portola and included Captain Moncada, Lieutenant Fages, Sergeant Ortega and Engineer Costanso. They were accompanied by Padre Crespi and Padre Gomez, together with thirty-five soldiers, a number of muleteers and some mission Indians from Lower California.

It was this party which missed its objective point of Monterey Bay where the intention was to found a mission and which proceeded over one hundred miles farther north and discovered instead the world's most wonderful harbor, the Bay of San Francisco, of which discovery Portola made but little, as he mistook it for Drake's Bay.

It was on the 14th of July, 1769, that Portola and his men, with the stout-hearted padres, left San Diego, Sergeant Ortega with a small guard of soldiers proceeding in advance, to lay out the route, select camping places and to clear the way of hostile savages. Closely following the advance guard came Portola, with Fages, Costanso, the priests and an escort of six Catalonian volunteers. Behind these marched the sappers and miners, composed chiefly of Indians. Then came the main body, the muleteers and a guard of presidial soldiers, and lastly rode the rear guard with spare horses and mules.

Costanso, the royal engineer, says of the presidial soldiers that they were obedient, resolute and active, "and it is not too much to say that they are the best horsemen in the world and among the best soldiers who earn their bread in the service of the king."

The journey, which is now accomplished in a single night by passengers lying abed in a comfortable Pullman train, was for Portola's men a most arduous and fatiguing one. They covered only a distance of six to twenty miles a day, resting about every fourth day according to the roughness or smoothness of the route.

Twelve days' journey from San Diego they reached the Santa Ana River, at a point not far from the present town of that name. Hardly had they come to the stream before a violent earthquake was felt by the party, because of which they named the river Jesus de los Temblores.

Passing up through the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, they rested near the site of the present city of Los Angeles. There the priests said mass

and the sacrament was administered. There also an antelope was killed after being hunted down by the soldiers.

On August 2d, they discovered and crossed Los Angeles River, no difficult undertaking, for at that season of the year the stream probably was narrow and shallow. To this river they gave the formidable name of Rio de Nuestra Senora de Los Angeles de Porciuncula.

Then they traveled for five days and on the 14th of August reached the first rancheria of the Channel Indians, which they named La Asuncion, afterward the site for the mission of San Buenaventura. They were now near the ocean, and for the next four days they followed the beach, camping at a place which they named La Laguna de la Concepcion, where the mission and city of Santa Barbara afterward were built.

Nine days travel from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara! Mark that, you motorists who, speeding along the smooth concrete, now cover the distance in half that number of hours, and you railway travelers who cover it in three!

Pushing northward along the coast and through the mountain passes, Portola and his men, on the last day of September, reached Monterey Bay, but failed to recognize it from Vizcaino's description and so passed on and discovered the Bay of San Francisco, as previously noted. Indifferent to his discovery, which he believed had already been made by Drake, Portola made light of the assurance which some of his men gave him as to the value of his find.

Eldredge holds that what Portola saw from the Montara peak, near San Pedro was not the true Bay of San Francisco, but that wide stretch of water extending to the high headland of Point Reyes, known at the time as the Port of San Francisco. This is probably true, as will be seen in the sequel.

Descending from the mountain range on the north side, the Portola party camped in the San Pedro Valley, whence the doughty Don Gaspar sent his scouts forward to explore the coast up to Point Reyes; giving them three days for the reconnoissance. Late in the evening of the third day the scouts returned, reporting that they had been unable to reach Point Reyes because an immense estero, or arm of the sea, intervened, extending and expanding far into the land.

On the day following the departure of the scouts some of the soldiers were given permission to go hunting for deer in the mountains. These men returned after dark and reported that on the other side of the range there was a great estero stretching far and wide. So that, practically at one and the same time these two parties had made the discovery of the Golden Gate and the Bay of San Francisco.

Annalist Eldredge is of the opinion that the scouts, under Sergeant Jose Francisco Ortega, were the first white men to see the bay and he argues in this wise: Under date of November 1, 1769, Father Crespi, priest and diarist of the expedition, writes:

"In this little valley of the Punta de las Almejas del Angel de la Guardia we celebrated mass * * * and after this the Sergeant (Ortega) with his party started for a three days' exploration."

On the next day, November 2d, Father Crespi notes the report of the hunters concerning the great estero and says:

"We conjectured also from said news that the explorers would not be able to reach the opposite shore which is to be seen to the north [the main coast] and would, therefore, be unable to inspect the point which we believed to be that of Los Reyes, because it was impossible within the period of three days to make the circuit necessary to go around the estero whose extension was so magnified to us by the hunters."

In verifying the diary of Crespi, another member of the party, Engineer Miguel Costanso, says under date of November 1st:

"Our commandante ordered the explorers to examine the country to a certain distance, allowing them three days for such examination." In his entry of the next day he adds that in view of the report of the hunters, the scouts could not in three days pass around an estero of such great extent as that described.

Five hours of travel from 8 a. m., the time of his departure from San Pedro, called by Crespi "Punta de las Almejas," would take Ortega to Point Lobos on the Golden Gate and he could have gone no farther north. He had come to the end of land, with Point Reyes still far in the distance. The fact that he did not immediately return to camp indicates that he did something beside that. Ortega was young, and restless. He was the explorer and pathfinder for Portola and anxious to win favor from him. What would he do in the circumstances? Would he return or sit still on the bleak headland of Lobos? No; he would proceed somewhere, and the direction he would take would be east along the shore of Golden Gate toward the bay. He had consumed but five hours of the three days' time allotted to him, and doubtless he thought that in the remaining time he could pass around the estero and return to camp by another route.

What he did was this, and I am as sure of it as is Eldredge: He rode to the Presidio Heights from which the northern half of the bay would be in full view as well as the Contra Costa shore and hills. He then rode to the foot of Telegraph Hill, climbed it afoot and from its summit saw the greater part of the bay, spreading before him, north, south and east. And he saw it at least twenty hours before it was seen by the hunters, who set

out from camp the day after his departure. His precedence is easily proved by these facts: Adding the five hours required to reach Point Lobos, by the Gate to the hour which was doubtless consumed in riding over the easy route from Point Lobos to Telegraph Hill and you find Ortega on that breezy summit only six hours, or at the most seven hours from San Pedro and the commandante.

Having left San Pedro at 8 in the morning, he would then have reached Telegraph Hill between 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while the hunters did not leave camp until next morning and saw the bay about noon.

So that those annalists who hold that Sergeant Jose Francisco Ortega was the real discoverer of the bay of San Francisco are, without question, more nearly right in their speculations than any others. At least they can bring to bear more logical and credible facts than the others have set up. But of course Ortega was but a mere member of the Portola party, and to Portola must be given the credit not only as commandante, but as the man who sent him forth upon his errand.

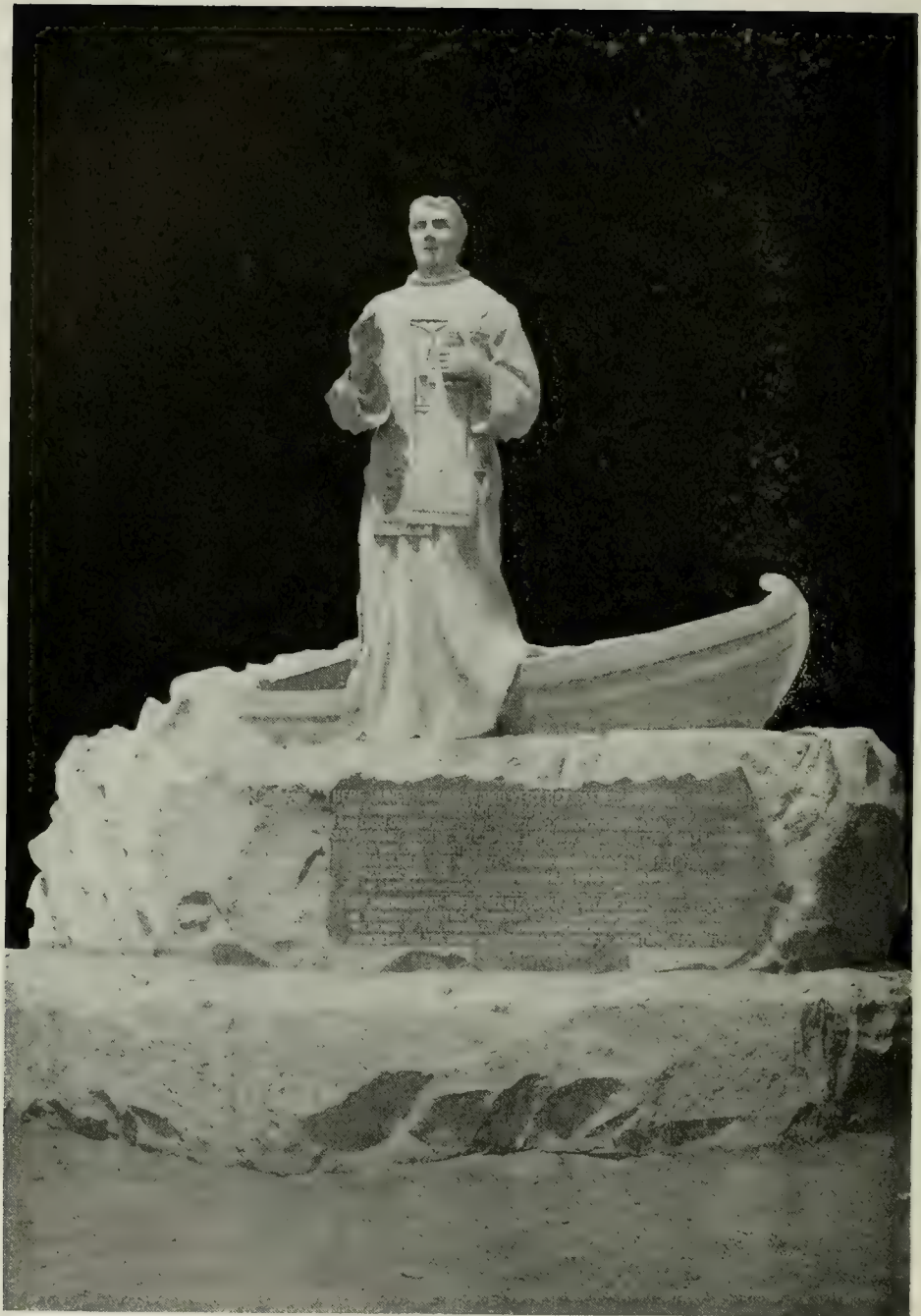
To Columbus is given the honor of the discovery of America, and yet it is not of record that he was the first to sight land. To the chief always belongs the glory.

It is thought that the second day of Ortega's travels on the Peninsula of San Francisco was spent in exploring the western and southern shores of the bay, and that on the third day he returned to Portola's camp at San Pedro. On the day after Ortega's return Portola marched his men over to the south end of the bay and had a vague idea of attempting to reach Point Reyes by a grand detour along its shores. This plan, however, was abandoned and for good reason. The party was worn by travel and reduced in flesh and in spirit. They had been tramping and riding for the greater part of six months over a dusty or muddy unbroken country the magnificent scenery of which did not compensate for the diet of mule meat to which they had been obliged to resort. The men were grumbling and some of them were ready to revolt so that Portola was only too glad to give the command for the return journey after christening the bay San Francisco.

When they had wended their weary, hungry way back to San Diego, Portola was horrified to learn that Serra and his little band of missionaries barely had escaped massacre by the Indians.

Although Portola held the discovery of the beautiful bay very lightly, pointing out to Serra that it must have been the identical sheet of water already known to Drake and the Spaniards who came after him, Serra took no such view of the matter. He regarded what Portola had done as

a discovery of great magnitude. He could not be brought to the belief that it was Drake's Bay that had been found. It must be another and more important body of water—a safe, land-locked harbor. He delighted in the christening of it San Francisco, the patron saint of his order and was eager to proceed north and to view it at close range.



STATUE OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA

IV

SERRA'S TITANIC TASK

HOW HE FOUNDED THE MISSIONS, FED THE "GENTILES" PHYSICALLY AND SPIRITUALLY, LABORED LONG AND FAITHFULLY, AND ALL FOR WHAT?—WORKING UPON MENTALITIES OF THE LOWEST ORDER, HOW DID HE IMPROVE THEM?—WHAT VESTIGE REMAINS OF HIS LABOR SAVE THE CRUMBLING MISSION WALLS?

Serra was a strong man, spiritually and mentally. For over thirty years he was consecrated to the service of the Indians. He spent sixteen of these years in Alta California, building up nine great missions where over five thousand natives were taught the rudiments of the Catholic doctrine and were trained in the beginnings of an ordered industrial life.

Visiting the Indians in their lowly habitations, he taught them, loved them and won them over to the Roman faith. He was of the old-time flagellant order of priest. It is said of him that he would lash his shoulders with a chain, tear his bosom with a sharp flint or burn it with a brand. These things he did to impress upon the Indians the reality of the pains and fires of perdition.

Viewed in the light of modern missionary practices, these flagellations seem a crude sort of symbolic oratory yet they have their simulation in the excruciating actions of some of our latterday evangelical pulpитеers whose agonies of spirit when they work themselves up to the white heat of ultra-religious fervor are often followed by nervous exhaustion. In the throes of their self-punitive zeal these preachers of our day are not unlike Serra, though they do not tear and prick their flesh, but only their nervous system.

It was not until April 16, 1770, that Junipero Serra sailed with his Franciscan fraters for the north, bound for the Bay of Monterey, near which they afterward founded the mission of Carmel, as it is often called, but which they named San Carlos Borromeo. This beautiful mission was the home and schooling place of many Indian neophytes for nearly a century. But gradually it fell into disuse and decay. Its crumbling walls are being restored, however, and now the travelers may see the towers and walls as they looked at the time they were erected by Indian workers under the direction of the padres six years before the Declaration of Inde-

pendence was read in Faneuil Hall and the Liberty Bell rang forth to tell the story of American freedom.

It is told that a novel plan was hit upon by the good padres to induce marriage among the natives: "All the unmarried male neophytes were marched to the chapel and placed side by side. Then a padre proceeded to call in ten Indian maidens from the courtyard where they sat chatting and spinning. He would ask: 'Which of you wish to marry?' A coy glance and a laugh would pass around the circle, as each shy maiden awaited her sister's answer. Then together they would spring up from their spinning and follow the padre into the chapel, there to be ranged along the wall opposite their future husbands, in spelling-match style. The girls were given the choosing, and the marriages soon followed."

It is a curious fact that these native unions were rarely prolific. Whether or not this was due to the new modes of life forced upon a race accustomed only to wild ways it is impossible to say; but of the Spaniards who came to populate the mission centers in the wake of the padres there is no such sorry report to make. They were encouraged by their church to multiply and this they did in an amazing manner. In some of the old Spanish families of Alta California we find as many as fifteen to twenty-five children in one family.

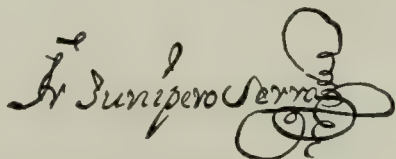
Preceding the padres to Monterey, Portola and his men established the presidio and mission there and despatched a messenger to the Viceroy of New Spain, as Mexico was then called, announcing the addition of a new province to the realms of Don Carlos III. This was the first time that Alta California had been brought under the flag of Spain and this action was intended as a formal notice to all nations and particularly to the Russians, that Carlos would defend the land from invasion and its people from insult.

There was joy throughout Spain when the news was sent abroad that a great and virgin territory had been added to the empire, and Carlos at once began to take steps to entrench his people there in such a manner that they could not easily be dislodged. The first thing to do was to make permanent friendships with all the Indian tribes and there seemed no better way than to establish a chain of missions where they might be taught the ways of white men and the religion of Christ.

Portola previously had been instructed to found three missions, with the aid of the padres—one at San Diego, one at Monterey and one at an intermediate place to be called San Buenaventura. He was now directed to establish five more missions, the new ones proposed being named San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco and Santa Clara. The first mass was said at Monterey Mission by Father Serra amid salvos of musketry, there being no musical instruments at hand.

It was due to Serra's foresight that the mission was planted at Carmel. He saw that Monterey was not an ideal place for a mission, owing to the absence of broad acres to cultivate and water to irrigate. Serra was an excellent judge of climates and soils and in nearly every case where his judgment was solely relied upon the location of his missions was the best to be found in the whole countryside. Spying up and down the coast, he found a beautiful and fertile valley on the shores of a river which he named Carmel. The site selected for the mission was amid hundreds of acres of rich rolling land which he provisioned as fields of grain, orchards and vineyards.

Directing his Indians to fell trees and erect a stockade which was to enclose a church, garrison, small houses, huts and a corral, Serra and his fraters helped them in their work and when it was done he blessed it in the name of Christ and consecrated it to the glory of God and of the saints and to the salvation of the gentiles. The name Serra gave to the new mission was San Carlos Borromeo, but it soon came to be known

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Fr. Junipero Serra". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background. The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent loop at the end of the word "Serra".

SIGNATURE OF FATHER SERRA

simply as Carmel and is so called today though there is another Carmel not far away—a modern village, beautiful as an artist's dream on the shore of Carmel Bay where the crystal waves beat upon the white shingle and the winds murmur among the pines, and it is a place to dream, as the poets, authors and artists have found; and there some of the best literary and art work done in California in the past twenty years has been finished and sent forth to a more or less appreciative world.

Serra, beside designing, overseeing, preaching and baptizing, was one of the best advertisers of California ever known. In fact he may well be given the honor of having been the first "booster," to use a term admired by most Americans and condemned only by the cognoscenti. He wrote voluminous letters to Mexico and to Spain, dwelling rhapsodically, but at the same time quite truthfully upon the scenic wonders of the new land, the fertility of the soil which responded so amazingly to the cultivation of the vine, the fig and to nearly all the horticultural products of Spain, numerous cuttings and seeds of which he had brought with him and planted and nurtured with evidently far more intelligent care, and certainly with greater success, than many Americans of more recent years.

For soil, sunshine, and irrigation while they count largely, are nothing without the know-how, and Serra was possessed of the know-how in a marked degree.

In his letters to the Guardian of the College of San Fernando, to the Viceroy of Mexico, and to the Visitador-General, Serra was continually asking for more missionaries. He wanted a hundred, but only thirty were permitted to come. This was a great disappointment to the worthy padre, but he toiled on and in the course of the first year was able to report the salvation of many gentiles. These Indians of the Carmel Valley and its neighborhood were more easily drawn to the faith than many of those who lived nearer the shores of San Francisco Bay. Indeed, they were found quite docile, and displayed considerable aptitude in acquiring many of the simpler mechanical arts. And yet there was nothing in the way of exact science displayed either in the design or the execution of the work carried out by the priests or their followers. Herein lies much of the charm of it as felt in the present day when the visitor looks upon the ancient structures, built chiefly of adobe—that is mud bricks, dried in the sun—and he is likely to smile at some of the architectural crudities to be witnessed here.

For example, take the windows of the old Mission of Carmel. The design of some of them is of the foliated order, yet few of the foliations match the others in dimensions or in shape. It may have been that the original patterns were regular enough, but the finished work, as I viewed it several years ago, was as charmingly irregular as that of the rugs fabricated in the Orient, which are not to be imitated by American textile manufacturers, who employ machinery and whose product must necessarily be finished along regular lines.

While with Portola and his band two years before the founding of Carmel, Father Crespi, the annalist of the expedition, had been greatly impressed by a beautiful valley seen from one of the higher ranges of the Santa Lucia Mountains. Father Crespi often had spoken to Father Serra about this valley which lay about eighty miles to the south of Monterey. In fact he had talked about it so much and in such glowing terms that Serra had begun to share some of his enthusiasm concerning it.

So when the news came that the missionaries were to be supplemented by thirty new members Serra determined to employ some of them in the establishment and maintenance of a mission in the San Lucia Valley. He mounted a mule and, accompanied by two priests and a bodyguard, set out for the wonderful vale. Arriving there he was enchanted by the view. Here was a river running through a

broad valley, dotted by great liveoaks which stood in splendid fields of golden wild oats that shimmered under the summer sun.

Despite his crippled leg, the old padre cavorted about in high glee, waving his hands in exultation, for here was the place for a mission. He directed that bells be hung in the trees, and as soon as they were up he tugged at the rope, calling forth like a latter-day evangelist of the street corner, "Come, ye Gentiles, come to the Holy Church! Come to the faith of Jesus Christ!"

Somehow this militant old padre reminds one of Father Jocelyn, as pictured and revered by Carlyle. And in passing I cannot refrain from remarking that at no point does Protestant meet Catholic in terms of hearty appreciation, of admiration and of spiritual sympathy than in the contemplation of the pioneer padres of California and of the work they did in breaking ground for the civilization that followed them.

When Father Serra called to the Gentiles to come to the Holy Church, there was not a Gentile in sight and no church but an oak tree with bells suspended from one of its branches, but those of his companions who thought the old enthusiast had gone mad were not men of such vision as he, nor did they know that

"The groves were God's first temples."

But then all men of true vision are, in a sense, mad, or at least are likely to be so regarded by little folk of little soul.

In this vale of Santa Lucia was founded the mission of San Antonio de Padua, and great was the work of salvation performed there among the Gentiles. In Father Serra's lifetime the neophytes numbered over 1,000 and zealous men continued the labor of implanting the seeds of faith in the Gentiles for many years afterward.

The next mission established by Junipero Serra was that of San Gabriel, in the lovely valley of that name, not far from the eastern borders of Los Angeles.

Then the missionaries, led by Serra, journeyed north to a beautiful hillside near the sea and founded the mission of San Luis Obispo, quickly followed by that of San Juan Capistrano, San Francisco de Assisi, Santa Clara, San Buenaventura, San Luis Rey and Santa Inez, in the order named.

This chain of missions, including that of San Diego, ran north and south from the Bay of San Francisco to the Bay of San Diego. They were placed at intervals of about thirty miles, or one day's journey. Besides a church or chapel, each contained within its high walls or stockade the rancherias or dwelling places of the Indians, the barracks

and homes of the padres, generally built of adobes, sometimes carefully plastered over and whitewashed.

I have spoken of the admiration felt by people of every creed for the padres, who were the true pioneers, the forerunners of Californian civilization, and yet there are those who, crediting the old missionaries with fervent faith and the utmost zeal, smile upon their work as wholly futile. These captious ones point out the undisputed fact that the padres were working upon mentalities of the lowest order—tribes of primitive people who were little above the beasts, some of them cannibals in former times and all of them incapable of taking on even the slightest veneer of that civilization of which we moderns boast so much and which we, in our turn, find it so difficult to live up to that there are few of us who do not relapse at times into the elemental.

Well, granting that their work went for naught, that its effects crumbled away like the walls of the old missions, that the Diggers of today stand in the same low scale in which the padres found their bestial forbears, it was something at least to have made the glorious attempt essayed by the fathers over a long series of years.

It may have been that the missionaries deceived themselves, that the reception of the faith by the Gentiles was the result of material and not of spiritual considerations, yet there is this to bear in mind: In and about the missions always were the soldiers, and while many of these made professions of piety, it is to be remembered that, lacking female society of their own race, they sought that of the Indians. The laxity of the morals of the Digger women, then as now, is well known, and when the soldiers went among them there was often a riot of bestiality which tended in a great measure to offset the work of the fathers who, sworn to chastity and to the upholding of the monogamous standard of society, made bitter protest, but only in vain.

V

BRAVE WORK OF AYALA

THE DAUNTLESS MARINER SAILS IN THROUGH THE UNCHARTED GOLDEN GATE IN FADING DAYLIGHT PAST WAVE-LASHED CLIFFS—EXPLORES THE ISLANDS OF THE BAY AND LANDS ON THE PENINSULA OF SAN FRANCISCO—MISSION DOLORES IS ESTABLISHED—THE PASSING OF FATHER SERRA.

Now we come to the beginnings of San Francisco.

Don Pedro Fages, Commandante of California, was directed by the viceroy on November 12, 1770, to explore the new port of San Francisco, for assuredly a great harbor such as this must not remain at the mercy of the Russians and other menacing foreigners. Once they occupied it, there might be difficulty in dislodging them, even though in that golden period Spain was Queen of the Seas.

Fages, who was stationed at Monterey, was not able to obey the order of the viceroy until sixteen months had elapsed. One may judge of the efficiency of the proposed occupancy of the bay region when told that in the entire forces at Fages' command there were but forty-one men, and that only nineteen of these were with him at Monterey, the rest being at San Diego. He had been able in November to make a cursory exploration of the eastern bay shore as far as the Straits of Carquinez, but had not ventured to enter upon the territory comprising the Peninsula of San Francisco because of reports of hostile savages, being encamped there.

Fages could receive little aid from San Diego in the way of soldiers and supplies, as Rivera, who had charge of the military force there would not send him any men, representing that he himself was beset by unfriendly natives.

At last, on March 22, 1772, Fages, chafing under the delay, set out with a pack train, accompanied by only twelve soldiers, Father Crespi and two servants. On the evening of the first day they reached the fertile valley of the Salinas River. On the following day they wended their difficult and tortuous way through the Gabilan Mountains and on into San Benito Valley, which they reached on the 21st. St. Benedict's

day, hence the present name of the valley. Crossing the Pajaro River, named for the numerous birds seen there, they came next day to Santa Clara Valley. Then, instead of turning westward and following the neck of the peninsula, which would have been far more suitable to the purposes of military occupancy, they kept to the east, reaching San Leandro Creek where they camped. On the 26th they were at the present site of Alameda, which was then shaded by a forest of liveoaks. From this point they gazed across the bay to the Golden Gate, which they named La Bocana de la Ensanada de los Farallones, or the Mouth of the Gulf of the Farallones.

Standing upon the Berkeley hills on the following day, they were afforded a still better view—in fact, the best—through the Gate of Gold and out for many a mile upon the great Pacific. There is no record of the emotions of these unlettered men when they feasted their eyes upon this wondrous scene. The bay—the great and beautiful bay—lay at their feet, but they could not see it and the sea beyond with the eyes of a Joaquin Miller, poet of the Heights, nor sing of it this rhapsodic song:

See once this boundless bay and live,
See once this beauteous bay and love,
See once this warm bright bay and give
God thanks for olive branch and dove.
Then take Columbia's sapphire sea
And sail and sail the world with me.
Some isles, drowned in the drowning sun,
Ten thousand sea doves voiced as one;
Lo! Love's wings furled and wings unfurled;
Who sees not this warm-half-world sea
Sees not, knows not the world!

How knocks he at the Golden Gate,
This lord of waters strong and bold,
And fearful-voiced and fierce as fate,
And hoar and old as Time is old;
Yet young as when God's finger lay
Against Night's forehead that first day,
And drove vast darkness forth and rent
The waters from the firmament.
Hear how he knocks and raves and loves!
He woos us through the Golden Gate
With all his soft sea doves.

Such room of sea! Such room of sky!
Such room to draw a soul-full breath!
Such room to live! Such room to die!
Such room to roam in after death!

But why do we at this point, rather than at Portola's first sight of the bay, dilate upon the beauty of the bay? Because the place to see it in all its glory is not the Montara hills, not Point Lobos, nor Tamalpais nor Carquinez, but the Berkeley heights or the skyland retreat a little to the south of them where Joaquin Miller lived, loved and died.

Following the shores of the upper part of the great estero, known as San Pablo Bay, hoping to reach Tamalpais, the high peak on the Marin side, the Fages party spent the next two days in a vain attempt to find a place where they could pass around the inland sea. This they could not do without boats, for to the northeast they saw a great river to which they gave the name of San Francisco. On the opposite bank they saw savages, who crossed over and presented the travelers with wild foods of various kinds. But it is not in evidence that Fages endeavored to secure passage in the rude balsas of the natives, which were nothing more than rafts built of rushes, so we must infer that he was just a little dubious about the chances of his retreat being cut off by such an adventure.

Seeing that he could not reach the tall sierra to the west and not caring to venture farther north, Fages made his way back to Monterey where he sent a long report to the viceroy, who was greatly dissatisfied, because the voyager had done practically nothing toward the occupancy of any strategic point such as he would have found on the Peninsula of San Francisco.

Rivera was ordered to Monterey to succeed Fages and on November 23, 1774, he left the presidio there, with Padre Palou, sixteen soldiers, and ample provisions, and proceeded to the peninsula by way of San Andreas. After planting a cross on Point Lobos, the party returned to Monterey. The weather was bad, it being the rainy season, and camping in the open was unpleasant.

An expedition for exploring the northern coast sailed from San Blas in March, 1775. It consisted of three vessels—the frigate Santiago, the packet boat San Carlos and the schooner Sonora. The San Carlos was commanded by Lieut. Don Juan Manuel de Ayala who was directed to sail through the Bocana into the Bay of San Francisco and to make a thorough survey of that as yet unnavigated body of water. The other vessels were ordered to the north where their commanders discovered

Bodega Bay and the Columbia River. They were accompanied as far as San Diego by a supply ship, the San Antonio.

Baffling head winds delayed the progress of Ayala, so that it took him 101 days to reach Monterey from San Blas. Here he left some stores for the presidio and on July 27th sailed for the Bay of San Francisco after being blessed by the padres who for nine days held a special service in honor of St. Francis.

The little frigate San Carlos was barely out to sea again before she encountered more contrary winds, and it was not until the 5th of August that Ayala approached the Golden Gate.

Now the tides running in and out of the Gate are strong and turbulent, as the ancient voyagers soon found. They were so swift on the day that Ayala essayed to enter that the small boat which he sent out at eight o'clock in the morning in command of Jose Canizares not only had great difficulty in entering the bay, but also in returning to the ship. The San Carlos was driven out to sea about nine o'clock, but on the turn of the tide she again sailed close to the coast, Ayala venturing to the east very slowly and with many soundings. The frigate hovered about the outer entrance all day and as the sun was sinking into the Pacific the boat was sighted, returning from port, but again she was forced back by the tide.

And here Ayala proved himself either a brave or a reckless mariner. In fading daylight, and with no knowledge whatever of the depth or the currents of the Bocana he headed in through that wild welter of waters. By a miracle he found the channel, in the middle of which a fifty-fathom line, with a heavy lead failed to touch bottom. Sailing through the unknown and uncharted narrows past tall cliffs against which the waves dashed high and white, he entered the bay at last and anchored near what we call Sausalito, in twenty fathoms of water, at about ten o'clock at night.

He saw nothing of the boat or its crew until next morning; when the men were taken aboard, highly pleased that they had not been left to shift for themselves in that lonely region.

The frigate was hailed by Indians from the Marin shore and Father Vincente Santa Maria was sent, with the mate and a crew of well-armed men, to meet and parley with them. The Indians gave every sign of friendship and were delighted to receive the beads and other trinkets offered them. In exchange for these gauds they entertained their guests at their rancheria with pinole bread, made from ground acorns and also with tamales.

Ayala then sailed over to an anchorage near the Isla de Los Angeles, or Angel Island, as it is now known, and afterward surveyed the barren



MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO

shores of Alcatraz, named because of the pelicans fluttering about it. A party was sent to explore the northern part of the bay, after which it went south past Yerba Buena Island and entered Mission Bay which was named Ensenada de los Llornes, or the Bay of the Weepers because, as the story goes, the sailors had seen some Indians weeping and lamenting on the beach. But there is another tale to the effect that the name given was Dolores, which has much the same meaning, and was bestowed for the same reason, though it may have been suggested by the calendar and not because of lachrymose manifestations on the part of the natives.

On hearing of the success of the expedition Rivera directed further exploration and the selection of a site for a presidio and mission to be founded on the bay shore. This work was given to Capt. Juan Bautista de Anza and the Padres Palou and Benito Cambon. These men selected for the mission the best possible site on the peninsula. It was in what is now known as the Mission warm belt, where there is less of fog and wind than in any other part of the city of San Francisco. Protected by the mountain range of which the Twin Peaks are the highest points, this district, in which the adobe walls of the old mission still stand in defiance of earthquake or storm, is one of sunshine and pleasant temperature while on the same day and at the same hour the raw western wind is blowing in from the sea over the northern part of the city, bringing with it the chill damp of the flying fog.

Yes, the old Spaniards chose wisely and well here as in every other spot where they erected their ministerial and military establishments.

The new mission, which was the sixth to be founded in Alta California, was in readiness for occupation on the 17th of September, 1776, and was formally dedicated as the Mission San Francisco de Assisi. Later it became known as Mission Dolores and is so called in these times.

Rivera did not at first give his approval to the new mission. This was because of a feud that existed between him and Anza of whom he was inordinately jealous, for the reason that Anza enjoyed more of viceroyal favor than was bestowed upon the commandante.

Junipero Serra did not see the mission of San Francisco until the 10th of October, 1777, and when he beheld it he was carried away by a burst of religious hysteria. For here was the mission with which his name had been most associated and which to him was the key to the whole system he had so patiently and laboriously built up, as a latter-day captain of industry establishes a chain of factories or mercantile houses, only that in his case there was naught of material aggrandizement in the program, but only the spiritual. He built to the glory of God and not to that of Mammon, "the least erected spirit."

On a bed of planks and amid the lamentations of his people, Junipero

Serra passed to his reward in Monterey, August 28, 1784, eight years after the foundation of the Mission of San Francisco. As it was carried to its grave, covered with roses, his body was followed by a long line of padres, soldiers and Indian neophytes. It is said that his end was hastened by worries over the threatened displacement of the Franciscan friars by those of the Dominican order, which menace he regarded as a reflection upon his work as the ministerial head of the Californian missions.

The Dominicans had been working to supplant him and his fraters for some time, and the Spanish king had given ear to them and their schemes. This is but another instance of the ingratitude of kings, which is as great if not greater than that of republics. Serra deserved better things at the hand of his king and of his church, but it is not always the deserving that reap the reward of their labors. And here we may note that disagreements and schisms in old as well as in modern churches often have resulted in the breaking of the hearts of good men who have labored long and faithfully only to find that they and their work have been the targets of jealousy and of hate.

In another chapter I have spoken of the references of some of the historians of California to the work of Serra and his brethren as altogether futile, but was it so? When I think of Father Serra always I am reminded of Abbot Samson, the ancient monk. "Abbott Samson built many useful, many pious edifices; human dwellings, churches, church steeples, barns—all fallen now and vanished, but useful while they stood." Of course the latter-day cynic will say of my comparison that it is inept, that the good Abbott worked for the salvation of white souls, not of savages who possessed none. But mark the insistence of Carlyle upon the word "work." "My friend," he reminds you, "all speech and rumor is shortlived, foolish, untrue. Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself. Stand by that, and let 'fame' and the rest of it go prating."

And who shall doubt that Serra's work was faithful, that it was done from the heart and from the soul? He may not have brought the uncouth savages to a high state of civilization, or to any civilization whatsoever, but he toiled patiently to that end. He did his best, and what better can be said of any man? And it must be remembered that he worked under the greatest of handicaps—the jealousies, the constant interference of others in church and in state. All that a great, independent soul like his requires when it essays such a stupendous task as he set out to perform is to be let alone. This boon they would not grant him, but

must needs hamper him with their petty suggestions and, still worse, **with** their intrigues.

Moreover I hold that if we grant the failure of the spiritual part of Serra's program in his work with the Indians there still remains the unquestioned success of his labors in teaching them tillage and mechanical arts of which they had but small knowledge before he and his brothers came among them. Even the most captious critics of Serra and his work will admit that he imparted to the savage mind a knowledge of agriculture and that long before his death he had given to the savage hand such aptitude for the building craft that when the natives erected dwellings for themselves, even in places remote from the missions, they were no longer content with brush huts and bowers, but in many cases made their houses of adobes, and stones, as taught by the padres under the good Serra.

Consider too the material upon which Serra, in the beginning, found himself obliged to work—a people lower in intelligence than the Australian aborigines or the primitive Africans. They had no religion. Father Ubach of San Diego who was long with the native Californians, and intimately acquainted with their habit of thought, once said that he never found a well-authenticated case of one of these Indians having formed a distinct religious concept without suggestion from the outside.

They had no form of marriage, and their sexual relations knew no restraint whatever. In one case the padres found an Indian cohabiting with his mother and three sisters, and other examples of incestuous relationship were numerous. When food was scarce and the tribes were reduced to a state bordering on starvation they did not hesitate to slay and eat the weaklings of their race. But just as the South Sea missionaries were largely responsible for the suppression of cannibalism in the islands of the Pacific, so were the mission padres to be praised for subduing this ancient tribal instinct in California.

At the Mission of San Francisco, otherwise Dolores, the lust of the soldiers was sometimes rampant, as at the other missions. It was one of the first orders laid down by the padres that no lay Spaniard might live in an Indian village, nor could he tarry there for a single night. The neophytes of the mission were to be considered tabu so far as the soldiers and other Spanish laymen were concerned, but they might go outside among the Gentiles and lay hold and make captives of as many women as they fancied. So there is much truth in the picture drawn by one of our Californian writers in the story called "Wives for Dolores," which recites how the Spaniards went over to the Marin shore in their boats and dragged screaming, protesting girls from the Indian camps, and sailed off with them to the San Francisco side where they

were married with little ceremony to the men who had captured them. It is strange that these unions never bore fruit, but so runs the tale of the chroniclers. Still there are those who say that a perfect system of birth control was in vogue at the mission, it being no part of the marital program that there should rise a race of half-breeds, even though in the Mexico of latter days there has been found no such regulation.

VI

SAN FRANCISCO IN EMBRYO

IT IS SETTLED IN THE WHIRLWIND YEAR OF 1776—COMING OF THE COLONISTS FROM MONTEREY—UNRULY MISSION INDIANS AND HOW THEY WERE PUNISHED—A FLAGELLANT RULE—NEGLECT OF NATIVE WOMEN IN THE EDUCATIONAL WORK—A PLEA FOR THE PADRES AND THEIR POINT OF VIEW.

In what a whirlwind year, a year of tumultuous upheaval, a year of historic birth-pangs, did the Spanish colonists settle in San Francisco!

1776! And the date, June 28th—just six days before the signing of the American Declaration of Independence.

Yes; history was being made on both sides of the continent, and yet neither side had the faintest glimmering of what was in the wind on the faraway opposite coast—what John Hancock scrawlings and Paul Revere rides on the Atlantic shores or what setting up of adobe mission walls or ringing of loud-toned mission bells on the Pacific.

All told there were probably less than a hundred Spanish men and women in the first train of founders that trooped in from Monterey, but in the course of time these were followed by numerous others, married and unmarried, some in the happy possession of large families, but all living upon the bounty of church or state.

Don Jose Moraga was in charge of the first train of colonists—he for whom the lovely Moraga Valley, back of the Berkeley hills, was afterward named. Moraga led them to the site of the mission near Yerba Buena Cove, and then on to the Presidio four miles away, which was to be the home of all save the padres. Here in this Presidio on the hills near the Golden Gate, were planted the first human habitations of white people in San Francisco. There is not a vestigial trace of these buildings to be found today, but of those old Spanish families, running back to 1776, there remain many descendants, some of whom have loved San Francisco so much that they never have left it, even through quakings of earth and mighty conflagrations that have rocked and swept the city from time to time. But their love has been no greater than that of

the gringos who came swarming in after the discovery of gold and whose children in their turn have loved it as well.

After the buildings at the Presidio were ready for occupation, which was on the 17th of September, there was great ceremony. Father Palou blessed the settlement, celebrated a mass, elevated and adored the holy cross and chanted a *Te Deum*. Commandante Moraga then took possession of the Presidio in the name of the royal house of Spain. Cannon boomed on land and aboard ship, musketry rattled and the dragoons cheered, while over all waved the Spanish banner.

As we have seen, the permanent settlement of San Francisco dates from June 28th, 1776. The military establishment was founded September 17th of the same year. The Mission of San Francisco came into being on October 8th. The sound of "the shot heard round the world" did not reach San Francisco until many months after it was fired by "the embattled farmers" at Lexington. Nor is it likely, when the news did reach the ears of the padres, that they so much as lifted their eyes from their beads. Well, every man to his calling and every nation to its own affairs. Senores, we are too busy over here on our own right hand of the continent to pay heed to your petty troubles. As for revolutions, we shall have as many as we like in times to come and we shall not look to you to settle them. In the meantime we are holding California in nombre Cristo against the world. Let all nations beware. Ave Maria! Gloria in Excelsis!

San Francisco sprung into being as the result of the desire of the Spanish king to create here the nucleus of a seaport city that should serve to guard Alta California against England and Russia. Other nations were not so much to be feared and their menace was negligible. There was never a thought that the new-born nation on the Atlantic side of the continent would one day be in possession of this province of of mighty Spain.

Nearly all the other missions were established in rich and fertile valleys, inhabited by many Indians. No other besides San Francisco had so little tillable territory or so small a number of natives within easy reach. The friars were greatly disappointed to find soon after their arrival that even the few Indians living on the neck of the peninsula had left for unknown parts. Nor were they much cheered by the news of warlike excursions made by one tribe against another within fifteen miles of the mission. On the 12th of August a band of San Mateo natives attacked another party in Bay View Valley, gaining such a bloody victory that the neighboring tribes for miles around, afraid to remain in their encampments, fled precipitately to the Marin mountains and to the eastern bay shore. Here they stayed for several

months, sending back scouting parties from time to time to ascertain the condition of affairs and to learn when it would be safe to return to their former homes.

After a time, when there was less show of hostility on the part of their enemies, the fugitives returned, greatly to the delight of the padres who were eager to begin the work of their salvation. But no sooner had the first pupils begun their lessons than some of their quarrelsome brethren became engaged in a fight with the Spanish soldiers. The



AN INDIAN OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

battle was desperately waged, with no little bloodshed, and so there was another flight and another absence, this time for several months.

Not until the first of June, 1777, were the first converts baptized—three of them on the same day. Little Spanish did they know, but they could repeat the names of the holy trinity, of the saints and of the leading articles of the faith when said to them by the padre, they could rehearse a simple creed and prayers, kneel before the images and the cross, and so were entitled to baptism.

It was not long before the Spanish soldiers were able to impress upon the tribes that they must not war upon one another or they would feel the heavy hand of military power. With firearms and with horses, the soldiers, though few in number as compared with the natives, could ride roughshod over them and their petty fights among each other, and they soon came to the point where they commanded much respect.

The Indians liked the mission. The dwellings, made of adobe,

were more secure from wind and weather than huts built of sticks and tules, and the rations were far more palatable and more regular than those to which they had been accustomed. In the padres' gardens were melons, pumpkins, beans, turnips and potatoes, and in a few years the orchards provided apricots, peaches, pears and apples—all deliciously strange to the native palate. Besides there was always a good supply of beef and mutton from the herds and flocks of the mission, and wheat and other grains were brought in from the lands tilled under the superintendence of the friars in the valleys to the south. It is strange, yet nevertheless true, that the cheapest articles presented by the padres to the Indians were those which they most prized—the bright glass and china beads, tawdry and highly colored, these were the things they most coveted. This has been the story the world over. A savage woman of Fiji or of Zanzibar would sell her soul for a string of red and blue beads, just as many a female of what is known as the civilized race will barter herself for a rope of pearls of no more real value in the eyes of that God who sets chastity above all jewels.

Clothing and blankets brought from Mexico or woven at the mission looms were far better fabrics than those which the Indians ever had possessed, and these they valued, too. They learned the comforts, if not the finer usages, of civilization and they had no desire to go back to their former lives of squalor, hunger and cold.

As for the women, they were to reap the advantages of the new life in a way they had little dreamed. Formerly they had had to do every kind of labor, particularly that which was most tedious and disagreeable. They were held in no respect whatever and were the mere chattels of the men, from whom they received not the slightest sympathy. The padres changed all this. They took the squaws under their protection and would not permit of their being abused, if they gave themselves freely to the church and abided by its laws. Such clothing as they received, however, was not of a kind which their white sisters would have coveted. Their common dress was simply a short woolen petticoat. Their heads, their feet, their breasts and their limbs were generally bare. But they were glad to get what clothing was provided them. They were taught to weave coarse fabrics with roughly made looms, but they were not taught to cook in civilized style, still being left to their old crude system of boiling food in baskets in which water and hot stones were placed. They had to grind their own grain in their own stone mortars, and this slow process took much time. But perhaps the padres thought it well to keep the women thus employed, for idleness would have worked their ruin just as it has done with women dressed in silks and satins.

And while there was education of a simple sort for the native men, there was none for the women. Never were they taught to read nor to become skillful in the making of articles of much value. Here the mediæval spirit of the Spain of those days, still lingering through the eighteenth century, cropped up in all its evil ways. Women were to be respected after a fashion, but they were to remain ignorant.

To the padres was given the government of Alta California, as well as all the discipline and all the punishment of refractory spirits of whom, of course, there were not a few. The primary object of this mission as of all the others was to save the soul of the Indian, and to this end he was regarded, from the hour of his baptism, as one who had taken irrevocable vows. If he did not keep these vows, if he went back to polygamy or if he fled from the mission, he was put under arrest, if he could be caught, and his bare back was made to feel the cruel lash. In order to teach the natives anything that smacked of proficiency it was necessary to deal with them in a high-handed way. They did not understand the chants and other religious services, they did not understand verbal reproof, but they did understand the lash, and this evidently was often applied, along with even more severe punishments, including at times the execution of the death penalty. This severity was practiced not only at the Mission Dolores, which we shall hereafter call it, but at all the other missions in the long chain from the Bay of San Diego to the Bay of San Francisco.

Yet you are not to run away with the idea that the padres were cruel. They were not. When Vancouver visited Dolores he found the fathers "mild and kind-hearted, never failing to attract the affections of the natives," what amazed the English voyager, however, was that they seemed to derive few advantages from their conversion. But De Mofras, another visitor, made note of the fact that the padres had "accomplished magnificent results by the exercise of benevolence," and among these results he referred to the manual training of the Indians. The difference between these two observers was that one was a materialist and the other an idealist. Everywhere the idealist, with his truer vision, is able to find traces of present and future good in apparently hopeless conditions; but the materialist never.

Save in the mountains to the north of the bay and about Shasta, the Indians of Alta California were neither then nor later so troublesome as those of the southwest. Inspired by the warlike Yumas, the Indians about the bay of San Diego made much trouble for the missionaries from time to time. These Yumas and the Apaches who roamed the desert and the mountains to the east were a menace for many a year, not being utterly subdued until over a century after the founding of the missions.

But Serra and his priests, in their snug retreat at the foot of the Twin

Peaks, had little to fear from hostile savages. The soldiers at the Presidio, with their stout fortress and ample arms, stood ready at all times to quell any outbreak among the Marin warriors, who, awed by such a display of force, were unwilling to risk more than an occasional light encounter.

So with respect to hostile depredations the settlers on the western side of the continent were, on the whole, in a far better situation than the Puritans of the Atlantic coast. And for fierce cunning, for bravery in battle and for bulldog tenacity in their acts of savagery, the Indians of the Eastern country were far more formidable as foemen.

But on the Pacific, as on the Atlantic side, the result, so far as the civilization of the Indian was concerned, has been about equal. The red man and the red woman have disappeared before the advance of the whites like the ancient glaciers which sculptured the landscapes of the Adirondacks and of the Sierras.

Only in negligible instances and then under long and laborious processes has the Indian been assimilated into our social order. Even though we might have accepted him, it was not in his nature to accept us. Nor is this inconsistent with the thought that the noble efforts of Christian men and women to make of these aboriginal tribes something higher and better than the bestiality in which they were found were not all in vain. Nothing is vain where the aim is high and the purpose is the betterment of man. And how we should have failed as civilized beings had we not extended our hand in some quarter to aid a race which, for the most part, was made to feel more of our suspicion and our hostility than of our faith and our benevolence.

VII

FIRST TOWN IN CALIFORNIA

SAN JOSE AND ITS BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS—LAYING OUT OF THE PUEBLO—SHIFTLESS NATURE OF THE POBLADORES—THEIR DISINCLINATION TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITIES AS COLONISTS—HOW THEY WERE FORCED BY THE SOLDIERS TO WORK IN THE FIELDS.

Scant regard has been paid thus far in these chapters to that chronological sequence so deeply revered by the old historians. Yet to tell the story of the San Francisco Bay region in a way that will not precipitate the reader too far ahead in one phase of the narrative and let him lag too far behind in another, it will be necessary at this point to leave the good padres to their patient labor at Mission Dolores and the soldiers to strut about the little parade ground at the Presidio and go forty miles farther south to the heart of the vale of Santa Clara.

This beautiful and highly fertile valley had attracted attention some years before the founding of Dolores when the missionaries were vainly searching for Monterey Bay, so elaborately misdescribed by Vizcaino. In 1774 orders were given by the viceroy of New Spain for the establishment of two pueblos, or towns, one in this valley and another at Los Angeles. These are those Californians who will tell you that Los Angeles was the first town to be founded in Alta California, but as a matter of historic fact San Jose, first known as San Jose de Guadalupe, was laid out and settled three years before the southern town took anything like visible shape or form.

From the Peninsula of San Francisco the Santa Clara Valley sweeps down in one apparently uniform level to San Juan, ninety miles southward. The valley is oval in shape and at San Jose it is about fifteen miles wide. On either side is a range of mountains, running northwest and southeast. The highest of the peaks of this range is Mount Hamilton, 4,448 feet, on which is situated the Lick Observatory. The mountain is directly east of San Jose. The western range has two considerable peaks—Mount Choual, 3,530 feet high, and Mount Bache, 3,430 feet. In the valley grow great live oaks, while in the mountain canyons and along the lesser hillsides are found giant redwood trees, madrones, sycamores and

laurels. Here and there are beautiful stretches of wild oats, bright green in winter and spring, but sere and yellow in summer and autumn.

Of all the valleys in the whole bay region that of Santa Clara is most extensive and most productive. It is readily irrigated by natural streams and by artesian wells. The city of San Jose is on the Guadalupe River, about eight miles south of the great estero and also on Coyote Creek. Both these streams run high in the rainy season, but are low and almost dry in summer. They flow down from the mountains through narrow gorges and on past the foothills through deeply cut beds above which

"The gray sycamores glimmer and lean,"

into the quiet valley and on through the green tule marshes to the bay.

After determining what was thought the most suitable site for the Pueblo of San Jose, Senor Don Felipe Neve, governor of Alta California, was authorized to establish there the new town which was to be the first in the province. Neve immediately ordered to San Jose Don Jose Moraga, Lieutenant Commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco, together with nine soldiers who knew something of agriculture and two settlers, who, with three others, made up a band of fourteen who were the first white men to encamp upon the banks of the Guadalupe River. This was in November, 1777, not a particularly favorable month in which to go into camp, as it was well into the rainy season. All about the new camp were savages, who, though curious, and at times meddlesome, were not unfriendly. Game was plentiful—deer, antelope and jack rabbits, while in the mountains were bears, wildcats and pumas.

Neve wrote to the viceroy on April 15, 1778, that he had established the Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe, reciting the story of its establishment, and on the 22d of the same month the viceroy sent a letter to the governor, expressing his satisfaction with the work thus far performed. He hoped that within two years the crops grown in the valley would supply the presidios of San Francisco and Monterey and thus lessen the demand upon the royal treasury.

Little was done in the first few years of the settlement. The pobladores found it far more pleasant to strum the guitar and deal out the cards than dig irrigation ditches and to plant fields and orchards. One reason for this idleness may have been that the new-comers had not yet been given title to any of the lands. That, at least, was one of their excuses, but they made no haste in September, 1782, when the lands were formally parcelled out, to begin the labors that were expected of them. The first of the grants was to Ignacio Archeluta and the second to Manuel Gonzales. Others followed until sixty-six pobladores were provided for.

Don Pedro Fages was then governor, and he dealt liberally with

the settlers, giving each of them a large house lot and a suerte, or sowing lot, of two hundred varas square, a vara being about thirty-three and a third inches. Not a large field, to be sure, but about all that one man might reasonably be expected to cultivate with the crude implements of the time. The settler also was given \$10 a month and soldier's rations, one yoke of oxen, two cows, a mule, two sheep, two goats, implements and seeds. Aside from being given the house lot and the suerte, he was permitted to graze his stock upon a common range which extended for miles up and down the valley and into the foothills.

One may well imagine what an American of those days or of the present would have accomplished with such liberal provision for his welfare and such an opportunity for advancement. But what the Spaniards performed is well known. Little interest did they take in gardening or in grain fields, and as likely as not the first thing they did with a mule or a goat was to offer it as a stake at the card table. As the pueblo was under military supervision, the soldiers were ordered to make frequent visits to the settlement to encourage the settlers to forward the good work of providing those grains, fruits and meats which were to relieve the expense to the royal treasury when they should be husbanded and sold to the presidios in lieu of those that otherwise would have to be brought in from far-away markets on shipboard.

The corporal sent from the Presidio to renew the waning interest of the pobladores in agriculture did not proceed to read them a treatise on intensive farming nor to hand them cow college pamphlets. No, indeed. He proceeded to the posado where the dice were rattling and where the guitars were strumming soft airs of old Madrid, dragged forth the festive farmers and poked them into the pillories until such time as they had become penitently prepared to seize the spade and the hoe and make two blades of corn grow where none had grown before. Fancy an American settler being made to work in such a way! He might have played his pedro or his poker on a rainy day, but he would have fought the weeds when the sun shone.

Yes; what an opportunity for the pioneer out there under the cloudless summer skies, in a temperature that hangs about 70 degrees, with a winter in which no snow falls and less than twenty inches of rain, and with many warm days when one can go about outdoors without a coat or wrap! For such is the climate of the Santa Clara Valley in San Jose and its vicinity—a climate that may be considered ideal in nearly every respect—as good, in fact, as any on the Pacific slope. What! as pleasant as that of Southern California. Nay, believe me, and

do not share the fallacy of outsiders that only in the Southland are to be found ideal thermal conditions. You could not induce an orchardist of the Santa Clara Valley to exchange his lands for any in Southern California, for he knows they are richer, more easily tillable and that they require less irrigation.

As to climate, it must be remembered that in California the isothermal lines run north and south and not east and west, so that latitude cuts little figure. It must be remembered too that the earliest fruits shipped to the east from California are from above the bay—from the fertile sunny Vaca Valley, and that oranges are shipped from the groves north of Tehachapi, from two to four weeks every year before those of Riverside or Los Angeles counties are packed and put aboard the cars. At the present writing the largest lemon grove in the state is near Maxwell, Colusa County, in the upper Sacramento Valley, over 600 miles north of those of Riverside County where frosts occasionally take nearly the whole crop, while in the Colusa groves killing frosts and laboriously operated smudgepots are practically unknown.

In the Santa Clara Valley there are no heavy windstorms and lightning is seldom seen. Oranges and lemons have been grown to such an extent as to warrant the holding of citrus fairs at San Jose, but these products are as little profitable as they are in other sections of California and have not been so extensively grown as the wealth-producing prunes, apricots, peaches, pears and other deciduous fruits.

David Belden, in an article in the "Overland Monthly," says of Santa Clara Valley oranges what might be said of those grown in all the other parts of California, that "while they lack the flavor of those of Tahiti or of Florida, this is because the favored valley does not have the long hot season—the burning days and sweltering nights of those countries." And he adds naively: "I question whether it would be desirable to accept such a climate as the latter, though with it we could secure this single production."

Throughout the year such loveliness of view is to be had in few other districts of California, while in the springtime such a wealth of bloom is not to be found elsewhere in America. Mile after mile spread

"The orchards like white seas,"

to quote Markham, who has also said of the scene in poetic prose:

"In the bright burst of the spring we find here some 128 square miles of orchard, all one trembling sea of bloom, a divine victory of color. . . . The bare branches of winter, swelling softly, have changed from brown to tender garnet. Then at the unseen signal of the goddess of

the fields, millions of blossoms unfurl their first beauty; and, behold, Youth is in the world!"

But if the old pobladores—the enforced farmers and fruiterers—saw any such vision as this in their dreamy lazings while leaning upon the palings of their suertes, they made no haste to realize them.

They were not the stuff of which successful colonists are made. Neither here nor in Los Angeles, where the second pueblo was established in September, 1781, was any real effort made to go forth and subdue the earth and to build a great city.

San Jose and Los Angeles were the only towns that were actually founded in Alta California by the Spanish during their whole regime of over fifty years, and these were so indifferently established and so wretchedly cared for by the settlers themselves that, viewed from any modern standpoint, the experiment of civic colonization was so nearly a failure that one wonders how it ever survived.

In the character of the settlers themselves lay all the trouble. The first ones were indolent, not a few were condemned criminals, looking only for that "good time" which in itself is criminal in a new settlement when carried to such extremes of festivity as were witnessed here. So slow was the growth of San Jose under these hampering conditions that after nearly thirty years of existence as a pueblo, it numbered only 128 persons all told. And even seventy years after its settlement it had become merely an adobe village of about 700 inhabitants—"a town with thousands of ground squirrels burrowing in the plaza and with men and women of all classes engaged in gambling."

The first houses in San Jose were made of sticks and tules, and were mere bowers. Afterward they were replaced by those made of mud bricks, dried in the sun—the "adobes" to which reference has just been made. Under a new Mexican rule each settler was permitted to own but fifty head of cattle. This was not only to encourage agriculture, but also immigration, for in all colonies it has been found that the larger the herds the fewer the people.

Visiting the valley in November, 1792, eighteen years after the Spaniards had played their first guitar there, Vancouver, the explorer, says of it:

"We continued our course parallel to the sea coast, between which and our path the ridge of mountains extended to the southwest, and as we advanced their sides and summits exhibited a high degree of luxuriant fertility, interspersed with copses of various forms and magnitude and verdant spaces encircled with stately trees of different descriptions.

"About noon we arrived at a very pleasant and enchanting lawn, situated amid a grove of trees at the foot of a small hill by which flowed

a very fine stream of excellent water. We had not proceeded far from this delightful spot when we entered a country I little expected to find in these regions. For almost twenty miles it could be compared to a park which had originally been planted with the true old English oak. The underwood had the appearance of being cleared away and had left the stately lords of the forest in complete possession of the soil which was covered with luxuriant herbage and beautifully diversified with pleasing eminences and valleys, which, with the lofty range of mountains that bounded the prospect, required only to be adorned with neat habitations of an industrious people to produce a scene not inferior to the most studied effect of taste in the disposal of grounds."

All of which shows that not only was Vancouver a close observer, but an excellent writer.

He visited San Jose and talked with the Spaniards. They told him they had found the Indians in a state of ignorance and inactivity, for always the pot loves to point out the ebon hue of the kettle. Vancouver went among the savages and noted their habits. He said that they depended upon the temescal, or hot bath, as the remedy for all their ills. The temescal was a sort of sweat-house. It was built somewhat like an oven. Into the sweat-house would enter a naked Indian, who would close up the entrance and build a fire inside. Then he would rub and scratch his skin and dance a wild dance, shouting loudly all the while and working himself into a state of profuse perspiration. After which he would run outside and jump into cold water. This practice is still in vogue among the Indians of California, particularly in Lake County, and it is not to be denied that in some cases the treatment, though heroic, is efficacious, especially where the patient is suffering from a severe cold.

The Indians of the Santa Clara Valley were called Olhones, or Olchones. They were sun-worshippers and believed in a god and a devil. They had bow-and-arrow weapons and also spears. For boats they used tule balsas. They practiced cremation. Their food was chiefly fish and a broth made of ground acorns and other seeds, and nearly all their cooking was done in water-tight baskets. In summer they went about half naked, and in winter they wore little clothing because of the mild climate. They were filthy in their habits, and their mentality was little above that of the wild beasts whom they chased or were chased by in turn.

But they were numerous, and as the padres gazed upon them they had visions. Here were many souls to save. Come, brethren, we must build a mission here in this terrestrial paradise and fit these souls for the paradise celestial!

VIII

THE COMING OF THE GRINGO

BUILDING OF THE SANTA CLARA MISSION—ITS DESTRUCTION BY EARTH-QUAKE—RISING OF A NEW EDIFICE—OUTRAGES BY INDIANS—LAND DISPUTES—FIRST FOREIGN SETTLERS—MEXICAN OCCUPATION OF CALIFORNIA—A THUMB-NAIL WAR AND ITS RESULTS—INDEPENDENT GOVERNMENT.

So by the Rio Guadalupe, in the broad and fertile plain of Santa Clara, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile, they built them still another mission. The site selected was an unlucky one, for it was dangerously near the river bank and liable to inundation. It was the pious Padre Pena of the San Francisco mission who chose the place and he it was who named it after that equally pious maiden of Assisi, the heavenly Santa Clara. This mission was erected in 1777, three years after the establishment of the Pueblo of San Jose and only a few miles from it. Two years later came a turbulent spring freshet, sweeping away some of the mission houses from their foundations and doing other damage. Soon afterward another site was selected, this time on higher ground, and a new church was built, blessed and dedicated to the worship of God and the glorification of the saints.

The new church was the most elaborate yet erected in Alta California. It was picturesque in outline and substantial in detail. But, sad to relate, its architect and builder, Padre Murguía, died and was buried within its walls only four days before its dedication.

By the end of the first year of the ministrations of the padres in the Santa Clara Valley sixty-seven gentiles had been gathered into the fold; also fourteen adults who died that year had professed Christianity upon their deathbeds and had received the last sacrament. Before the close of 1798 all the married neophytes had been gathered into the little mission village, which has been described as the quaintest imaginable, being composed of adobe dwellings, capped with red tiles and with neat little kitchen gardens smiling before them. From the canyons near by the lovely wild rose, sweet with a perfume all its own, had been transplanted by the walls and had clambered almost to the housetops.

In the course of time a double row of willow trees was planted along

the three-mile road running to the pueblo. This road with its umbrageous borders was called the Alameda. It was the route traveled by the pobladores and their families on their way to church of a peaceful Sunday morning; but in wet weather it sometimes became almost impassable, so that the citizens, who were not much given to walking and had few horses, decided to build a chapel of their own, which they did in 1803, and there was no more church-going along the Alameda.

A heavy shock of earthquake tumbled down the walls of the mission church, and as it could not well be repaired, a new one was built in 1825.

You remember Father Crespi, the veracious diarist of the Portola party, and, perhaps, would like to know what became of him. Well, he had remained all these years at the Mission San Carlos, feeding his hungry flock and so depriving himself of all natural comforts as to become wasted and worn. On the last day of the year 1781 his soul took its flight into the Great Beyond, and as the new year was being ushered in his body was committed to the grave, amid the lamentations of his Indian friends who seemed genuinely to love him. Neophytes and soldiers assisted at the funeral services which were long and impressive. So passed a great soul.

The Santa Clara Mission Indians were at the first all from the valley, but later they were gathered in from the whole bay region except Marin, which was naturally tributary to Mission Dolores, in San Francisco. To the despair of the padres, instead of increasing in number, the natives of the valley steadily decreased, and it was necessary to go farther and farther afield for neophytes of the church. The Indians and the pobladores did not find each other congenial company. It was the old and relentless rule of the survival of the fittest, and the fittest appeared to be the Spaniards, though they were not so wonderfully fit.

Like the mission, the pueblo was affected by the repeated risings of the Guadalupe, so that in 1787 the town was removed a short distance south to higher ground, new allotments of land being made to the settlers in some instances.

There began in 1797 and continued for some years a dispute as to the boundary line between San Jose and the Santa Clara Mission. The padres stood upon what they termed their rights which had been infringed upon by the establishment of ranches within mission territory. In a petition to the governor beginning "Vive Jesus!" Fathers Magin, Catala and Viader used trenchant language in declaring that the mission lines should not be overstepped. They said that within the mission were 1,434 Christians and tributary to the church were 4,000 gentiles in the Indian villages, so that all the lands of the mission would be necessary for their subsistence, as it was planned to "distribute to each one his

suerte as they emerge from their savage life and will have to maintain themselves by the product of their labor." There was a long epistolary history ending with the kissing of the hand of his excellency.

But the kissing of his excellency's hand availed the padres nothing for the time. The dispute was not settled and the boundaries not established until July 24, 1801, when stone landmarks were placed between the lands of the pueblo and those of the mission, two years after Father Catala and his 200 Indians had planted the double line of willows along the road linking the two places. The trees were planted thickly and were watered and protected by the Indians until they were higher than a man's head. Wild cattle were on the rampage at times, and the señoras and señoritas were afraid to venture along the roadway afoot until the trees had grown into a sort of hedge that protected them from the beasts.

But the Indians did not get the outlying suertes pleaded for by the padres, so active in their behalf. This caused much indignation among them and almost a revolt. As they saw the lands on which they had encamped for so many years granted to foreigners they rose in their wrath and demanded that there be no more of these usurpations. Their protest, however, carried but little weight. Friends of the governor had to be provided for, and month by month the poor native saw the land upon which he wanted to retain his hut and his dogs passing into the hands of strangers. And so these benighted ones melted away before the advance of the white men, just as their red brethren of other regions had done, and today in the whole Santa Clara Valley you shall find hardly a trace of the happy, dirty race that once roamed this delectable demesne of the old chieftains.

Twelve miles northeast of the pueblo there was established in the year 1797, the quaint little mission of San Jose, and Padres Barcenilla and Merino became the shepherds of the fold there. About that time there was an unusual number of arrows made by the savages in the neighborhood, and this fact gave color to a rumor of a great rising of the Indians, something that had been feared vaguely for years. It turned out that the natives were merely preparing for a big hunt in the mountains. But there was always cause for apprehension and the Spaniards generally went armed.

About six months after the building of the new mission Father Cueva, one of its ministrants, was asked to visit a rancheria and to administer the sacrament to a dying neophyte who was lodged there. Escorted by Maj. Lomo Ignacio Higuera and two soldiers, he rode hastily toward the rancheria which was in the foothills.

Arriving there he found no dying neophyte, but instead was met

by a shower of arrows from the bushes near by. The padre was severely wounded and his horse fell under him, while Higuera and the two soldiers were slain outright. A few friendly Indians who had been receiving Cueva's instructions at the mission went to his assistance and conducted him to a cave where they remained until well after dark when they quietly stole away, the padre, suffering from loss of blood, reaching the mission almost in a state of collapse. Thanks were given to God for his miraculous escape and his wounds were attended to.

Not much is known of the character of the governments of the new pueblos of San Jose and Los Angeles from 1800 to 1840, but it is to be inferred that they were more military than civic, as there could have been no ayuntamiento, or town council, for in the latter year the governor reported to the Departmental Assembly at Monterey that no town in Alta California had 8,000 inhabitants, the number required by the constitution to give it a council.

If one thinks that prohibition of intoxicating liquors in California dates only from 1919 one may be surprised to learn that as far back as the year 1800 there were what amounted to prohibitive laws in this respect. The citizens could not make intoxicants without permission and this was more often withheld than granted in the case of the pobladores, for agriculture and town building, you must remember, had to be encouraged.

So that we find among the archives of those days a time-yellowed document signed by a king's officer of the Province of Monterey, reading as follows:

"The individual, Manuel Higuerra, has permission to make as much as one barrel of peach brandy. NORIEGA.

"Monterey, 19th day of Aug., 1805."

If the sizes of barrels varied in those days as they do now, it is seen that Senor Higuerra's permission carried with it a degree of latitude very pleasing to the confirmed tippler.

The first foreign settler in the Santa Clara Valley was John Gilroy, a Scotchman. He began ranching near the site of the town now bearing his name. Gilroy came in 1814 on an English ship which arrived in that year at Monterey. He died July 26, 1869, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

About the year 1818, three years before the Pueblo of San Jose as well as all California was lost to Spain and became Mexican territory, there came into the valley Antoine M. Sunol, a Hispano-Frenchman, who acquired a large estate and was well and favorably known to the early settlers. Both the Spanish and the Mexican rule favored the foreigner at the first and continued to do so until he increased in numbers and in his tendency toward domination.

Robert Livermore arrived in San Jose in 1816. He afterward removed to the Livermore Valley, about twenty miles northeast of the town. He married a Spanish woman, as did many of the early-coming foreigners, and left a large family and much wealth. Both Livermore town and valley are named for him.

Beginning about 1830, when Mexico ruled California, there were bickerings and strife over land titles in the Santa Clara Valley and these were carried on during the whole period of Mexican occupation. Some of the disputes extended far into the first years of American possession.

The Californians loved the old Spanish rule and were proud of living under the Spanish flag. For years after the Mexicans took possession these old royalists would lift their hats at mention of the king, and the soldiers would say:

"When we served Spain we received our pay; when we serve Mexico it is not so."

Governor Alvarado, who represented the civil, and General Vallejo, the head of the military government, were both secretly in favor of the crown, though high officials of Mexico. Incidentally they were full of jealous hate for each other because of frequent clashes of authority, and each was trying to have the other removed from office.

But when General Micheltorena suddenly arrived in San Diego in August, 1842, vested with both civil and military power, and with plain intent to squelch all traitors and treasons, the two joined with a hastily organized body of insurrectos, who, under General Castro, sallied forth to expel the invader, after having declared California absolutely independent of Mexican rule.

General Micheltorena and his doughty warriors marched to a place about twelve miles south of San Jose where they encamped and sent out word that they were about to administer severe punishment to the rebels unless they desisted from their insurrectionary plans. But the rebels failed to desist, and on learning that the whole country had risen against him, Micheltorena retreated. Still, in November, 1844, he was in possession of San Juan Bautista, which he tried to hold against the Californians. A little later, however, he was overwhelmed by the superior Californian forces and compelled to leave the country, which he did on an American ship which gave him and his men passage to San Blas where they arrived in February, 1845.

Mexico did not give up California and it still remained nominally under Mexican rule, and under a Mexican governor, Pio Pico, the best known of all Spanish political names in California. Jose Castro was selected as general in command of the military forces.

IX

WHAT DANA SAW

HIS PROPHETIC DICTUM AS TO SAN FRANCISCO AND THE BAY REGION—
PROSPERITY OF SAN JOSE—FIRST WAGON TRAIN TO CROSS THE
SIERRA NEVADA—TALES OF OVERLAND TRAVELERS—THEIR HARD-
SHIPS, TRIUMPHS AND LOSSES—GOOD OLD MARTIN MURPHY AND
HIS FREE-HANDED HOSPITALITY.

Now came an influx of Americans. Some of them had traveled by the vague, dangerous and at times desperate overland trail, others through Mexico or by the Isthmus, but most of them by the longer and less hazardous Cape Horn route.

The Santa Clara Valley received the greater number of these immigrants, as it seemed most inviting. There was little in Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was known for a time, to tempt them, for the sandhills seemed incapable of cultivation and unfit for the grazing of cattle, and the pioneers longed for fertile fields and fat kine. Then too many of them had read R. H. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and Dana, it should be remembered, was the original "booster" for San Jose and the Santa Clara Valley. For example, he says in Chapter XXVI of his famous book:

"The mission of San Francisco, near the anchorage, has no trade at all, but that of San Jose, Santa Clara and others situated on large creeks or rivers which run into the bay and distant between fifteen and forty miles from the anchorage, do a greater business in hides than any in California. Large boats, manned by Indians and capable of carrying nearly a thousand hides apiece, are attached to the missions and sent down to the vessels with hides, to bring away goods in return."

But Dana gives San Francisco Bay becoming tribute when he says, in the same chapter:

"We sailed down this magnificent bay with a light wind, the tide which was running out, carrying us at the rate of four or five knots.
* * * We passed directly under the high cliff on which the Presidio is built and stood into the middle of the bay, from whence we could see small bays, making up into the interior on every side, large and beautifully wooded islands and the mouths of several rivers.

"If California ever becomes a prosperous country, this bay will be the center of its prosperity. The abundance of wood and water, the extreme fertility of its shores, the excellence of its climate, which is as near to being perfect as any in the world, and its facilities for navigation, affording the best anchoring grounds in the whole western coast of America, all fit for a place of great importance; and, indeed, it has attracted much attention, for the settlement of 'Yerba Buena,' where we lay at anchor, made chiefly by Americans and English, and which bids fair to become the most important place on the coast, at this time began



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849

to supply traders, Russian ships and whalers, with their stores of wheat and frijoles."

And, mind you, this was written in 1835, fifteen years before the great gold rush. Prophet Dana's dream came true long before the year 1920 when one-third of the population of the second largest state in the union found itself clustered about the Bay of San Francisco.

Among those Americans who came to California and into the Santa Clara Valley between the years 1843 and 1850 were such locally well known men as Martin Murphy, Dr. John Townsend, Moses Schallenger, Thomas Hudson, John Conness, Thomas Fallon and Julius Martin.

Martin Murphy's party was the first to succeed in getting wagons over the Sierras. Others had driven across the plains in hundreds of wheeled vehicles, with horses and oxen, but the thirteen wagons driven through the rough mountain passes between what are now California and Nevada were the first to arrive in the Santa Clara Valley by the overland route. Martin Murphy was of the stuff of which true pioneers

are made. He was one of the most interesting characters that ever lived in the valley. He was the head of a large family of descendants, many of whom still live in San Jose and environs. Murphy was born in Ireland in 1785. He lived a long and worthy life and died in the house of his daughter, Margaret Kell, near San Jose, in 1865, in his eightieth year.

In his perilous trip across the plains and over the mountains, Murphy had many adventures with Indians and wild animals along the way. From Donner Lake up to the summit was a hard trek for the oxen hauling the wagons, and at times it seemed that it would be impossible to proceed any farther. There were two feet of snow in the pass and no road whatever. All the wagons were unloaded and the freight was carried up the steep mountain side. When half way up the travelers came to a huge vertical rock over ten feet high. Here, it seemed, was the end of the journey for the wagons, but after a tedious search the party found a cleft in the rock that was wide enough to permit of the passage of the oxen in single file. Beyond the rock the yokes were replaced on the necks of the beasts. Then long, stout chains were attached to the wagon tongues and pulled over the rock. The oxen tugged at the chains, the men put their shoulders to the wheels, and by mighty efforts all the wagons were, after hours of labor amid the deep snow, gotten over the ugly barrier.

Soon the party was looking down upon Lake Tahoe. Though they did not know it, they were the first white people who had ever gazed upon that lovely body of water. They were twenty-one days in reaching the Sacramento Valley and on the way they suffered great hardships, being on short rations and nigh to starvation.

A story is related by H. S. Foote which testifies as to their privations. Mr. Foote says:

"One morning Mr. Murphy rode back over the trail to see if he could find any trace of an ox that had been lost on the march, while Schallenberger and Dennis Martin went hunting for something to eat. Returning empty-handed, they decided to kill a horse. Accordingly Neil drove the band as near to camp as possible and Schallenberger shot a fine, fat, two-year-old filly. Murphy did not arrive until the meat had been dressed and was roasting before the fire. He had been unsuccessful in his search and was delighted to find that the boys had succeeded in securing food.

"With his face glowing with pleasure in anticipation of the feast, he inquired:

"'Who killed the heifer?'"

"One of the party pointed to Schallenberger, and, patting him on the shoulder, Murphy exclaimed:

"'Good boy! But for you we might all have starved.'

"When the meat was cooked he ate of it, dilating eloquently upon its juicy tenderness and fine flavor, which, he said, surpassed that of any meat he ever had tasted. About the time he had satisfied his appetite, James Miller, his brother-in-law, drew out the filly's mane from behind a log, exhibited it to Murphy and asked him to see what queer horns they had taken from the heifer. Murphy's stomach immediately rebelled and he returned to the ground the dinner he had eaten with so much relish, saying when he had recovered from his paroxysm that he thought he had detected a peculiarly bad taste about that meat. Never, by any artifice, could he be tempted to taste horseflesh again."

When the party reached the Feather River, Capt. John A. Sutter ferried them across and the vaqueros gave them a fat cow. Then for the first time in months they enjoyed a "good square meal." Ferryman Sutter, by the way, was that same Sutter who built on the site of the future city of Sacramento the famous Sutter's Fort, and it was at his mill on the American River that the great discovery was made a few years later that peopled California with a rush.

Soon after his arrival in the Santa Clara Valley Murphy bought for the oft-quoted song the Ojo del Agua rancho, south of San Jose near what was afterward known as the Twenty-One Mile House. Here he prospered. He built a chapel on his ranch which he named San Martin. His house was beside the best-traveled road in California at the time, and its door was always open to the wayfarer. He became a very popular man and was known to the whole countryside. When he died it was a signal for mourning throughout the whole state. Courts adjourned, business was suspended and the funeral procession was a long and notable one. During the last few years of his life he lived in San Francisco, making occasional visits to his family in the valley. It is said of Martin Murphy that his liberal hospitality, his inflexible integrity, his warm heart and his sympathy for the needy, won the friendship of all who knew him. His name will long be remembered in the vale of Santa Clara.

Murphy's life in California was typical of that of the generous, open-handed pioneers. They were not niggardly. If they had a dollar it was as much yours as theirs. If you were ill they would minister to you. And always they were ready to repeat their kindly acts even though they were occasionally imposed upon by those unworthy of their friendly aid.

But the Americans were afforded plenty of fine examples of hospitality by the Spanish people of California, and perhaps the lay civilians of both

races learned openhandedness, in their turn, from the padres. For though the missions very commonly served as hotels, the priests never thought of asking payment for food or lodging, nor did the ranchers, who may have copied their generosity and at any rate, often exceeded it; for at the ranchos there was generally kept a little store of gold known by the family as "guest money," and it was the regular practice to leave a small pile of uncounted coins in a visitor's bedchamber, from which, if he had need of ready money, he might freely help himself. It would have been an insult to his host, however slight the acquaintance, to have offered him or his wife any pay for bed or supper, but if he did not say to the lady of the house on departing, "*Muchas gracias, señora,*" he would be considered a brutal ingrate.

X

THE EAST BAY TOWNS

BEGINNINGS OF OAKLAND, SAN LORENZO, ALAMEDA, MARTINEZ AND BENICIA—MISSION OF SOLANO—COMING OF THE RUSSIANS—VALLEJO'S WATCHFUL WAITING—AN ERA OF MEXICAN ANXIETY—FORT ROSS AND ITS CHAPEL—AN UNSUCCESSFUL COLONY—END OF THE MENACE OF THE SLAV.

All about the bay there were sporadic signs of settlement up to 1849, yet the white population was growing but slowly. Here and there were squatters along the bay shore, but rarely did these ever get real possession of the land, except in the neighborhood of San Lorenzo, the American name for which was Squattersville.

One may judge of the sparsity of population of Contra Costa County from which the County of Alameda had not yet been segregated, when it is stated that the authorities did not consider it worth while to take a census until 1850. Then it was found that the whole county had but 722 white inhabitants. Santa Clara County had at the same time 3,502 people, but by 1852 there were in Contra Costa County 2,745, of whom 2,195 were males and 550 females.

Meantime the towns of Martinez, Oakland and San Lorenzo had sprung up. Martinez was the largest of these, being the first and for a long time the most progressive town in the county. However, this is not a very important statement, for in all these little villages there were no more than 400 white people, even three years after the gold rush.

A town had been laid off on the north shore of the Strait of Carquinez which in the opinion of many influential people was soon to be the metropolis of California. Two wealthy business men, Thomas O. Larkin and Charles D. Semple, had purchased a tract from Gen. M. G. Vallejo on a jutting strip of land that extended out toward tide water. There was an excellent anchorage there and the climate was milder in summer than that of Yerba Buena on the peninsula. This new town was at first called Francesa, that being the name of General Vallejo's wife. The good people of Yerba Buena, which by this time had gotten beyond the village era, and was daily assuming more importance as a trading and shipping center, became alarmed when this name of Francesca was

bestowed upon the rival town. It seemed to them like an appropriation of the name of the bay and the Presidio. So they appealed to the alcalde of Yerba Buena, as there was at that time no town council, to change the name to one that should give outsiders a better impression of the place and at the same time be of more sweeping significance. In other words, they suggested the name of "San Francisco." The alcalde published a decree to that effect, greatly to the annoyance of the projectors of Francesca, who had to look for another name in order to preserve their identity. So they chose that of Benicia, the beautiful second baptismal name of Señora Vallejo. At that time the town existed only on paper, but it soon began to take shape and grew apace, until San Francisco was more than ever concerned for its laurels. From an old pamphlet telling the story of the town by the strait, the following is gleaned:

"Benicia rose as a rival to San Francisco prior to the gold discovery, on the strength of its superior advantages in possessing a fine harbor at the head of ocean navigation and nearer to the gold fields, a beautiful and salubrious site and a position central and of easy access to rivers and tributary valleys. Encouraged subsequently by becoming the military and naval headquarters and the depot of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the population rose by 1850 to 1,000, the place obtaining the dignity of a city and county seat."

But the "superior advantages" were not appreciated by the fleets that came into the bay in 1849, for they cast anchor and discharged their passengers and cargoes at the city near the Golden Gate. In the year before Benicia boasted nearly a score of buildings and 200 lots had been sold by Larkin and Semple. General Smith selected a site for a barracks and arsenal near the town and, according to Sherman's Memoirs, Benicia was recognized as the military and naval headquarters.

It is not my purpose to tell the story of any of the towns about the bay in full chronological sequence, but to carry the history of the whole bay region forward a little at a time, the first period to be considered being that of the earliest annals up to the gold rush of 1850.

Up to that year there was so little of actual settlement by the Spanish or Americans in what are now known as Napa, Sonoma and Marin counties, which border the bay on the north, as hardly to warrant detailed narrative. The Russians had, in 1812, formed a small settlement ten miles north of the Russian River on Bodega Bay. The site was purchased from the Indians, so the story goes, for "three blankets, three pairs of breeches, three hoes, two axes and some trinkets." Which is quite believable, for these Russians were fur traders, and of the same class of tricksters as that American fur trading company, a "buyer" for

which would take a cheap trade musket and, planting the butt on the ground, would demand and receive for it from the innocent natives a stack of valuable furs reaching as high as the muzzle.

Fort Ross, thirty miles to the north of Bodega Bay and sixty-five miles from San Francisco, was soon afterward established by the Russians. This fort, with blockhouses and a strong stockade became the residence of the so-called Russian governor and was the chief stronghold of the Slavic settlers during their stay in California.

The main object of these settlements was to afford a food supply by the farming of the rich lands along the coast at those places and to develop stations for procuring and handling the skins of seals, otters and beavers.

Here at last was realized the menace of the Bear, so long apprehended by the Spanish crown. To be sure, what may be called the spiritual occupation of California had been completed by the establishment of the chain of missions from San Diego north to San Francisco, but military occupation was another thing, and it was going to be necessary to bring in larger forces.

It was not until 1824 that the Mission of Solano, north of the bay, was established by the padres. This was the last and the feeblest of their efforts in that line, but in time it became an essential stronghold for military occupancy. Here Spain set her foot down with no uncertainty. She was determined to check the encroachments of the Muscovites and check them she did. A military outpost was established near the mission of Solano, and the Slav, who had extended his dominion many miles to the north, never pushed it any farther to the south.

But while the Russians were in California—a matter of three decades altogether—they improved their time and prospered, not only securing many valuable furs, but supporting themselves in the meantime by farming, tilling the soil, by lumbering and other industries. At first they planted only vegetables and grains, but afterward they grew grapes and other fruits in abundance. Vallejo reported in 1837 that the foreigners had on the lands about Fort Ross 700 horses, 800 cattle, 2,000 sheep and 60 swine. They had built flour mills and sawpits and also had a small shipyard. With luxuriant redwood forests near at hand, they had little difficulty in producing good lumber and hauling it down to the sea shore.

The sanguinary battles with the Slavs, conjured in the minds of the Spanish warriors, never were fought. The objects of the Bear seemed peaceful enough, and he probably never sent to the Californian coast more than 700 or 1,000 of his people. Within the stout walls of Fort Ross was a Greek chapel, built of wood and in marked contrast with the imposing edifices erected by the padres.

After thirty years the industries of the place fell off and the inhabitants were nearly ready to take their leave of California. This they did soon after 1839 in which year Capt. John A. Sutter, who was laying plans for the foundation of a town at Sacramento, bartered with them for their personal goods and chattels, with the result that, as John Bidwell says: "Sutter bought them all out—cattle and horses, a little vessel of about twenty-five tons burden, called a launch, and other property, including forty-odd pieces of old rusty cannon and one or two small brass pieces, with a quantity of old French flintlock muskets pronounced by Sutter to be of those lost by Bonaparte in 1812 in his disastrous retreat from Moscow. This ordnance Sutter conveyed up the Sacramento River on the launch to his colony."

The Russians lingered at Fort Ross, minus ordnance and many of their former worldly goods, until 1841. In that year they completely abandoned their lands and their houses and sailed away. For forty years their old dwellings inside the fort and the little chapel where they were wont to worship after a manner strange to the padres of the missions, remained untenanted and almost unvisited, save by the Indians, who, however, did not devastate the place, this being left to the hand of time. Had it not been for the work of the landmark lovers during recent years Russian occupancy in California would be known only through the pages of history, for save the old guns at Sutter's Fort, all material evidence of it would have disappeared.

Coming back to the beginnings of settlement along the east shore of the bay, where we already have noted the existence of the hamlets of Oakland, San Lorenzo and Martinez—for they were little else prior to 1852—it is sufficient to say that the settlement of Americans in the Contra Costa District was discouraged by the fact that the land was all covered by great Spanish grants. The chief of these, which included a domain of five leagues, was the San Antonio Rancho which had been granted to Don Luis Peralta in 1820. It was on the Peralta lands that Oakland and her neighboring cities eventually were built.

Another large grant was of Los Tularcitos Rancho, partly in Alameda and partly in Santa Clara counties. This was granted to Jose Higuerra on October 4, 1821, by Governor Don Pablo Vicente de Sola. Then there was the San Leandro grant of four square leagues, which went to Jose Joaquin Estudillo in 1842.

Only one foreigner was given grant on the Contra Costa side of the bay. To William Welch, an Irishman, was granted Las Juntas on Carquinez Strait, on which the first county town was built. But because of his having a Spanish wife, Robert Livermore was able to get possession of two square leagues of land. Mrs. Livermore's brother, Jose Noriega,

was a man of influence and he helped Livermore to obtain possession of the beautiful Livermore Valley, back of Oakland.

The next American to get a foothold in the Contra Costa was Dr. John Marsh, who came in 1836 and bought Los Medanos in 1840.

Then came Elam Brown. Elam had brought gold enough to buy the Acalanes Rancho of one league, granted in 1834 to Candelario Valencia, and he settled upon it in 1847.

J. B. Alvarado, Mexican governor of California from 1836 to 1842, for whom the town of Alvarado, first county seat of Alameda, was named, lived for a long time at San Pablo, to the north of the present site of Berkeley.

Peralta could not keep the squatters off his land, though he made strenuous efforts to do so. His failure proved eventually to be a good thing for Oakland, for that town was at the first, mainly built by them. The squatters, mostly men of thrift, located upon the most desirable sections of the town and were mainly instrumental in giving the place a good start and in procuring town and city charters.

San Francisco was growing apace and the slopes and plains of the Contra Costa had not failed to attract the projectors of metropolitan cities, but the bay was too shallow on the eastern side to afford good harbor facilities, which was probably the main reason why Oakland did not become established at an earlier period than Yerba Buena. But many of the newcomers to San Francisco did not fancy the idea of building their homes on the bare sand dunes or the steep hillsides. Besides they considered the price of city lots on the peninsula too high. Why not go over to Contra Costa and get a big lot for nothing?

So a rush of squatters set in for Oakland, headed by three lawyers, A. J. Moon, Horace W. Carpentier and E. Adams. These men did not heed the remonstrances of the Peralta family to whom the land had been granted, but seized upon rich sections of it, including timber and cattle. Hard pressed by the sheriff who was determined to uphold the rights of the Peraltas, the three lawyers hit upon a happy expedient: They would lease the land and eventually gain complete possession of it in that way. This was done, and the lawyers and their associate squatters settled down upon the land and never were removed from it. A squatter cloud rested upon many lots in Oakland for years, but was finally settled by the courts on a compromise basis, all outstanding claims being bought at nominal rates by the settlers.

The three other contiguous towns, Brooklyn, Alameda and Berkeley, were of much later genesis. Brooklyn, which was annexed to Oakland in 1872 and is now an integral part of the eastbay metropolis, was only a landing for the lumber cutters in the redwoods five miles inland. This

was just before the gold rush. The dwelling of the Peralta brothers stood close by the landing and a Frenchman had a dairy there. J. B. Larue had squatted across the ravine near a place known as San Antonio landing where he constructed a wharf, and a settlement gradually rose known as San Antonio, after the channel and rancho.

XI

STORIES OF THE PASTORAL AGE

A CLERICAL EDICT AGAINST WALTZING, TO THE EXCLUSION OF THE FANDANGO, AND WHAT CAME OF IT—HOW A COMMANDANTE ESCAPED A BEATING—SOCIAL LIFE OF THE '40s, WHEN EVERYBODY RODE, DANCED AND SANG—A TALE OF TAME WILD GEESSE AND ANOTHER OF THE LAST CALIFORNIAN BULLFIGHT.

As the reader must see, what is imminent now in this history, after so many intimations as to its advent, is the great gold rush of 1849-50.

But before we scramble with that wild company to the foothills and the placers, and wade knee-deep in the turbulent tide of rivers that ran yellow and red with slickens from the mines, let us breathe deeply and peacefully and look about us upon the placid scenes of the old pastoral life of California ere it was taken possession of by the hectic crowd who dreamed of naught but gold. Also let us look at that footnote of history, strangely styled "the Bear Flag War." For in both of these we shall see the real character of the old Hispano-American people and learn of the lives they led before

"The miners tore the yellow earth
To bare its secret gold."

And to bring a fever upon all these quiet lands, so loved of the sun and the blue sky, to chase away the timid deer and to hush the songs of the birds.

We shall see what California was and what it would have continued to be for many a year but for this influent tide of souls inflamed by the lust of gold.

Once upon a time, so the story goes—it was probably in the early '30s—a certain Capt. John Cooper of Boston sailed his schooner into the Bay of Monterey, bringing with him some festive American friends, who tried to dance the fandango with the Spanish girls, gave it up as a hard job and began to show them how to waltz. Now waltzing was something entirely new and strange to the señoritas, and also it was very fascinating. It was not long before the young people at the Presidio and also at the pueblo of San Jose and all the ranchos thereabout

were whirling about the dancing floors to the seductive one-two-three music of the violins, guitars and castanets which was as seductive to their ears and to their feet as the "jazz" of the present day is to our modern dancers.

They waltzed every night and they kept on waltzing. It was not long before the oldtime steps, the jota, the contradanza and the fandango were discarded, and the whole countryside was swinging about with wild abandon in the giddy mazes of the new dance.

The friars of the missions heard about these strange new doings, went to see them and threw up their hands in holy horror. They told the young people the dance was a device of the devil to slay souls and that they must shun it as they would the plague. But their protests



THE BEAR FLAG

were not of the slightest avail. They might as well have ordered the wind to cease blowing. Petticoats and bespangled trousers continued to whirl.

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!"

But there came a day when it looked as though joy would be jailed for a considerable period. The Bishop of Sonora had been appealed to by the priests and he had issued a solemn edict, threatening with excommunication all who waltzed, either publicly or privately. The dancers were beset by two strong emotions—the fear of eternal hell fire and their obsessive desire to waltz.

On the night that the edict was posted on the mission door Commandante Jose Maria Estudillo was giving a party at the Presidio of Monterey and no less a person than the governor was present, together with his good wife. Now the governor—it was Luis Arguello—had none of that petty jealousy of foreigners or their ways which characterized many of the Spanish-speaking people of California, and when an appeal

was made to him as to whether the edict should be obeyed or not he said to the young folks:

"I am not a bishop nor an archbishop, nor have I any jurisdiction over dancing; but if I knew how to waltz and felt like waltzing, I should waltz as much as I pleased."

"Bravo!" cried the crowd on the floor when they heard the governor's pronouncement, and in a moment the musicians were hard at it with one-two-three again, and everybody in the sala was spinning as madly as ever.

So the priests gave it up, and the devil had his way.

This same Luis Arguello had had several previous tussles with churchly and secular authority. One of these was when, as a young man, he was commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco. Some of the buildings of the Presidio having fallen into decay, he sent word to Governor Sola at Monterey that a requisition should be issued for their repair. He waited a long time, but Monterey was over 120 miles away and the governor was more concerned at the moment with pirates who were said to be prowling off the coast. Becoming weary at the delay, Arguello secured the aid of an English carpenter and went with him and some soldiers in a launch to Corte Madera near the Marin shore, to procure timber with which to make the repairs. This was done, but when the governor heard of the proceeding he became infuriated. He ordered Arguello to Monterey immediately and sent a guard to seize the launch and hold it against further acts of high-handed insubordination.

Arguello was a dashing rider and he set out for Monterey hotfoot, his horses covering, with relays, fifteen miles an hour. He hardly stopped to rest or to eat in all the long journey, which was the more arduous because of the fact that one of his horses stumbled under him, fell and injured its rider's leg. Finally arriving at Monterey, very tired and limping on a painful limb, Arguello hastened to the governor's mansion. At the door he discarded the stick upon which he had been leaning and supporting himself on his sword limped into the mighty presence. He found the crabbed old governor at breakfast. That grave dignitary frowned at the young man's dusty, travel-stained, unsoldierly figure.

"So," he growled, "you have come! I demand an explanation of your abominable breach of discipline!"

"Well, your excellency," replied Luis, looking about for a chair, though he had not been asked to occupy one, "I think I have made it plain that I and my officers and our families are dwelling in decaying hovels. Why should I wait any longer for a requisition? I did not wish to burden you by repeated requests, so I attended to the matter myself and saved you the trouble."

The governor gave another growl and in his rage he seized his staff with which he often, like another Napoleon, had beaten not only his servants, but the officers of his guard. Another man of those times and in that place would have bowed to the storm and have taken the beating without resistance, but Arguello stood up boldly and struck an attitude of defense. The governor's eye caught sight of the sword. He paused in his onslaught.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "Have you drawn your sword on me, your governor?"

"No, your excellency," explained Arguello very coolly. "It only means that my leg is injured and that I am using my sword as a cane. It also means that I, being a soldier and a man of honor, do not intend for one moment to let you or any other man chastise me."

Sola gazed at the commandante in bewilderment for a while, hardly knowing what to do. Then he dropped his staff and came forward with hands outstretched.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Yours is the bearing of a soldier. I would have your friendship. Beatings are only for the scamps that deserve them."

Arguello took the great man's hand and soon was sitting down with him to breakfast. When the governor visited San Francisco soon afterward he expressed satisfaction with the work of repairs at the Presidio and there was no further friction between him and the young commandante.

Many an apocryphal tale of those times is told by Gertrude Atherton and other story tellers, but only here and there in the Spanish archives does one light upon aught but records of dry-as-dust history. There was a period of forty years in which nothing in particular happened save the building of an occasional mission or the killing of an occasional Spaniard by one of those children of sin, the aborigines.

It was a gay, indolent time among the colonists, whose main idea of settlement was that of settling down to a card table or at a bullfight and puffing an endless number of cigarettes. Yet there is much to be said for the pastoral life of Alta California before the nervous, energetic Yankees made their appearance in numbers sufficient to thrust aside Spanish tradition and otherwise to disturb the tranquillity of Spanish thought. Guadalupe Vallejo, a member of one of the well-known Spanish families, has written with warmth and color of that Golden Age:

"It seems to me that there never was a more peaceful and happy people upon the face of the earth than the Spanish, Mexican and Indian population of Alta California before the American conquest. We were the pioneers of the Pacific Coast, building towns and missions while General Washington was carrying on the war of the Revolution, and we

often talk together of the days when a few hundred large ranches and mission tracts occupied the whole country from the Pacific to the San Joaquin. No class of Americans is more loyal than the Spanish Californians, but we shall always be especially proud of the traditions and memories of the long pastoral age before 1840."

They were a care-free people. They had more holidays than any other folk on the planet and they entered into them with none of that spirit of the English, who are said to take their pleasures sadly, but with a wholeheartedness that is characteristic of the Latin. Both men and women were almost invariably good riders and spent most of their time in the saddle, though many of their rides were aimless enough; any excuse was sufficient if it took them somewhere out into the open. One can well imagine what they would have done with automobiles and good roads. They would probably have lived on the highway.

Good riding was expected of every one, as a matter of course, and the caballero or vaquero who could not pick up a hat at a gallop was not in the running with his fellow knights of the saddle.

One of the features of the social life of that period was the occasional gathering in connection with the rodeo when many cattle were rounded up and driven in from the ranges to be separated and branded. Barbecues often were held at the rodeos and there was plenty of fat beef, of wine and of good cheer. Then followed the fandango, a dance in which old and young took part, keeping it up for hours. "So constant was the dancing," writes one observer of those times, "that it seemed as though the higher class of young people were either riding or dancing all the time."

A wedding was always followed by a grand fandango, which was continued all night long. There was usually a wedding march into and out of the chapel, every man and woman appearing in his best attire and gay with color. The bride would then mount a frisky steed, the groom would leap up behind her and away they would ride at a fast gallop, scattering the dust on the king's highway.

Then there were the horse races and the bullfights. The races were spirited and keen and the bets placed upon favorite horses were often large, so that many a bag of gold changed hands among the caballeros.

There is something in the Spanish nature that makes bullfighting not only condonable, but acceptable and enjoyable. To say the least, it is a fierce kind of joy that such amusement brings to the human heart. To a really sensitive nature such sport is repugnant, but there are many things in our civilization which we pass without a shudder though they are more cruel than bullfights. For example, child labor, which never has been successfully dealt with by our legislators, though it is not in vogue among

most of what we consider the savage races. For it was an Indian chieftain from South Dakota who, after he had seen all the sights of Manhattan, and was asked what was the most remarkable thing he had witnessed, replied, "Little children working."

Bullfighting was not confined to the pastoral period of California, but was continued for some years after the American possession. Up to 1854 there was bullfighting in the plaza at San Jose, though always under Spanish auspices. These shows were held on Sundays and drew large crowds of Americans, though there were those citizens among them who deprecated the performances and tried to discourage their attendance. As a rule, the bull stood but little chance for his life, but occasionally he made his tormentors pay dearly for their temerity in attacking him. There were some very clever exhibitions when the Spanish swordsmen and the bulls entered the arena. For the most part the bullfighters were adept, agile and valiant, and mere bovine ferocity was no match for them. Often the fight would be a protracted one, and again the toreador would make his killing after a few feints and lunges.

Then there were bear and bullfights such as Wall Street never has seen. In these fierce encounters the bear was tethered by a chain about eight feet long and could not pursue the bull about the arena; but even so, he often had the better of the fight.

When released from his pen the bull would dart at the bear which stood with upraised paw and extended jaws to receive him. On springing forward the bull would lower his horns, but often he was not able to gore the bear, for a knock upon the side of the head with a huge paw would make vain the assault. The shocks of battle were terrific and blood flowed freely. If the bear secured his favorite hold upon the bull, which was by the tongue, it was all over with Taurus. Sometimes, to equalize the struggle, the hind foot of the bear would be tied to the forefoot of the bull. This made the sport extremely exciting and it was of longer duration, but in most instances the bear, perhaps because of his superior intelligence or better fighting maneuvers, would gain and keep the advantage and leave the bull weltering in his gore.

The custom was continued, as I have said, until 1854, when the Legislature of the State of California adopted an "act to prevent noisy and barbarous amusements on the Sabbath." It would seem that this law would not have stopped the sport on days other than Sundays, but that appeared to be the only acceptable time for it, and so the bloody practice lapsed.

The Spaniards held only one more bullfight in California after the passage of the new law. This was at San Juan Bautista at the southern end of Santa Clara Valley. There was a Doctor Wiggins, a pioneer of '42

to whom the Spaniards often went for advice. They wanted to hold the tournament at San Juan and so they asked him if they could safely do so.

"Go on with your bullfight," advised the Doctor sagely. "They can do nothing to you. This is an act to prevent noisy and barbarous amusements on the Sabbath. If they arrest you, you will be entitled to trial by jury who will have to find three things—first that a bullfight is noisy; that they will find against you; second, that it is barbarous; this they will find against you; and third, that it is an amusement; this they will never find in Christ's time."

One suspects that there was a bit of satire in the Doctor's words, but the Spaniards did not detect it. They went on with their show, and were severely fined by the judge. This was the last of bullfighting in California.

But the fandango and other purely Spanish amusements continued long after American occupancy. In fact fandangoes were among the chief amusements in old San Jose for many a year. They were indulged in not only by the Mexicans, but by those gay American "sports", who loved to whirl the mantilla-hooded maidens about the waxed floor of the pavilion where the castanets clacked and the guitars vibrated upon the calm night air.

One of the best sports was hunting. There was an abundance of wild game—antelopes, deer, elks, bears of the black, cinnamon and grizzly varieties, and all manner of wild fowl, chief of these being ducks, geese, doves and quails. Fishing was easy sport in brook, river, lake and bay. How the patient angler for speckled trout would have loved to flip his fly over some of the streams in the neighborhood of the bay in those days when these game little fish were leaping in many a pool!

As for wild geese, even to this day California affords greater sport in the shooting of these fowl than any other state, and yet they are far more wary than of old, to judge by the story told by W. H. Thomes who wrote of his hunting adventures in the Santa Clara Valley in the early '40s. Thomes has this to say of the geese of those days:

"Then I saw two or three thousand wild geese, feeding near the pond or lake and making much noise with their complaints and honks. I thought it would be fun to dash into their midst and see them take to flight. But to my surprise they did not seem to care for me or my horse, being accustomed to seeing the latter in immense runs, feeding on the plains.

"When I was close upon them they parted to the right and the left, and waddled out of the way, aided by their wings, and simply hissed at me for disturbing them in feeding, and would not move except for a rod or two. They could not have acted more stupidly if they had been hatched in a barnyard in Rhode Island and were waiting for their daily supply of corn."

In those days San Jose had an alcalde named Meade who afterward became a noted criminal lawyer, but whose ideas of dispensing justice during his term of office were peculiar, though he was not the only judge in early times whose rule was short shrift for the culprit. In a marked and sometimes picturesque degree, Meade allowed his prejudices to warp his judgment. For example, he hated cigarettes and cigarette smokers. Also he hated Mexicans. Before him was arraigned one Jose Gonzales, charged with stealing a horse. After hearing what the prisoner had to say for himself, Meade questioned him as follows:

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Si, senor," came the unwitting reply.

"Do you roll them, pouring the tobacco into the paper, so?" illustrating.

"Si, senor," answered the prisoner.

"Do you reroll the cigarette, bend it in the middle and when smoking blow the smoke through your nose?" pursued the judge.

"Si, senor."

"Then I find you guilty as charged, and may God have mercy on your soul!" said the alcalde solemnly. Turning to the constable he said, "Take the fellow out and shoot him. He stole the horse sure enough."

So many lives have been sacrificed by whisky-drinking that it is a pleasure to note one that was saved by it, even though indirectly.

A Mexican was arrested, charged with stealing the horse he was riding. The man who claimed the animal and who complained against the Mexican was a stranger and an American. In very short order a lynching court was established, a jury impaneled and the culprit brought before it for trial. The jury heard the evidence and then adjourned to a bar, where each took a bracer. After retiring to the shade of a tree to deliberate upon the testimony, a motion was made to hang the culprit and it was carried unanimously. The jury then walked toward the bar again, each apparently satisfied with the verdict to be rendered to the court.

On the way one of the jurymen glanced over to where the prisoner stood with a most dejected air, in the custody of two armed men. A wave of sympathy swept over the juror.

"Boys," he suggested, "that horse ain't worth ten dollars, and I don't think we ought to hang a man, even a greaser, for that small sum. Why not whip him and turn him loose?"

"Well, Sam," said the foreman of the jury, "we'll think about it. Go get a bottle of Jim's forty-rod and we'll go back to the tree and talk it over."

Sam procured the bottle and the jury discussed its pungent contents as well as the case against the Mexican, concluding after a time to let the man off with a whipping.

But Sam was not altogether satisfied, though he had voted for the new verdict. So he went and got another bottle of whiskey and while he and his fellow jurors were drinking it, he remarked that they had only the strange American's word against that of the Mexican, and that a decent, self-respecting white man would be ashamed to own such a horse as that anyway. So once more the jury paused to deliberate.

Sam fetched another bottle of whiskey, after drinking which the jury decided to render a verdict of "not guilty," which was done.

As soon as he was released the Mexican sprang upon the horse and with a hasty "Adios, amigos!" sped away in a cloud of dust. He was afraid to remain and risk the passing of still another verdict.

It was remarkable that though they lived in houses made of adobes and without other floors than the clean-swept earth, the people of the old pastoral days managed to keep themselves acceptably clean, which they did in most cases, while women of any rank whatever were never seen in soiled gowns nor aught but spotless linen. The señoritas wore the fanciest of fancy silk, velvet, linen or cotton dresses while going about their daily duties. They were fond of laces which they often made themselves and they were as careful of their coiffures as any city maiden of today. But when they went to church they laid aside all finery and appeared in a sort of plain uniform of black, with black mantillas over their heads, for they had been taught by the priests that "all ranks of men and women are equal in the eyes of God." Those ladies of today who are ashamed to attend church because they have "nothing to wear" might well receive like instruction, along with their overdressed church-going sisters.

Yet, with all their religious teaching there was probably to be found among those people of the old romantic days as much vice and crime as in any subsequent period of California history. Horse and cattle stealing, thievery of many sorts, gambling and drinking were common enough and it is not of record that chastity was more commonly practiced than it is today. Save by the priesthood, however, there was little attempt to regulate the elemental passions, the absolute subjection of which was left to the reformers of a later age.

There was a sad tendency on the part of some of the early American arrivals, particularly those of the seafaring life who had run away from their ships at Monterey, to make too free with the señoras.

One day a Mexican drove in from the foothills and gave himself up to the alcalde, who happened to be an American.

"What's your offense?" asked the officer sternly.

"I killed a man, señor."

"How did you kill him?"

"I chased him on my horse, lassoed and stabbed him. So!" He gave a lunge with his closed right hand.

"An Indian?"

"No, *senor*; an *Americano*."

"An American? It will go hard with you. The murder of an American is a mighty serious offense in the eyes of the law."

"Si, *senor*; but he stole my wife."

"Oh, that is different. He stole your wife. Well, American or no American, he got his deserts. You may go."

The slayer was about to depart. He had one foot in the stirrup when the *alcalde* asked him:

"Did you get your wife back again?"

"No, *senor*," replied the man sadly. "I no want her now." Then his face brightened. "But I know where I can get a new wife."

"All right. Go get her and I'll marry you pronto."

The caballero dashed away and returned in half an hour with a pretty *senorita*, to whom the *alcalde* married him with few words. Then he gave the couple his blessing and they sped away, both riding the same horse.

Yes, the unwritten law was as much in effect then as now, and it was more prompt in its operations. Consider the time saved in the instance just quoted, and then see how our expensive jury trials drag along, and yet, in such a case, nearly always with the same result.

As for the influence of the Mission padres upon the social life of the day, while it made itself felt at times, there is no denying that it was stronger with the natives than with the Spanish element; and yet had that influence been withdrawn altogether and nothing of a religious or moral nature been substituted for it, we may be sure that crime would have been far more frequent and terrible than it was. Methinks that the missions still have their influence, for one may not gaze upon crumbling mission wall or broken belfry today in California without a feeling of reverence for them and what they stood for in the olden days—what they represented of faith, of the fear of God, of patient labor, of endurance and of flagellant piety. And when one hears the Angelus sounding from one of those mission towers restored to a semblance of their former picturesque simplicity one is reminded of Bret Harte and his song:

Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance!

I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,

As down the coast the mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,
The white Presidio,
The swat commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

O solemn bells, whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O tinkling bells that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

XII

DAYS OF INTRIGUE AND REVOLT

RESULT OF THE SECULARIZATION OF THE MISSIONS—HONEST GOVERNOR FIGUEROA AND HIS LESS HONEST SUCCESSORS—PIO PICO, "PACIFIST"—COMMODORE JONES RAISES THE AMERICAN FLAG AT MONTEREY AND PULLS IT DOWN AGAIN—ANNEXATION IN THE AIR—MANIFEST DESTINY OF CALIFORNIA.

When in 1813 Spain ordered the secularization of the missions and they passed out of the hands of the padres and into the hands of the state, it was thought by the civil authorities that there would be a great improvement in their administration and that the population of Alta California would speedily increase.

Neither one of these dreams was soon to be realized. In fact there seems to have been some color of truth in the plaint of the padres that had they been let alone they would have worked greater things with the missions and that it would have been better for the social order had affairs been left in their hands.

But it is likely that Spain had more in mind the matter of property rights and the conduct thereof than aught else in this connection. The padres had lorded it over the lands of the Indians on the plea of protecting them from white usurpers. Spain wanted the lands distributed in order that immigration might be encouraged and a great empire built up.

At the date of the decree of the Spanish cortes King Ferdinand VII. was a prisoner in Paris in the hands of Napoleon. The king did not like the edict, and when he was released and permitted to go home he flatly repudiated it. There were therefore, some doubts as to the validity of the order, but these were all cleared away by the Revolution of 1821 when Mexico became an independent nation.

In most of their first official acts pertaining to the missions the Mexicans respected the rights of the Indians. It was recognized by Governor Jose Figueroa, a man of sterling character, that the Indians had created the wealth of the missions, and on August 9, 1834 he gave a *reglamento* confirming a neglected previous order of 1833, converting all the missions into pueblos. Every man over twenty-one years of age was given a domain of not more than four hundred nor less than one hundred varas square

from the common land of the missions and there was allotted to each community sufficient land for the grazing of cattle. It was also provided that when convenient the Indians should receive one-half of all livestock and one-half of all the chattels to be found on the mission lands. The remainder of the property was to be retained by the state for the support of schools, churches and other public institutions.

The secularization of the missions has been bitterly denounced, but in the course of time it opened up California to immigration and settlement. The Indians might have held to their lands a little longer under church rule, but it was inevitable that they should lose them, for they were easily tempted by the gewgaws and the gold offered in exchange for them. Later, however, all that remained to them in the way of freeholdings was granted to friends of the government.

Mexico launched a huge colonization scheme in 1834, placing it in the hands of two men, Hjar and Padres. These men were to take over as much of the mission land as they could get hold of, and establish large colonies.

The missionary fathers, who regarded secularization as an outrage upon themselves and their neophytes, "attempted," according to Eldredge, "to realize in ready money as large an amount as possible. Information regarding the Hjar-Padres Company was circulated throughout the missions and the priests resolved to defeat the scheme, if possible. At many of the establishments orders were given for the immediate slaughter of their cattle and contracts were made with individuals to kill them and divide the proceeds with the missions. Thousands of cattle were slain for their hides only, while their carcasses remained to rot on the plains, and in this way a vast amount of tallow and beef was entirely lost. The rascally contractors who were enriching themselves so easily, were not satisfied with their legitimate profit, but secretly appropriated two hides for each one given to the missions. A wanton spirit of destruction seemed to possess them, co-equal with their desire to ravage and lay waste. In like manner other interests of the missions were neglected by the fathers, and the missions gradually fell into decay."

Governor Jose Figueroa, who, as we have seen, was a man devoted to the cause of justice, had what might be deemed a stormy administration, and part of his trouble was caused by the Hjar-Padres colonization scheme which Mexico had ordered to be carried out despite Figueroa's wishes to the contrary. Not that Figueroa was too mild or too religious a man to stand in the way of the secularization of the missions, but he saw that a sudden movement in that direction would work hardship to the patient, hard-working fathers as well as to the Indians. He was therefore much pleased when the colonization plan

was abandoned, though it was not until there had been some violent passages between him and Hajar. The elaborate scheme for the settlement of California never added more than 200 to its population, and this was due as much as anything to the stand which Figueroa took for a gradual working out of the secularization and the "emancipation" of the Indians.

But the order for turning the missions over to the state had already had its deadly effect in the destruction of mission property by the frantic friars who sought in every way to turn their possessions into gold.

Figueroa, in endeavoring to see equal justice done to all concerned, had a worrisome time of it as governor. He died in September, 1835, deeply mourned by all worthy citizens.

Then began a time of political intrigue and turmoil in Alta California, as we have seen in the chapter on the Santa Clara Valley, which told of the quarrels between Governor Alvarado and General Vallejo, of the sending of General Micheltorena by Mexico to take charge of the affairs of the province, and of Micheltorena's expulsion by the jealous Californians who preferred the Spanish to the Mexican rule.

There was now a new revolutionary government in California which Mexico for the time was felt constrained to recognize, then to pacify, and finally to annul by sending a new governor in the person of Pio Pico. Now Pico was of the south, while Jose Castro, the new commandante general, was a former partisan of Alvarado and lived at Monterey. So that there rose again and continued for some time the old quarrel between the party which stood for independence and that which freely recognized Mexican domination. "The rest of the political history," as Royce has said, "is one of intrigue and petty quarrel, which might have led to another bloodless civil war in 1846 had we not intervened with our own fashion of fighting. Civilized warfare was, in fact, introduced into California through the undertakings of our own gallant Captain Fremont. And in civilized warfare, as is well known, somebody always gets hurt."

The same annalist is careful to point out that the political feuds of the later years of Mexican rule in California are not to be interpreted as meaning that the Alta Californians were revengeful and cruel, or that the thoughts of the people were devoted to quarrels and bitterness. On the contrary, he holds that the bloodless playfulness of these civil wars themselves, with their furious proclamations, their mock battles—noisy but harmless—and their peaceful endings, sufficiently characterize the geniality, the simplicity, the childish love of display and the really human tender-heartedness of this proud, gay, unprogressive, not very courageous but surely comparatively guiltless people.

Before we carry the story forward to the Fremont conflict let us glance at another footnote to history comprised in the doings of Commodore Thomas A. C. Jones of the United States Navy at Monterey. This was only one of the series of opera bouffe affairs which go to make up the history of the various conquests of California. And is it not just as well that Comedy dogged the footsteps of that history and that there were fought so many bloodless and not bloody battles?

While Micheltorena, in 1842, was on his way from Mexico to California, to occupy the gubernatorial chair in which he never sat, Commodore Jones, who is said to have been distantly related to that other commodore of the same name who committed some glorious swashbuckling acts on the Atlantic during our Revolutionary war, was on his way from the South American coast to Monterey to seize California in the name of the United States. Jones had heard at Callao a rumor that his country had declared war on Mexico. So he made haste to Monterey, entered the harbor, occupied it without resistance and proudly raised the American flag. Of course Monterey became much excited and wanted to know what this hostile act signified.

"It means," declared Jones, striking the proper attitude, "that the United States is at war with your country and that this is an act of conquest."

"But," protested the commandante, "we have heard of no such war, señor, and furthermore, we doubt if it exists."

And it did not exist, as Jones soon learned. So next day he took down the flag, apologized to the commandante and sailed away. He stopped on his voyage at San Pedro, went to Los Angeles and there visited the new but rather impotent Governor Micheltorena himself. That functionary, instead of becoming highly indignant, as he well might have done, received the American with every evidence of good will, and accepted his apologies graciously. In fact he overlooked the insult with such politeness that Jones is said to have been not a little ashamed of himself for acting so hastily. But of course we do not know all the circumstances and conditions under which Jones made his descent upon Monterey, though we do know that he had been charged to "watch closely the French and British vessels, and not to let them be the first to gain a presumptive right to any of the Californian harbors." So that, although the report of war having been declared was not so well-founded as he might have wished, it was a sufficient excuse for immediate action on his part. But supposing that Dewey had smashed the old toy gunboats of the Spaniards at Manila upon as little authority as that upon which Jones pulled down the Mexican flag at Monterey, how would we have appeared in the eyes of the nations?

Yet we must remember that in those days annexation was in the air. Shortly after his inauguration President Polk declared that the acquisition of California for the United States was one of the four great objects and tasks of his administration. It was a matter about which there was much talk at Washington, and, indeed, all over the country. In a letter to his son, written soon after Texas had been admitted to the Union, Daniel Webster said: "You know my opinion to have been, and it is now, that the port of San Francisco would be twenty times as valuable to us as all Texas."

Webster wrote a little later that "England would doubtless now take care that Mexico shall not cede California nor any part thereof to us." This country was unwilling at that time to face the prospect of another war with Great Britain, but our minister to Mexico, Thompson, felt free to write in those days: "I will not say what is our policy in regard to California. Perhaps it is that it remain in the hands of a weak power like Mexico, and that all the maritime powers may have the advantage of its ports; but one thing I will say, that it will be worth a war of twenty years to prevent England from acquiring it."

"Manifest destiny," it was said, had decreed that California should become a part of the United States. Our country wanted California, geographically, politically and commercially we seemed without her no longer complete as a nation. As for poetical or other sentimental considerations, these, of course, were relegated to the background, as they generally are when it comes to the matter of conquest. For if the race is to the swift, so also is the battle to the strong. And it is to be noted that few sentimentalists rose to protest against the annexation of California when the time came for us to acquire it.

XIII

EARLY SAN MATEO COUNTY

STORIES OF THE LUMBERMAN WHO SAWED THE FIRST LOGS FOR THE BUILDING OF THE CITIES—BILL, THE SAWYER, AND HOW HE TAUGHT THE INDIANS—SOME OF THE TIMBER LAND GRABBERS OF THOSE TIMES—THEIR AUDACIOUS ACTS—THE TALE OF A SAWMILL INJUNCTION.

Nine counties bound the great bay. They are beautifully and appropriately named, Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Contra Costa, Alameda, Santa Clara, San Mateo and San Francisco.

All these have received considerable notice thus far in these annals, with the exception of San Mateo, though this is by no means because it is not so delectable a land or not so populous. In fact, if the home-seeker might have his choice of any place about the bay, nay in all California, he would find none more blessed with salubrity of climate, with natural and artificial advantages, among them urban contiguity, fine roads, a grand stretch of sea and bay coast, and

“Beauty, beauty everywhere,”

than this same San Mateo County, in the golden State of California. It has a longer reach of bay shore than any other county save Alameda, while its mountains and noble redwood forests give it a grandeur unsurpassed in the bay region, save perhaps that to be found in the Tamalpais district of Marin.

I know a retired New York merchant, who, after looking all over California, north and south, and sojourning for months in various places, selected Burlingame, in San Mateo County, as his home for the remaining years of his life, because of the mildness and evenness of its climate and because such a great variety of semi-tropical flowers and shrubbery grow there.

Elbert Hubbard, at whose writings the academic crowd smile, though they are beloved by those not of the cognoscenti, wrote one of his “Little Journeys” about the County of San Mateo, summing up with these words:

“Happy San Mateo County! Happy the people that live there!

Fortunate, indeed, are the visitors who do not omit San Mateo from their itinerary."

Following the sinuosities of the shore lines, the county has a frontage upon navigable waters of ocean and bay of nearly 100 miles. On the bay side are many natural estuaries or creeks, used for shipping, and on this same bay side there is a wide plain, gently sloping, fertile, beautiful, dotted by oak trees. Beyond this plain, to the west, is a great region of mountainous country in which are nestled pleasant little valleys, warm, snug, peaceful, with high backgrounds, arched by the bluest of blue skies.

The redwoods are found in the southern section. The trees are of the variety known as *sequoia sempervirens*, or coast redwood, as distinguished from the *sequoia gigantea* of the Sierras, no longer cut for lumber. The coast redwood is an enormous tree of light, soft, durable, close-textured, reddish wood, and is highly valued for lumber. Nearly all the first houses of the bay towns, aside from the adobe structures, were built from these trees, so that there seemed danger of the denudation of the forests of Marin, Alameda and San Mateo counties. But while those of Alameda County were practically destroyed, there are noble groves to be found in San Mateo and Marin counties. As soon as a redwood tree is felled there grows up about its stump a large circle of smaller trees, which, in fifty years, make a fine showing. Besides there are primeval trunks never touched by the lumberman, and some of these giants are yet to be found, over twenty feet in diameter. The coast redwoods always have been more sought for as lumber than those of the inland districts, though the latter often attain a larger growth. Enormous redwood forests are still to be found in Humboldt and Mendocino counties, but what has tended to save them from destruction is the fact that Oregon pine has largely superseded the use of redwood in house building during the past twenty years and is now used altogether for the framework of modern wooden structures, as it is of stouter fiber, being about as tough and strong as oak.

The southern and central parts of San Mateo County have a fairly equable climate. It is never very warm there nor very cold, but in the northern and western sections there is a strong marine sentiment, with occasional raw winds and fog.

Watercourses and lakes are to be found here and there and these are not so dry as in the southern parts of the state, where in summer the "riverbeds are on top." On the southern side of the county is the San Francisquita Creek, which for some distance forms the dividing line between San Mateo and Santa Clara counties. To the northward are streams of some volume, though not a few of them run almost dry

in July and August. In September and October, even before the coming of the rains, these streams rise a little, as they do in many other parts of California. The country people speak of this rising as though they believed the water came up through the stream beds in the autumn, but the presence of more water in the channels during that time is, of course, due to lesser hours of daily sunshine and consequently less evaporation than in summer.

Pilarcitos and San Andreas lakes are in the central and western hills as is also the great Crystal Springs reservoir. These are the main sources of the water supply of San Francisco and for many years have afforded that city a far higher quality of drinking water than is enjoyed by any other large urban district in the state. But with the growth of the bay metropolis has come a demand for a much larger supply than is afforded by the San Mateo watershed, and San Francisco has reached clear over to the Sierras for such a volume as will be practically inexhaustible should the city double its present population.

It is through San Mateo County that San Francisco must travel in order to pass overland to any other part of the state, and for this reason the county always has been the scene of much inland voyaging. Before the railroad was built in 1852-53, from San Francisco to San Jose, stage lines ran through the county and the crack of the driver's whip was heard along an old rutty, muddy highway that has since been regraded, straightened and solidly paved, so that San Mateo now has as fine roads as any other section of the state.

When lumbering began in the mountains to provide homes for the first settlers there were few Indians remaining in this district. About the only traces of the former existence of these aboriginal tribes now to be found are mounds made up of moldering camp refuse. Mound Street, in Redwood City, the present county seat, traverses one of these ancient protuberances upon the landscape. The Indians lived under bowers in summer and in rude huts in winter. The only real buildings they ever erected were the temescals, or sweathouses, previously described. The temescal served as both hospital and council hall.

It is evident that the mounds were the centers of the rancherias, and that upon them were heaped all the bones, clam shells and other rubbish in one great unsightly and insanitary pile. When about to flee from a camp on the approach of an enemy the natives would throw their implements and utensils into the mounds and sometimes their extra weapons, which would be covered up with earth. So that in these ancient mounds are found nearly all the remaining evidences of the old tribal life, among them mortars and pestles, stone cooking bowls, arrow heads and contrivances for catching fish and snaring game.

These Indians were Olhones. They were polygamous and it is evident that there were more women than men, due to frequent warfare and inter-tribal brawls. The bodies of the dead were buried in a sitting posture, as were those of nearly all the tribes from Baja California to the Arctic Circle. Sometimes a corpse would be cremated, and in that event the weapons and ornaments of the dead were cast into the flames, while the mourners, their faces daubed with pitch, set up frightful cries of lamentation. Portions of the ashes from the funeral pyre would be daubed upon the sticky faces of the bereaved ones who would then howl like coyotes, beat their breasts and in other ways do their duty to the dead. They believed in good and evil spirits, praising the one order and propitiating the other.

Between the Mission Dolores, at San Francisco, and the Santa Clara Mission were two days' journey. So to guard in a measure against attack by marauding bands and to afford a safe lodging for the night a little mission house of adobe was built in San Mateo County on land afterward owned by William F. Howard. In 1883 B. F. Alley, an annalist of this region, wrote: "Some of our old settlers can remember when the walls and even the red-tiled roof of this structure were in a fair state of preservation. A little doubtful tumulus alone remains to mark the spot where they stood; all else is obliterated save the ineradicable memory revived by a contemplation of this mound of earth that here, over 100 years ago, Catholic missionaries taught the aborigines the ways of civilization. It was Mr. Howard's desire to preserve the time-honored building, and to this end he kept it patched up until the earthquake of 1868 wrecked its walls beyond repair, and some months afterward it was leveled to the earth.

As the Spanish cattle herds grew in the Santa Clara Valley and spread out over the neighboring country, the cowboys would at times visit the region, but for the most part it was utterly uninhabited save by the Indians and their teachers.

William Smith, or Bill the Sawyer, as he was called, was the first Anglo-Saxon settler in San Mateo County. He married a Spanish woman. He was expert at pit sawing and taught the mission Indians some sawyer's tricks which the padres had not known. In this kind of work one man stood on top of a log which had been rolled over a deep hole in the ground in which was another man handling the lower end of the saw. The man above could not see his fellow-worker below if the log was a big one.

A story is told of two sawyers in Bear Gulch, in the same county, one of whom was extremely indolent. One day the man on the log, finding

that his saw was working very hard, got down and looked into the pit. There he found his valiant co-laborer fast asleep.

The second man of the English-speaking race to settle in the county was James Peace. As a young man Peace shipped from Liverpool in the Hudson Bay Company's ship *Neriad*, bound for the Columbia River, Oregon, in 1818. The *Neriad* put into San Francisco, then but an embarcadero of the mission. Jimmy had had trouble with the officers of the ship, and so deserted at San Francisco. He went ashore in a small boat and hid himself in the bushes on Telegraph Hill. Later he fell in with some of William Smith's Spanish relations. He gave them a piece of broadcloth in exchange for a pony and rode down the peninsula, looking for Smith. He found him at last in his shanty. Smith was glad of his company and they lived together for some months. Then Peace built a cabin of his own.

The young fellow was quite skillful with tools, so the padres placed under him a large number of Indians. Peace taught the natives how to square timber and how to make carts and wagons with wheels made from the sawed ends of large, round logs. In 1835 he married Guadalupe Valencia by whom he had two sons. In 1840 he became involved in a political intrigue and with several Americans he was taken aboard ship in irons by the Mexicans who landed him first in San Blas and then in Tepic where the whole party was released. Jimmy Peace found his way back to his redwood cabin in the San Mateo hills where Guadalupe gave him the warmest of welcomes, as she had not expected to see him again. Peace was a resident of San Mateo County until his death which occurred in the '80s.

In the Santa Cruz mountains adjacent to San Mateo County a great deal of redwood lumber is still being cut, but in the county itself there is little done in the lumbering line at the present. Time was, however, when it was the principal seat of the saw-milling trade. Much of the timber was stolen by Americans from Mexican holders of land grants. At the time of the discovery of gold fifteen mills were in operation in the county despite the protests of the Mexican owners of the forest. On the Cañada Raymundo alone over \$500,000 worth of lumber was cut and taken out before these operations were made to cease.

Quarrels and even fist and gun fights resulted from the illegal milling operations. Sometimes these were among the American settlers, who had many a noble row in the beautiful redwood forests.

Baker and Burnham, owners of the Bear Gulch mill, were cutting timber on land claimed by Col. Jack Hayes, the famous Texas ranger. At first Jack thought of running the lumbermen off the range, but he could not get enough men together to undertake the task. So he

applied for and was granted a court injunction against further milling operations on his land. Dr. S. S. Stambaugh was sent to take charge of the property and to enforce the injunction.

As the story goes, Doctor Stambaugh went to the lumber camp, remained a day or two, and then, becoming tired of his job, told the lumbermen that he felt that his presence there was unnecessary, as he was satisfied they would obey the order of the court. He left the camp for Mountain Home after placing them on their parole of honor not to saw any more logs.

Barely was he out of sight before the sawyers prepared to resume work. Steam was gotten up in the engine boiler, the men went to their stations, and when all was ready the engineer pulled the throttle. Not a rod or wheel moved. Steam hissed and roared in the cylinder and through the escape pipe so terrifically that the men all fled the place in wild alarm.

"What the hell is the matter?" yelled a man from behind a tree.

"I dunno," replied the engineer from behind another tree. "Unless the devil himself has got into that engine."

More hissings and roarings for half an hour, but no explosion. So the engineer cautiously ventured to return and investigate.

"Boys!" he bawled out at last, emerging from a cloud of steam, "that doctor chap has got a lot of faith in our word of honor. He's took out the steam valve and run off with it. Guess the' won't be no more lumber sawed today."

The doctor reported to the court that he had found the men most respectful of its order, and that no more illegal milling operations would be carried on in Bear Gulch. Nor were there, for not long afterward a great fire ranged through the mountains, destroying the mill and making the injunction perpetual.

XIV

BOLD JOHN FREMONT

HIS AGGRESSIVE ACTS IN CALIFORNIA AND WHAT THEY LED UP TO—
SENT ON AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION BY THE GOVERNMENT—DID
HE TREAT CASTRO FAIRLY?—BUILDS AND ABANDONS A FORT ON
GABILAN PEAK—RETREATS TO OREGON AND RETURNS TO MENACE
THE PEACEFUL MEXICANS.

The story is told of John Charles Fremont that when he was a boy he tried to climb up a steeper place than the other boys and found himself in a very perilous position. One of his playmates rushed over to where the young adventurer's father was working in a field and yelled:

"Mr. Fremont, John is hanging to the top of Jackson's Cliff, and if he lets go he's a goner!"

"Don't get excited," replied John's father. "He won't let go. I'll get a rope and pull him up all right."

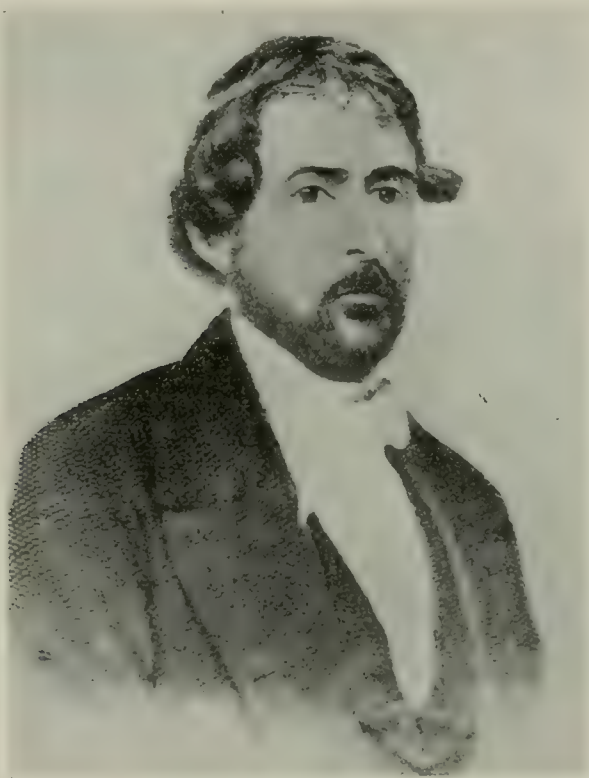
This story, illustrative of bulldog tenacity, has been told with variations of General Grant, of Theodore Roosevelt and of Rudyard Kipling, so that it may readily be accepted as a veracious narrative. At any rate, it fits John Charles as well as anybody of whom it has been related, and if he was not the only hero of the tale, he was probably one of them.

In 1842, as a young army officer, Captain Fremont led a company of United States engineers into the Rockies to find the best route overland to California. He was accompanied by Kit Carson, the dime novel hero, who acted as guide to the expedition. The party made a successful trip and returned to Washington in October of the same year when Fremont made a report of his discoveries which document was regarded as of much value, for at that time little was known of the great region beyond the plains along the Platte.

During the next two years Fremont made two more expeditions, one to Oregon and the other to California, and again he made excellent and noteworthy reports, the first of the kind to be published, though there had been many other stories told of perilous pathfindings.

Because of his undoubted bravery and his unvarying success despite

all obstacles, he made a very favorable impression upon the authorities at Washington and upon the public. So when a new and more elaborate expedition to the Pacific Coast was planned in 1845, he was made lieutenant-colonel and placed in charge of it. Toward the end of that year Fremont crossed the Sierras with about sixty men, including surveyors, guides and assistants, and nearly 200 horses. He had been



COL. JOHN C. FREMONT

sent to California to explore the most direct routes to the coast and to do topographical work in California. Those writers who have held that Fremont's expedition had nothing whatever to do with conquest were right and also they were wrong, as will be seen by the following extract from the "Memoirs" of this famous man: "As affairs resolved themselves, California stood out as the chief subject in the impending war; and with Mr. Bancroft and other governing men at Washington it became a firm resolve to hold it for the United States, and that the eventuality

was near." And yet Fremont was given no direct instructions as to taking part in the war. For he adds: "This was talked over fully during the time of preparation for the third expedition, and the contingencies anticipated and weighed." Yet he says: "For me no distinct course or definite instructions could be laid down, but the probabilities were made known to me as well as what to do when they became facts. The distance was too great for timely communication, but failing this I was given discretion to act."

Just how well the young colonel used this discretion will be seen in the sequel. There are those who charge him with two-facedness in his dealings with the Mexican authorities; others let him off more easily, saying that what seemed irregular and undiplomatic was merely the result of circumstances which he could not foresee and much less shape.

Fremont camped in the Sacramento Valley in January, 1846, and, leaving his men there, rode down to Monterey where he called upon Jose Castro, the commandante-general, freely explained his errand, which was one of purely peaceful intent, and asked for permission to explore the country south as far as the Colorado River, which is the present southeasterly boundary of California. He endeavored to make it plain to Castro that though his men were armed they were "citizens and not soldiers."

The commandante received him very civilly, readily gave him the desired permission to proceed south through the San Joaquin Valley and on his departure, bade him a respectful farewell. Great was the indignation of Castro and the other Mexican authorities a week later when they learned that instead of following the route prescribed, Fremont and his sixty armed men rode west and southwest through the most thickly settled valleys of California. It is evident that Castro, who was no fool, saw in Fremont's irregular course an attempt to spy upon the land and its people, and he declared that the proceeding was overt and illegal.

It was evident that Fremont held the Californians in utter contempt, else he would not have acted in the summary manner in which he did. He may have had more reason for these acts than appears on the surface, but we need have no surprise when we note the intimations of such chroniclers as Eldredge, Bancroft, Hall, Royce and others to the effect that his conduct and that of his men reflected no luster upon the American flag nor upon American chivalry.

For it was not alone what he considered the effrontery of the young colonel in leading a body of armed men into his settlements and spying upon them that aroused the ire of Castro. There were other reasons for his rage. One of these was the fact that although Fremont had

been warned at Monterey not to buy any horses from the Indians, as in most cases they would doubtless prove to be animals stolen from the settlers, the young American did not hesitate to purchase as many horses as he needed from natives and others whom he might have had good reason to believe were horsethieves. Sebastian Peralta, a rancher, visited Fremont's camp near the Alisal rancho, only eighteen miles from Monterey, and pointed out several horses which he declared had been stolen from him some months before. Instead of giving the slightest credence to Peralta's claim Fremont peremptorily ordered him from his camp. Now Peralta had influence with the alcalde of San Jose and also with Castro. The alcalde sent the young colonel a very stiff official communication, to which Fremont replied in haughty terms, most offensive to the alcalde and to Castro, saying, in effect, that Peralta was a vagabond to whom he could give no heed, and that what he had really deserved at his hands was a whipping for trying to obtain horses under false pretences.

But what incensed Castro most of all was the fact that while at Alisal three of the Fremont party visited the ranch of Don Angel Maria Castro and made insulting overtures to one of the rancher's daughters. Now this Castro was an uncle of General Castro, and, though he was an old man, was also a very good fighter, having been a soldier in his day. He valiantly defended his daughter from the attack, and when one of the Fremont men drew a pistol and presented it to his breast, he seized his assailant by the throat, wrested the weapon from his hand and tumbled him upon the floor. Whereupon the men hastily withdrew. They threatened to return, but did not make bold to do so.

When these matters were reported to Thomas O. Larkin, the American consul, he became much alarmed, for he saw that the young colonel of engineers was likely to get all the Americans into trouble. He therefore sent a letter to Fremont in which he said:

"Your encamping so near town has caused much excitement. The natives are firm in the belief that they will break you up and that you can be utterly destroyed by their power. In all probability they will attack you; the result either way may cause trouble hereafter to resident Americans. * * * I believe the present state of affairs may cause an interruption to business. Should it be impossible or inconvenient for you to leave California at present, I think on a proper representation to the general and perfecto, an arrangement could be made for your camp to be continued, but at some greater distance, which arrangement I would advise if you can effect it."

Fremont's reply to this friendly advice was not of a peaceful tenor.

He said that he was going to remain, and that if it became necessary for him to fight Castro, he would fight him.

On the 5th of March the enraged commandante sent orders to the audacious American to leave the Department of California at once. This order was coupled with the threat that unless he did as directed he would be forcefully expelled from the country.

Not taking into account that he had violated his agreement with Castro and would naturally have to take the consequences, the bold and daring Fremont sent the tart reply to the commandante that he refused to comply to "an order insulting to my government and myself." Of course the "insult" was on the other hand, and Castro could see it only that way, so he prepared for the expulsion of the saucy invader by such force as was available.

It began to look like war, though merely of the opera bouffe order, as before. Fremont, standing upon his peculiar ideas of his rights in the premises, and doubtless counting upon the negligibility of the forces under Castro's command at Monterey, made bold to defy the Mexicans. He took possession of Gabilan Peak, not far from Monterey, and built there a strong fortress of rough logs. While the fort was being constructed a tall pole was planted, and the American flag was raised upon it, amid the cheers of the Americans. All of which was very gallant and very patriotic and also very futile. For our young hero remained on Gabilan Peak only a few days when he began to take another view of the "war" he had precipitated. Castro had collected as many of his ragtag army together as he could mobilize on short notice, and had begun to make a menacing move from the valley below.

Before an actual attack was made, however, the gallant Colonel Fremont withdrew and during the next few days he retreated through the San Benito passes into San Joaquin Valley and then on up to Sacramento. Here he remained for a time at Sutter's Fort. This fort already mentioned had been built in 1839 by Capt. John Augustus Sutter, who had come to America from Switzerland in 1834, remained in New York for a time and then sailed for California via the Hawaiian Islands with a number of his countrymen, for the purpose of establishing a Swiss colony somewhere in the West. Sutter had visited the Sacramento Valley in 1839 and had liked it so well that he settled down there after being given permission by Governor Alvarado who made no objection to his building a fort, as the Indians of that region were sometimes quite hostile. Sutter acquired a large tract from the Mexicans and this he settled as New Helvetia. We have seen in the account of the Russian occupation of and withdrawal from Bodega Bay and Fort Ross, how Sutter had bought from the Slavs their old cannon

and muskets and transported them to Sacramento; but neither Sutter nor the Mexicans possibly ever had an idea of what use would be made of his stronghold in future and how it would figure in the historic changes to be wrought by time.

When Fremont visited the fort he noted its appearance which he described as follows: "The fort is a quadrangular adobe structure, mounting twelve pieces of artillery, two of them brass, and capable of admitting a garrison of one thousand men; this at present consists of forty Indians in uniform, one of whom is always found on duty at the gate. The whites in the employ of Captain Sutter, American, French and German, number thirty men. The inner wall is formed into buildings comprising the common quarters, with blacksmith and other workshops, the dwelling house, with a large distillery house, and other buildings occupying the center of the area."

It has been observed by Hunt in his "California the Golden," that the motives that led to the erection of Sutter's Fort were not only found in the need of security against the Indians, but were also to be found in the relish for romantic adventure of the captain; for Sutter was still intent upon founding a colony, even though recruits for the enterprise were few and of no great stability or dependability. Sutter had become a citizen of the Mexican Republic and was lord of eleven leagues of land in the fertile valley of the Sacramento. He had also been commissioned as an officer of the Mexican government, hence his title of captain of which he was inordinately proud.

It may be noted here that the hand of time dealt very harshly with Sutter's Fort, and had it not been restored by that patriotic order, the Native Sons of the Golden West, it would not be the fine, commanding landmark that it is today.

Of Sutter himself and his varying fortunes, we shall see more in another chapter. We are now chiefly concerned with that young hotspur, Fremont, whom one must admire for his gallantry, if not for the way he sought to trick General Castro. Fremont left the fort on March 24th, 1846, and proceeded northward into Oregon. The Mexicans did not pursue him, but the Klamath Indians menaced him for a time, though their hostility was not sufficient to make him take the course he now adopted.

Of a sudden he changed all his plans. Instead of proceeding farther into Oregon, he abruptly executed an about-face movement and rode hastily down into California again. Why this quick change of front? Why the abandonment of the Oregon mission and of the exploration of new paths to the northwest? The answer is to be found in "the message to Garcia" delivered by Lieut. Archibald Gillespie, who had

been sent from Washington with dispatches for Fremont and had arrived in Monterey on April 17th and had pushed his way northward on learning from the Mexicans that the colonel was headed for Oregon. Fremont learned by courier that Gillespie wished to overtake and communicate with him, so he selected a small guard of men and went south to meet him, which he did near the boundary line. After a short conference with the lieutenant who, it has been said, handed him certain important papers, Fremont immediately started for the Sacramento Valley.

Never have the contents of the dispatches given by Gillespie to Fremont been fully disclosed, and there has been much controversy as to what orders they contained, but it is more than probable that they were mere instructions for him to cooperate with Gillespie and Thomas O. Larkin in case war should be declared on Mexico. Hunt thinks that this cooperation was intended to bring about the peaceful annexation of California, if possible, but if war came these men were to act together in seizing the country by force of arms.

There was much excitement among the American settlers over the sudden and unexpected return of Fremont, and the adventurous spirits among them crowded into his camp and offered to assist him in every way possible.

One may imagine the wild rage of Castro on learning that the American officer whom he had ordered to leave the country with all his following, had so suddenly returned after the coming of another officer of the same hated nation, with whom he had doubtless been in communication. The commandante general blustered and swore that he would drive every gringo out of California. There were reports that he had sent out men to head off a large immigrant train that was on its way across the desert and to order its return. All this still further excited the Americans and trouble was anticipated from hour to hour.

We do not know whether or not, in his next overt act, Fremont exceeded the orders sent to him from Washington. There are many who say that he did, but one must remember that this was before the days of the transcontinental telegraph or even of the pony express, so that much must have been left to the discretion of the young colonel. And he was one to interpret such a trust in most liberal terms. He was one to listen to the Spenserian suggestion,

"Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold!"

But not to the restrictive inhibition,

"Be not too bold!"

No preparations whatever had been made by Mexico or the Depart-

ment of California for war with the United States, and Castro evidently thought that it was time he began to bestir himself. For one thing, his forces would need horses. So he sent Lieutenant Arce from Monterey to the north side of San Francisco Bay to collect scattered government animals. Arce rounded up 150 horses and was driving them around to the south side of the bay via Sutter's Fort and the San Joaquin Valley. As to what our bold young colonel did at this juncture John Bidwell has written in the *Century*: "Fremont, hearing that the horses were passing, sent a party and captured them. This, of course, was before he had orders or any positive news that war had been declared. * * * Thus, without giving the least notice, even to Sutter, the great friend of Americans, or to Americans in general, scattered and exposed as they were all over California, he precipitated the war."

To the Mexicans this act gave the color of truth to the pronunciamiento of Castro, tacked up in a billiard hall room at Monterey, that Fremont and his men were highwaymen and that they must be treated as such. As for the American settlers, they stood aghast at Fremont's doings, but, as we have seen, the more adventurous ones already had promised him their assistance.

Castro fumed and roared over what he called the acts of the gringo horse-thieves, and his fumings and roarings made the Americans fear more than ever for their safety, so they made haste to defend themselves if necessity should arise.

Governor Pio Pico, who never failed to assert his contempt for the "gringos," and who had looked upon their increase in the Santa Clara and other fertile valleys with great concern, particularly as he had heard much talk of the annexation of California by the United States, was much wrought up over Fremont's acts. He declared that if it were necessary for California to change sovereigns, he would vastly prefer to have it pass under the dominion of the English king. For a time he even went so far as openly to favor annexation to England. In an address to the Departmental Assembly in May, 1846, he said:

"We find ourselves threatened by hordes of Yankee immigrants who have already begun to flock into our country, and whose progress we cannot arrest. Already have the wagons of that perfidious people scaled the almost inaccessible summits of the Sierra Nevada, crossed the entire continent and penetrated the fruitful valley of the Sacramento. What that astonishing people will next undertake I cannot say; but in whatever enterprise they embark they are sure to be successful."

With, perhaps, more of patriotism than of prudence, the Americans now proceeded to give just provocation to the sentiments which Pico and

other Californians held against them. They undertook the commission of an act, wholly unauthorized by their own government, and yet heroic enough in its way, besides being wholly justifiable, had they but known it, for at that time it would have required superhuman means of conveying intelligence to have made them aware of the fact that their country already had declared war on Mexico.

But before we peep in upon the puppet revolution of the Bear Flag whose valiant warriors sometimes are viewed as histrios rather than heroes, let us, for once in a way, be true to chronologic sequence and project the tragic reel of the Donner odyssey upon our epic screen.

XV

THE DONNER TRAGEDY

CLEARING THE MAZE OF CONFLICTING TALES—HOW THE DONNER PARTY SET OUT—TAKING THE FATAL CUT-OFF—TRAGEDIES BY THE WAY-SIDE—FACING THE SIERRA WINTER—THE CAMP OF DEATH—BAFLING STRAITS AND DESPERATE SHIFTS—KESEBURG, THE MALIGNED.

As intimated in my foreword, this history of the bay region and incidentally of California will concern itself more especially with the stories of the men and women who have been most chiefly concerned in the making of the bay cities or whose lives have been most typical of their times, than it will with events that have in them no intrinsic human interest.

Thus far I have tried to keep to that line of composition, though, as it must be seen, it is the most difficult manner in which a history may be written, for to unearth, compile and transcribe the annals of individual human deeds as related to the progress of any community, and to make these acts stand out as representative of the whole epic is like the repeated employment of synecdoche in poetry—anything but an easy literary performance.

With a world of conflicting and, at certain points, illogical material from which to choose, I shall now relate what seems to me the most typical and at the same time most comprehensive of all the tales of those overland trains which made journeys of thousands of miles to reach California in the early days of American immigration and occupation.

In telling the tragic story of the Donner party, about which so much has been written and into which so much of unpleasant fiction has entered, an attempt will be made to spare the reader many harrowing details, but the tale is horrible enough, no matter how one may try to soften it.

Setting out from Springfield, Illinois, on a fine April morning in the year 1846, a train of a dozen prairie schooners wound its way over the crude, rough midwest roads of those days toward the Mississippi River, en route to distant California, seeking for homes and fortune.

There were thirty-two persons, including men, women and children,

in the original party, which had been organized by James F. Reed, though it received its name of the Donner party from George and Jacob Donner, two brothers, who had joined him with their families. Had either of these brothers had the remotest conception of what terrors of travel they were likely to encounter they never would have taken their helpless kin with them, and in all probability would have remained at home themselves. Consider the numerical extent of their "hostages to fortune." Jacob had with him his wife and seven children, while George had his wife and five children. Reed, the man who had dreamed the dream of this adventure but not the nightmare of its grim actuality, took along his wife and four children.

The plan was to join with an Oregon caravan at Independence, Missouri, continue with it to Fort Hall and thence follow the Fremont route to the Bay of San Francisco. Strong wagons and sturdy oxen were selected for the trip, and there were also saddle horses, a few young beef cattle and cows to provide food on the way. In the wagons were what was considered an ample stock of provisions, together with trade stuff to barter with the Indians and seeds and implements for use on the ranches which the party intended to cultivate on reaching fertile California.

The little expedition united with the Oregon train at Independence and with others at other places along the route until, on reaching the Valley of the Platte, it formed a large caravan of about forty wagons. In the dry, clean air of the great plains, with abundant game and nothing to bar their easy progress, the immigrants were happy. They had their little dissensions at times, but in the main were concordant until they reached a spot a little to the west of Fort Bridger. The Donner brothers had been told of a new route to the south of Great Salt Lake, by taking which they would save at least 200 miles. This route has been called the Hastings cut-off. But when the immigrants voted on the question of taking this new trail or sticking to the old one, the majority, fearing the unknown, wisely adhered to the old and safer route. This they kept and in due course of time they arrived safely in the Sacramento Valley.

Reed remained with the Donner party and in all there were eighty-seven that took the fatal cut-off. This route never had been traveled by wagons and in most parts of it there was hardly a trace of a trail to be found. It took the expedition a whole month, or four times as long as it had been said that it would require, to reach Salt Lake. Before them now lay a seventy-five mile stretch of desert, which their jaded oxen were in no fit condition to traverse. "Thirty-six head of cattle were left on that desert," says Mrs. Eliza Donner Houghton, historian

of the party. "Among the lost were all of Mr. Reed's herd except an ox and a cow. His poor beasts had become frenzied in the night as they were being driven toward water, and with the strength that comes with madness had rushed away in the night."

The extreme dryness of the desert had shrunk and cracked the wood-work of the wagons and some were abandoned along with a lot of stores which were cached.

A quarrel arose between Reed and one of the party named John Snyder. Reed charged that Snyder was cruel to his cattle. Snyder struck him with the butt end of his whip. Mrs. Reed, who rushed between the two men caught the full force of a second blow from the whip on her shoulder. This infuriated Reed and, drawing his knife, he stabbed Snyder in the breast, killing him. Reed stood for a time beside the body of the fallen man, dazed and sorrowful. Most of the party decided that the deed was murder and that Reed should be punished by death. But after a time it was agreed that he should be banished from camp. There was a heart-wrenching parting from the woman in whose defense he had drawn the knife, and the exiled man took up his way alone over the desert in advance of the immigrants.

A little before the occurrence of the tragedy C. T. Stanton and William McClutchen had volunteered to go for assistance and had hastened on toward Fort Sutter for food for the party who were already on short rations. And now Walter Herron decided to join his fortunes with Reed in the hope that they, too, acting as advance couriers, might double the chances of securing aid for the hapless travelers.

Slower and slower became the progress of the expedition which from time to time lost by death some member whose physical resistance was insufficient to withstand the privations besetting him. Harrassed by Indians, hungry and footweary they stood at last by the banks of the clear-flowing Truckee River, the snowy summits of the Sierras frowning sullenly down upon them. Then of a sudden came fresh hope to their hearts. For here, through the pine forest and down the rocky trail, came brave Stanton, with seven mules, all heavily laden with the much-needed food. He reported that McClutchen, who had gone with him to Fort Sutter, was ill and could not return, but he had left Reed alive and well beyond the mountains and far on his way toward the fort.

Cheered by the return of Stanton and revived by the good food he had brought, the party rested for a time by the Truckee as it was necessary to give the jaded beasts a rest before the terrible climb that was before them.

Then they toiled on, making forty-nine crossings of the river in eighty miles. Frost and cold were about them, and the valley Indians were

vainly trying to kill their oxen, but they kept on until they reached an altitude of 6,000 feet. A furious snow storm broke upon them, but they managed to reach Donner Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, then covered with ice.

In despair they saw that the time they had lost in taking the Hastings cut-off had resulted in their arriving in the Sierras too late in the season for anything but the most hazardous passage. It was the 20th of October and the snows had begun to fall very early that year. It was impossible to drag the wagons through the snow which soon lay three feet deep in the passes. So, after a few vain attempts to proceed farther, they abandoned their teams and set up camp near the lake. "The misery endured during those four months at Donner Lake," wrote one survivor, "would fill pages and make the coldest hearts ache."

They lived in tents and huts, near together and some of them opening into each other. A few were housed in old log cabins built by former sojourners in the mountains in summer time. These fared better than the rest, but all suffered the most terrible privations from cold and hunger, and week by week the party was being reduced by death. They were hoping against hope for the return of Reed and a relief party, but it became obvious that if such a party was on the way it had encountered almost insurmountable barriers of snow.

Christmas came, but no help. Among those who had been released from their sufferings by death were Jacob Donner, James Smith, Samuel Shoemaker and Joseph Rhinehart, who had been among the strongest spirits of the band. Stanton made effort after effort to get through the snow over the mountains, but always he was turned back by the relentless storm king who reigned most harshly over his domain that winter. Sickening tales of cannibalism on the part of the survivors have been told in various accounts of the tragedy, yet there are those who testify that no human flesh was eaten in the camp. However, we have in Mrs. Houghton's chapter, "The Camp of Death," some paragraphs that leave little doubt that resort was finally had to this means of supporting the little life remaining in each tortured human frame. And Mrs. Houghton, though a mere child at the time of being immured in the Sierran snow, afterward had every means of learning the truth. She writes:

"With sickening anguish the first morsels were prepared and given to Lemuel Murphy, but for him they were too late. Not one touched flesh of kindred body. Nor was there need of restraining hand or warning voice to gauge the small quantity which safety prescribed to break the fast of the starving. Death would have been preferable to that awful meal, had relentless fate not said: 'Take, eat that ye may live. Eat, lest ye go mad and leave your work undone.'"

But help was coming, though for many it was too late. From San Francisco and from Sacramento relief parties were on the way. The first of these, headed by Capt. R. P. Tucker, reached the camp of the famished ones on the 19th of February, 1847. Shortly afterward another party, led by Reed, fought its way up through the passes, and there were two other expeditions, or four in all, pressing onward toward Donner Lake to rescue the storm-sieged unfortunates. But less than one-half of them remained to be rescued. Thirty-two had left Springfield on that bright April day, ten months before, but only eighteen lived to reach California. These were of the original Donner party, but there were eighty-three who were snowed in at the lake camp, and of these forty-two perished.

A strange chapter of the story was that which related to George Donner. On the return of the third relief party he was left in camp, as he was too ill to travel, and his wife nobly remained with him. For some unexplained reason a man named Lewis Keseburg and a woman named Mrs. Murphy also remained with the Donners. When the fourth relief party arrived all save Keseburg were found dead. Some annalists assert that he slew his companions and sustained life by feeding on their bodies, but this has been denied by others. Keseburg was afterward accused of slaying George Donner for his money. But when he was brought to trial this was proved to be untrue, and he was acquitted. There are those who still believe that he did the awful deeds with which he was charged. In after years he was shunned by his Sacramento Valley neighbors, and children fled from him in affright. At Sutter's suggestion Keseburg brought suit for slander against the foremost of his accusers, and the jury gave him a verdict of one dollar damages. All his life he was a marked man, and wherever he went bad luck went with him. This is one reason why the historians have hesitated to give him a clean bill of health. Markham, who does not name him in his "California, the Wonderful," refers to him as "a human ogre," and Theodore T. Johnson, in his book, "Sights in the Gold Region," says: "Within half a mile of our encampment on the Sacramento River we saw the house of old Keysburg, the cannibal, who reveled in the awful feast on human flesh and blood during the sufferings of a party of emigrants near the pass of the Sierra Nevada in the winter of 1847. It is said that the taste which Keysburg then acquired had not left him, and that he often declares with evident gusto, 'I would like to eat a piece of you'; and several have sworn to shoot him if he ventures on such fond declarations to them. We therefore looked at the den of this wild beast in human form with a good deal of disgusted curiosity, and kept our bowie knives handy for a slice of him if necessary."

C. F. McGlashan, who wrote his story of the Donner tragedy from interviews with survivors, including Keseburg, wholly discredits the tale of his cannibalism, as well as the other accusations. Of Keseburg he says: "He is a powerful man, six feet in height, with full bushy beard, thin brown locks and high forehead. He has blue eyes that look squarely at you while he talks. He is sometimes absent-minded and at times seems almost carried away with the intensity of his misery and desolation. He speaks and writes German, French, Spanish and English, and his selection of words proves him a scholar."

In a letter to Mrs. Houghton, daughter of Mrs. George Donner, who, as a child, had been rescued from the death camp and taken to Fort Sutter, Mr. McGlashan writes under date of April 4, 1879, concerning a recent interview with Keseburg:

"When I first asked him for a statement which could be reduced to writing he urged: 'What is the use of making a statement? People incline to believe the most horrible reports concerning me; they will not credit what I say in my own defense. My conscience is clear. I am an old man and am calmly awaiting my death. God is my judge, and it long ago ceased to trouble me that people shunned and slandered me.'"

Keseburg went on to say that a short time before the death of Mrs. George Donner he made a pledge to her to take care of their belongings, including money, and turn them over to her children. When he had gained sufficient strength to do this he searched among the wagons of the Donners, which were loaded with dry goods, school books, tobacco, powder, caps, shoes and other things, and among the bales and bundles of goods he found \$531, partly in gold and partly in silver. He buried the silver at the foot of a pine tree and putting the gold in his pocket, started back to camp. There he found everything in a state of great confusion. His trunks had been torn open and his dead wife's jewelry, his own cloak, pistol and ammunition were missing. He thought that the Indians had been there during his absence. Suddenly he heard human voices and saw white men approaching. These were the fourth relief party which afterward reported that Keseburg had slain the Donners, eaten of their bodies and stolen their valuables. He was overwhelmed with joy when he saw the men coming. He did not know that they had been in the cabin before or that they had disturbed his belongings. Great was his astonishment on their arrival not to be greeted with a kind word, but with a gruff, insolent demand, "Where is Donner's money?"

He pitifully pleaded for something to eat, but they kept demanding Donner's treasure and finally threatened to kill him unless he gave it up. He told them he had promised Mrs. Donner that he would carry her money to her children. They continued their threats to kill him

and so he gave up the gold and told them where they would find the silver.

It is evident that the "relief" party was more concerned about the treasure than about their work of rescue. Before starting out on their mission they had secured a document from Alcalde Sinclair of Sacramento authorizing them to keep a certain proportion of all moneys and valuables which they should retrieve from the camps. After giving Keseburg a little food they gathered together all the valuables they could carry, including the treasure, silks, calicoes, delaines and other articles. When they started back over the mountains each man carried two bales of goods. In the steeper places he would carry one bundle a little way and then go back and get the other. In this way most of them passed over the snow three times. Keseburg could not keep up with them on account of his weak condition, but managed to come up to their camp every night.

Mrs. Houghton nerved herself up to the ordeal of meeting Keseburg in May, 1879, in Sacramento. He fell upon his knees in telling her the story as he had told it to McGlashan. She bade him arise and he took her extended hand, saying in reply to her questions:

"Mrs. Houghton, if I had murdered your mother, would I stand here with my hand between your hands, look into your pale face, see the tear-marks on your cheeks and the quiver of your lips as you ask these questions? No, God Almighty is my witness, I am innocent of your mother's death! I have given you the facts as I gave them to the Fallon party, as I told them at Sutter's Fort, and as I repeated them to Mr. McGlashan. You will hear no change from my deathbed, for what I have told you is true."

And Mrs. Houghton credited him utterly and told him so.

Lewis Keseburg, whom I believe to have been a much maligned man, died in the Sacramento County Hospital on September 3, 1895, aged eighty-one years. He left no message to anyone. His death was peaceful and wholly unlike that of a man who had committed such an awful crime as that attributed to him.

I have told the Keseburg chapter of the Donner story at greater length than that given to other features of it, because there is less known about it than about the rest of the terrible tale and because it has been clouded with doubt in the minds of many Californians and others, while to such historians as Markham the man Keseburg, though indubitably innocent of crime, has remained "a human ogre."

As I have said, the story of the Donners is typical of the heartbreaking experiences of the early immigrants. Probably 1,000 travelers came by this route in 1845 and 1846. The Donner story is known, as it was

told by its diarists, most of whom were cultured people, but think of the untold tales of the many others who started across the plains in those years and never reached California! Ah, if we but knew them, how they would harrow us! For remember there were hundreds that left the Platte to cross the desert and the snows and never were heard from again.

The picture of what these immigrants suffered has not been better presented than in "The Exodus," by Joaquin Miller, who, as a boy, with his parents, came with an ox train over the long trail:

Then dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
From out of riven earth. The wheels went groaning by,
Ten thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and filled the train!
It seemed to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
And dust alas! on breasts that rose not up again.

They sat in desolation and in dust
By dried-up desert streams; the mother's hands
Hid all her bended face; the cattle thrust
Their tongues and faintly called across the lands.
The babes, that knew not what this way through sands
Could mean, did ask if it would end today.
The panting wolves slid by, red-eyed, in bands
To pools beyond. The men looked far away,
And, silent, saw that all a boundless desert lay.

They rose by night; they struggled on and on,
As thin and still as ghosts; then here and there
Beside the dusty way before the dawn,
Men silent laid them down in their despair,
And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!
May man have strength to give you all your due;
You faltered not, nor murmured anywhere,
You held your babes, held to your course, and you
Bore on through burning hell your double burdens through.

XVI

SHAKING OFF THE MEXICAN YOKE

THE BEAR FLAG REVOLUTION AND WILLIAM B. IDE, ITS LEADER—OUTRAGEOUS TREATMENT OF GENERAL VALLEJO—FREMONT'S PECULIAR ATTITUDE TOWARD IDE—ARRIVAL OF SLOAT AT MONTEREY—A SERIES OF OPERA BOUFFE BATTLES, MORE OR LESS SANGUINARY—CALIFORNIA UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

"Revolutions," said Wendell Phillips, "are not made; they come."

This is as true of small revolts as of great ones. The Bear Flag revolution of 1846 was a little affair, yet as spontaneous of growth as that which felled the Bastille and made France a republic. It was characterized by wonderful vehemence of spirit, patriotic mouthings and little actual performance. Yet it was spectacular enough and full of valiant stage business.

Nobody knows who incited it. It just happened. At dawn on June 14th an armed band of thirty-two Americans suddenly appeared in the neighborhood of the house of Gen. M. G. Vallejo, the most prominent man of Sonoma and one of the most distinguished and highly respected in all California, and he, his brother Salvador, his brother-in-law Jacob Leese and Victor Prudon were made prisoners of war.

"To whom," exclaimed Francesca Vallejo, wife of the general, "do we surrender?"

Now the party had no leader nor any one to speak for it. Ezekiel Merritt had talked more than any of the rest during the warlike preparations, but now he was silent.

Soon it was learned by the prisoners that nobody had sent these men to arrest them and that they were responsible only to themselves for their hostile act.

The General and Mrs. Vallejo continued to ply their captors with questions and were relieved to note their confusion. It became apparent that the revolt was a weak-kneed affair. Some of the insurgents wished to back down and retire, but others argued that if they did so they would seem in the eyes of the Mexicans to be no better than bandits or horse thieves. It is likely that the "war" would have ended then and there, had it not been for the intervention of William B. Ide, who became

the self-appointed spokesman of the party, told Vallejo that they were in earnest in their resolve to overturn the Mexican Government, and so worked upon the half-hearted insurgents as to screw their courage to the sticking point. They applauded the sentiments of Ide and hailed him as their leader.

The members of the Vallejo household were held as prisoners and the party then proceeded to the old castillo at Sonoma and took possession of that "stronghold," with its rusty muskets and old cannon and sent the wondering Vallejo, along with the other prisoners, to Sutter's Fort. There they were given the best accommodations in the place, but were kept closely guarded.

Vallejo considered his arrest as a very strange proceeding, particularly as he had been one of the few eminent Californians who were in favor of annexation to the United States. In fact, he had made a speech before the junta at Monterey a few months before in which he stoutly asserted that such a course would be advisable. In this matter Vallejo evinced far more sagacity than Pico, Castro or the other Californians who had shown so much hatred for all Americans. It was known that this country would soon be at war with Mexico and that it would be a war of conquest. The United States was extending its borders. How could California hope or expect to maintain for long any degree of homogeneity or independence?

And yet, curious to relate, this was precisely what the Quixotic Captain Ide and his followers now hoped to achieve. They were a little afraid that they were running counter to the ideas of Fremont, but as these ideas seemed to be vague and of no great import, they were ready, in the modern argot, to "take a chance."

They dreamed of a California republic, to be ruled by men of American birth. Royce and other annalists have derided their plan as "absurd." Perhaps it was, but it was not seditious so far as disloyalty to American interests were concerned. The United States had no more claim upon California than it had upon Quebec or Cuba. And there are old pioneers in this state today who can see nothing unpatriotic or even impolitic in the abortive attempt of Ide and his band to make this sunset land a separate and distinct nation. Just here it may be pointed out, with no lack of loyalty whatever, that there is lurking in many a Californian breast today a vague, intangible feeling that when all is said and done California would not have made so bad a republic after all. There is a faint outcropping of this sentiment whenever the old Bear Flag, with the crude figure of the grizzly passant and the words "California Republic" emblazoned beneath it, is borne aloft in street processions. It is often saluted with reverence, and not all that reverence springs from

a respect for antiquity—not a little of it is for the spirit of Ide and his doughty followers who raised the first of the Bear flags over the old fort at Sonoma on that June day in 1846.

Various stories have been told by various authorities as to the making of the Bear Flag. I think the most credence can be put in the account of Benjamin Dewell, one of the latest survivors of the revolutionary band. Dewell has told the tale as follows:

"The flag was made in the front room of the barracks, just at the left of the door and most of the sewing was done by myself. Bill Todd painted the bear and star with black ink. The colors red, white and blue were used because they were the colors of the United States flag. The bear was selected as representing the strongest animal in that section of the country. The language of the flag was, 'A bear stands his ground always, and as long as the stars shine we stand for the cause.'"

Ide presented a simple plan of organization for the new nation. The party was divided into three companies, with Granville P. Swift, Samuel J. Hensley and Henry L. Ford as commanders.

With true Patrick Henry fervor, Capt. William B. Ide, commander-in-chief of the California Republic, declared in a pronunciamiento issued June 18th:

"The commander-in-chief of the troops assembled at the fortress of Sonoma gives his inviolable pledge to all persons in California not found under arms, that they shall not be disturbed in their persons, their property or their social relations, one with another, by the men under his command.

"He also solemnly declares his objects to be: First, to defend himself and companions in arms, who were invited to this country by a promise of lands on which to settle themselves and families; who were also promised a republican government; when, having arrived in California, they were denied the privilege of buying or renting lands of their friends, who, instead of being allowed to participate in or being protected by a republican government, were oppressed by a military despotism, who were even threatened by proclamation of the chief officers of aforesaid despotism with extermination if they should not depart out of the country, leaving all their property, arms and beasts of burden, and thus deprived of their means of defense, were to be driven through deserts inhabited by hostile Indians, to certain destruction.

"To overthrow a government which has seized upon the property of the missions for its individual aggrandizement, which has ruined and shamefully oppressed the laboring people of California by enormous exactions on goods imported into the country, is the determined purpose of the brave men who are associated under my command.

"I also declare my object, in the second place, to invite all peaceable and good citizens of California who are friendly to the maintenance of good order and equal rights, and I do hereby invite them, to repair to my camp at Sonoma without delay to assist us in establishing and perpetuating a republican government which shall secure to all civil and religious liberty, which shall encourage virtue and literature, which shall leave unshackled by fetters agriculture, commerce and manufactures."

Virtue and literature had not, so far as we have seen, been greatly encouraged by the Mexican authorities, but as to Ide's other counts against them there may be some little question, particularly that alleging a threat of the extermination of Americans in California, for even though Pico and Castro might have considered this a consummation devoutly to be wished, it is not in evidence that they openly declared for extermination or even expulsion.

The only basis I can find for the extraordinary statement of Ide that the Americans were to be exterminated was that he told Fremont in October, of the previous year, that he had received an anonymous letter while in the northern part of the Sacramento Valley to the effect that 250 Spaniards were coming up the valley, destroying crops, burning houses and driving off cattle. There was very little truth in this report, and nobody was exterminated.

Mention has been made of Ezekiel Merritt as being one of the Bear Flag leaders. Ezekiel evidently was not the most prepossessing character to be found in California in those days, if we are to believe John Bidwell, who said of him in one of his *Century Magazine* articles:

"He could neither read nor write. He was an old mountaineer and trapper, lived with an Indian squaw and went clad in buckskin. * * * He chewed tobacco to a disgusting excess and stammered badly. He boasted of his prowess in killing Indians and the handle of the tomahawk he carried had nearly a hundred notches to record the number of his Indian scalps. He drank deeply whenever he could get liquor."

So that in encouraging virtue and literature Captain Ide did not have far to go in search of material upon which to work.

Dr. Robert Semple, a printer, who with Walter Cotton afterwards started the *Californian*, the first newspaper in California, has told us the story of the Bear Flag revolution in high-sounding language such as becomes an honest, kindly visionary, utterly lacking in a sense of humor.

"The world," vociferates Semple, "has not hitherto manifested so high a degree of civilization, for the party did no wrong, its watchword being, 'equal rights and equal laws.' One single man who, in the innocence of his heart, made a natural interpretation of the watchword, cried out, 'Let us make a fair and equal division of the spoils'; but one universal

dark and indignant frown made him slink from the presence of honest men, and from that time forward no man dared to hint anything like violating the sanctity of a private house or touching private property."

But that this Semplonian language was too good to be true is evidenced by what occurred to General Vallejo when, on being allowed to return home from Fort Sutter after two months' imprisonment, he found that the insurgents and their successors had taken from his ranch over 1,000 head of cattle, 600 horses and all his crops.

As to that part of Ide's pronunciamiento which refers to the military despotism which would not permit Americans to settle in California, Bidwell says: "There were not at that time over twenty-one persons who had located ranches and were living on them or that had others occupying the same for them. There were, however, a good many without homes or any intentions of making homes, staying, some at the places occupied by others and some, and by far the greater number, camped about the Sacramento Valley hunting. * * * The Americans in the valley had no fear whatever that Castro would come to attack them; on the contrary they knew they were able to cope with any force he could bring against them. This floating population had all to gain and nothing to lose. * * * The reasons given for the Bear Flag movement were news to me, and, I think, to most others."

John Bidwell is the man who led the first immigrant train across the Sierras, reaching California in the fall of 1841. He had been a school-teacher in the East and had banded together several hundred persons under the name of the Western Emigration Society. Only sixty-nine of these actually started on the journey. On the plains they had to leave their wagons behind and in course of time their last ox was killed for food. They were six months on the long, hazardous, tiresome journey, but at last arrived in California.

What was Fremont's connection, if any, with the Bear Flag movement? Why should he have been in any way concerned, considering the fact that he was an officer in the United States Army, sent, as we have seen, to spy upon the Mexicans and to hold himself in readiness for war with their country? The Bear Flag men set out to establish a republic. What had Fremont to do with that? Would he not rather frown upon than encourage it?

There are those who say that Fremont held himself entirely aloof from the Bear Flag movement. Yet Ide was in direct communication with him, and he says that Fremont wanted him to take some sort of stand that would stir up the Americans to overt acts so that Castro would strike the first blow in the war and give provocation for him (Fremont) to strike back.

But while Fremont had little to say about the Bear Flag men openly, it is in evidence that he sent a letter to Senator Thomas Hart Benton, his father-in-law, in which he assumed entire responsibility for and direction of the Bear Flag rising. He also refers to Sutter's Fort as being under "my command," though it was owned and commanded by John A. Sutter, who had become a Mexican citizen and had not yielded Fremont any authority over the little fortress.

The new republic was ushered into existence June 14, 1846, and the Bear Flag attained its apotheosis as a national banner on July 4th when Captain Ide and his fellow patriots exploded a quantity of powder in salutes and fired off oratorical pyrotechnics in honor of the birth of the new nation. But the republic did not last long; in fact, it may be classed among those revolutionary enterprises that have died a-borning. It utterly collapsed on the 9th of July, after an existence of twenty-five days, when news reached Sonoma that Commodore Sloat had raised the Stars and Stripes at Monterey and had taken possession of the country in the name of the United States.

It is significant of the spirit of Ide and his followers that they did not immediately pull down the Bear Flag even after the news of Sloat's act at Monterey. It remained for Lieutenant Revere, who was sent by Sloat on the 9th of July, to lower the crude banner from its staff and to raise in its place the American flag.

It is to be conceded, however, that even if Sloat never had sailed to Monterey and if the United States never had taken forcible possession of California, it would now be numbered among American possessions. What happened at Hawaii would have happened here. Destiny had decreed that California should enter the union.

But what were the Californians doing in the interim between June 14th and July 9th? Were they tamely submitting to the overt acts of the gringos? Indeed, no. List to "the citizen Jose Castro, acting grand commander of the Department of California," in his valiant proclamation issued from his headquarters at Santa Clara on the 17th day of June, after referring to the Bear Flag rising and the arrest of the Vallejos and their friends:"

"Fellow-countrymen: The defense of our liberty, the true religion which our fathers possessed and our independence call upon us to sacrifice ourselves rather than lose our inestimable blessings. Banish from your hearts all petty resentments, turn you and behold yourselves, these families, these innocent little ones which have unfortunately fallen into the hands of our enemies, dragged from the bosoms of their fathers who are prisoners among foreigners and are calling upon us to rescue them.

"There is still time for us to rise en masse, as irresistible as retributive.

You need not doubt that Divine Providence will direct us in the way to glory. You should not vacillate because of the smallness of the garrison of the general headquarters, for he who will be the first to sacrifice himself will be your friend and fellow-citizen."

"JOSE CASTRO."

Now, I ask, looking at the literature of each side of the "war," does anyone doubt the opera bouffe character of its military operations?

Fremont, hearing that Castro was about to cross the bay with 200 men and make a landing on the Marin shore, immediately set out for Sonoma, arriving there on the 25th of June. But the doughty Castro, despite his proclaimed avowal of sacrificing himself, remained near San Jose.

With a force of twenty-two men, all pledged to allegiance to the Bear Flag, Capt. Thomas Fallon of Santa Cruz, and afterward of San Jose, crossed the Santa Cruz Mountains, reached the Santa Clara Valley at night and halted his forces about three miles south of San Jose. There he heard that Castro, whom he had counted upon as having left the valley for Sonoma, was still there, with over 300 men.

Now Fallon was brave and so were his sturdy twenty-two, but they were not reckless enough to attack a fortified force over twelve times as strong as their own, so they withdrew into the Santa Cruz foothills and encamped.

While Castro was still deferring the sacrifice of his worthy self, though reserving the privilege to do so whenever, in the present language of the street, he "got good and ready," one Henry Pitt came riding into San Jose bearing dispatches from Commodore Sloat, at Monterey. When Pitt handed the documents to Castro that valiant chief was mounted on a prancing charger at the head of his men in front of the Juzgado, in Market Street. After opening and reading the papers, which were in Spanish, Castro bellowed forth to his men:

"Monterey is taken by the Americans!"

No reason any longer for self-sacrifice, for being among the first, or last, to die for one's country. The accursed Americanos had taken it. There was an end of war, of military office, of everything!

"What can I do?" the bewildered general demanded, turning to his soldiers. "I have but a handful of men to fight the whole United States. I am going to Mexico. All of you who wish to follow me may come. All who wish to remain may go home."

There were but few to link their fate with Castro's. They left town with him that same day, bound for Mexico by land, taking along with them Capt. Charles M. Weber, a shopkeeper of San Jose. Him

they solemnly conducted as far as Los Angeles, where he was as solemnly released. At least they had "done something" to one American.

Captain Fallon, still lurking in the foothills, now boldly sallied forth into the valley, gathering adherents along the way, and with thirty-one men entered San Jose, arrested Alcalde Pacheco and took possession of the Juzgado, or court house, with all its archives. Receiving on the 13th of July from Commodore Sloat, an American flag, he raised it on the tall Mexican flagpole in front of the Juzgado, and then were the Stars and Stripes first unfurled in the Santa Clara Valley.

Fallon, who had been marching under the Bear flag, had been willing to fight for it, but he was now doubly willing to fight for the American banner. And there was fighting to be done.

On July 12th Fremont had started, with his men, from the Sacramento River for San Juan, south of San Jose. At San Juan he met Purser Fauntleroy, with a little party of dragoons sent out by Sloat. The two commands joined together and proceeded to Monterey. Fallon, leaving a force at San Jose, also went to Monterey, where he shipped in the Cyane for San Diego to assist the marines in cutting off Castro in his retreat to Mexico.

On his way to Los Angeles, Castro had united with Pio Pico and his men and now found himself in company with a force of 600. These all marched to Los Angeles, arriving there about the 1st of August.

Affairs were quiet until November, when San Jose found itself in a state of siege. There had been threatened attacks by Indians who had become restive during the hostilities between the Americans and Mexicans, but the savages had been successfully attacked and repulsed in the San Joaquin Valley. Now, however, came a new menace: A party of Mexicans under Col. Francisco Sanchez, who suddenly had sprung up from nowhere in particular, were recruiting in the San Mateo Hills. They were daily receiving reinforcements and were in possession of a six-pound cannon.

When San Jose learned that Sanchez was threatening the region between that town and San Francisco and might momentarily be expected to swing down the valley, the town became greatly excited, and became still more feverish when it was learned that Sanchez had captured a number of American prisoners, among them Lieut. W. A. Bartlett of the Sloop Warren who was acting alcalde at San Francisco. So breast-works were thrown up about the Juzgado and an armed force was stationed there.

Advancing to the Santa Clara Valley and to a position about ten miles north of San Jose, Colonel Sanchez sent a note from the house of Jose Higuerra, saying that if the American forces would evacuate San Jose

they might do so unmolested. Otherwise he would attack with his cannon and 200 fully armed men.

Lieutenant Pinkey, in charge at San Jose with forty or fifty men, received Sanchez's note very coolly. He read the communication aloud to the little garrison.

"Shall we stay and fight?" he asked. "I leave it to you."

"We'll stay!" one of the besieged shouted back.

"We'll stay!" echoed the others.

"Good!" cried Pinkey. "And, by God, Sanchez shall never drive me out of here alive."

Sanchez rode around the pueblo at night, but made no attack. He seemed to be waiting for the Americans to show themselves.

Meantime Capt. Ward Marston of the United States Marine Corps, with 100 men and a little field gun, proceeded from San Francisco on December 29th, and on January 2, 1847, came in view of the enemy.

Sanchez lined up his men to meet the attack. There was fighting for three hours. The firing was heard at Santa Clara Mission and at San Jose, but Pinkey's men did not immediately go forth to battle. They remained at San Jose and stood ready to join Marston should he send for them.

Retreating toward the mission, Sanchez's men were met by Captain Aram, who, with a small force, made him change his purpose, which evidently had been to attack the fortress of San Jose. Sanchez then swung about and retired toward the Santa Cruz Mountains, the Americans in full charge after him. This pursuit lasted but a few hours, when Sanchez sent forth a white flag, surrendering unconditionally after some bickering as to terms. This was on January 8th. The losses of the Mexicans had been four killed and five wounded. The Americans had been more fortunate, with none killed and only two wounded.

For a time Sanchez was kept prisoner aboard the United States ship *Savannah*, but his men were not detained, all being permitted to go home.

So far as the bay region was concerned that was the last of the war. There were various skirmishes in the southern part of California. On December 29th Commodore Stockton succeeded Sloat, who was sent home very ill, after having administered a sharp reprimand to Fremont for having aided the Bear Flag men and for other irregular proceedings. According to Eldredge, in declining to accept Fremont's plan of conquest or to accept the Bear Flag battalion as a part of the American forces, Sloat left Fremont without any standing whatever as a conqueror, and yet there are many old Californians today who look upon the dashing young colonel as the savior of California, and seem proud to do him honor. This sentiment is largely due to the fact that there is always

in any community a certain order of minds that reveres swashbuckling, and the mock heroic buncombe of self-appointed egoistic leaders.

Stockton was a hero after Fremont's own heart—full of vaulting ambition, much given to vainglorious pronunciamientos. He defeated the Mexicans in a skirmish at San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, on January 8th, and with 600 men marched on to Los Angeles. He met with no serious opposition, though he referred to Castro's men in his reports as "an exasperated and powerful enemy"; yet, as a matter of fact, he, in conjunction with Fremont who came down from the north to aid him, had in modern parlance, a "walkover" when they went up against the Mexicans who melted away before them with little show of hostility, so that they raised the American flag over Los Angeles "without opposition or disapproval on the part of the inhabitants."

With the fall of Los Angeles all resistance ceased and the Americans held undisputed sway over all California.

What became of Ide after the hauling down of the Bear Flag? In June 7, 1847, he was appointed by the governor to be land surveyor for the northern district of California. He was also justice of the peace at the same time at Cache Creek. At an early day he secured a grant of land called the Rancho Barranca Colorado, near Red Creek, in Colusa County. He was elected county treasurer in 1851, with an assessment roll of \$373,206. Afterward he was elected county judge, and he practiced law at Monroeville for a time. Judge Ide died of smallpox on December 18, 1852, aged fifty years.

It would seem from the fact of his having been entrusted with these important offices that the flighty nature attributed to Ide by some of the California chroniclers was, if he really possessed such a nature, no bar to his official preferment. On the whole, despite what we have pointed out as his unfair attitude toward the Mexicans, he would seem to have been a gentleman of parts, if irrational and visionary at times. That he possessed no inconsiderable learning is evinced by his composition of that remarkable document, his declaration of independence of Mexican rule.

From the time of the conquest up to the 6th of August, 1848, and even later, the government of California was a military one. It was on that date that news was received of the signing of the treaty with Mexico, ending the war. In the meantime Pio Pico had returned to his accustomed haunts and had announced his intention to resume the governorship, but this was denied him. He was arrested, but after a week's confinement, concluded to forego his high ambition and was permitted to return home.

It had been the universal expectation that Congress would provide

a state government for California as soon as the treaty had been signed, but the struggle at Washington over the slavery question kept this in abeyance.

It was not until August, 1849, that authority was granted for the holding of a constitutional convention. Of the delegates who met from all parts of California at Monterey on the 3d of September of that year, Bayard Taylor said:

“Taken as a body, the delegates did honor to California and would not suffer by comparison with any first state convention ever held in our republic. The appearance of the whole body was exceedingly dignified and intellectual, and parliamentary decorum was strictly observed.”

When it was decided to organize a state instead of a territorial government there was some doubt as to whether this would be legal under the United States Constitution, but Congress accepted the plan, so that California never was a territory though not admitted to the union until September 9, 1850, or nearly a year after its organization. Peter H. Burnett was elected governor and San Jose was selected as the first state capital. The state declared against slavery, thus destroying the balance between the fifteen free and the fifteen slave states then arrayed on either side of the momentous question.

XVII

EPIC OF THE GOLD

DISCOVERIES PRIOR TO THAT OF MARSHALL—HOW THE YELLOW METAL WAS FOUND AT COLOMA—FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES—THE EYES OF THE WORLD UPON CALIFORNIA—GREAT RUSH TO THE GOLD FIELDS—SAN FRANCISCO'S MUSHROOM GROWTH—TALES OF THE GAMBLERS.

The first recorded discovery of gold in California was that of Baptiste Ruelle near Los Angeles in 1841. Ruelle afterward discovered "a few colors" along the American River in 1843. Pablo Gutierrez is also said to have dug up a little gold on Bear River in the Spring of 1844. These discoveries attracted no attention whatever and were not followed by the mining of the precious metal in any considerable quantities.

It was not until after James Marshall had seen those shining grains in the bottom of the mill flume at Coloma in 1848 that pandemonium broke loose and the whole world fixed its gaze upon California as the end of the rainbow, the new and wonderful El Dorado, the land of the golden fleece.

How did this discovery which so turned the tide of immigration toward California come about? And what manner of man was it that found the glittering grains?

Let us go back to Sutter's Fort, or New Helvetia, as Capt. John A. Sutter loved to call his domain on the beautiful Sacramento River. Sutter's Fort had become the gathering place of Americans traveling over the Sierras into California. Here the newcomers bought their supplies or sold what they might have to sell. It was one of the most important inland trading stations in the country. Captain Sutter's hospitality was famous all over the coast. If a man was "broke" he gave him work, if he was sick he ministered to his needs.

Yearly he garnered large crops of grain in the valley but he had very poor facilities for grinding it, hence he decided to erect a suitable grist mill. In order to build the mill he needed lumber, and it was for this reason that he constructed a sawmill in the timber region along the American River at a spot called Culloomah by the Indians and Coloma by the Americans and Spanish.

Water power mills in those days and for twenty years afterward were provided with the old-fashioned overshot wheels, built of wood, the steel

turbine not yet having been invented. Now James W. Marshall was a practical builder of such wheels. He had come to Sutter's Fort from New Jersey, where he was born and had worked for Sutter in various ways. The two men formed a partnership in 1847 to build and operate the saw-mill. It was Marshall who selected the site for the mill on the south fork of the American and it was he who directed the workmen, but it was Sutter who provided the means to pay them for their labor.

Coloma was a little valley in the mountains about forty-five miles northeast of Sutter's Fort and there was a good opportunity for a wagon trail leading up to it.

Marshall reported the finding of the excellent mill site and Sutter was pleased because of his success. But let us have Marshall's own words for what followed:

"In August, everything being ready, we freighted two wagons with tools and provisions and, accompanied by six men, I left the fort and after a good deal of difficulty I reached this place one beautiful afternoon and formed our camp on yon little rise of ground right above the town.

"Our first business was to put up log houses as we intended remaining here all winter. We then cut timber and fell to work hewing it for the framework of the mill. The Indians gathered about us in great numbers. I employed about forty of them to assist us with the dam, which we put up in a kind of way in about four weeks. In digging the foundations of the mill we cut some distance into the soft granite; we opened the forebay and then I left for the fort.

"I returned in a few days and found everything favorable, all the men being at work in the ditch. When the channel was opened it was my custom every evening to raise the gate and let the water wash out as much sand and gravel through the night as possible. In the morning, while the men were getting breakfast I would walk down and, shutting off the water, look along the race and see what was to be done.

"One morning in January—it was a clear, cold morning—as I was taking my usual walk along the race after shutting off the water, my eye caught a glimpse of something shining in the bottom of the ditch. There was about a foot of water running then. I reached my hand down and picked it up. It made my heart thump, for I was certain it was gold. The piece was about half the size and of the shape of a pea. After taking it out I sat down and began to think right hard. I thought it was gold, and yet it did not seem to be of the right color. All the gold coin I had seen was of a reddish tinge. This looked more like brass. I recalled to mind all the metals I had seen or heard of, but I could find none that resembled this. Suddenly the idea flashed across my mind that it might be iron pyrites. I trembled to think of it!"

Marshall gathered several of the pieces of metal and tried to think of some test to which he could put them. He says:

"Putting one of the pieces on a hard river stone, I took another stone and commenced hammering it. It was soft and didn't break. It therefore must be gold, but largely mixed with some other metal, very likely silver; for pure gold, I thought, would certainly have a brighter color. When I returned to the cabin for breakfast I showed the pieces to my men. They were all a good deal excited and had they not thought the gold existed only in small quantities they would have abandoned everything and left me to finish my job alone. However, to satisfy them I told them that as soon as we had the mill finished we would devote a week or two to gold hunting and see what we could make out of it.

"While we were working in the race after this discovery we always kept a sharp lookout, and in the course of three or four days we had picked up about three ounces—our work still progressing as lively as ever, for none of us imagined at that time that the whole country was sowed with gold."

The foregoing was written for the Century Magazine years after the famous discovery. So far as we know there was no written report made of it at the time save by one Henry Bigler, the only litterateur of the camp and the only man that kept a diary. The following scrap from his little journal is of importance as it serves to fix the date of the discovery:

"January 24, 1848; this day some kind of mettle was found in the tail-race that looks like goald, first discovered by James Martial, the Boss of the Mill."

This same diarist, Bigler, is credited with being the first man to find gold outside the millrace. He was the hunter of the camp, the man that provided it with fresh venison. While searching for deer he also searched for gold, and he found it in small quantities along the river banks and in the gravel.

Sutter cautioned Marshall to keep the secret of the finding of the gold. Sutter had tested the metal and found that it was really gold and he was much concerned about it. But the story was out and from over the hills and far away men were flocking to the banks of the American. Indeed, it was marvelous how quickly the tale went from mouth to mouth. After Marshall had gone to Sutter with his three ounces of yellow metal and Sutter had pronounced it gold, the millwright returned to Coloma, though without any well-defined plan as to what should be his next step in the matter.

"I had scarce arrived at the mill again," he says, "when several persons appeared with pans, shovels and hoes, and those that had not iron picks had wooden ones, all anxious to fall to work and dig up our mill; but this we

would not permit. As fast as one party would disappear another would arrive, and sometimes I had the greatest kind of trouble to get rid of them."

This was in the last days of January. By March the Californian papers were telling the tale, and Coloma gold, dug and washed by eager hands, was being offered for sale in San Jose and Yerba Buena.



FROM THE "ARGONAUT."

CALIFORNIA, 1849

Then of a sudden a brainstorm swept the whole coast, and there was a grand headlong rush for the mines. Stores and workshops were abandoned, newspapers ceased publication, ships were deserted by their crews, and officers, churches had only empty pews.

Gold, gold, gold!

The whole world rang with the tidings of it, and for the next three years people came from London, from Paris, from Rome, from New York, from Australia and even from China in ever-increasing numbers—all intent upon a golden fortune.

As the Californian newspaper said in an editorial on its suspension of publication May 29, 1848:

"We do not believe that for the last ten days anything in the shape of a newspaper has received five minutes' attention from any one of our citizens. The whole country, from San Francisco to Los Angeles and from the seashore to the base of the Sierra Nevada, resounds with the sordid cry of 'gold! gold!! gold!!!' while the field is left half-planted, the house half-built, and everything neglected but the manufacture of shovels and pickaxes, and the means of transportation to the spot where one man obtained \$128 worth of the real stuff in one day's washing and the average of all concerned is \$20 per diem."

San Francisco soon became the largest town on the coast. It profited enormously by the gold discovery, but the other towns were not benefited for the time. In San Jose and the whole Santa Clara valley business was suspended and everybody rushed to the mines. Grain was not harvested, but was wasted or eaten by grazing herds. There being very little production, every article of food was exceedingly high. Flour from Chili was sold at \$20 a barrel. Labor was \$20 a day. It cost \$100 for the transportation of a thousand feet of lumber from the Santa Cruz mountains to San Jose. Here and there were minds keen enough to grasp the idea that there would be money in staying at home and working. One man of San Jose who did this raised six acres of onions and sold them for \$20,000, which is probably ten times as much as he would have made in the same time had he gone gold hunting. For of course there were thousands that were disappointed, and I doubt if the Californian estimate of an average of \$20 a day to the miner was ever realized by as many as a fifth of the gold-seekers. This has been the history of gold rushes everywhere—In Australia, in the Fraser River country, in the Black Hills, in the Klondike and on the beaches of the Bering.

As for Marshall, the man who touched the spring that filled the coffers of the world, his story is one of the cruel ironies of fate. He led the way to great riches for others, but got little for himself.

Edwin Markham, who knew Marshall for years and made several visits to his grim little cabin on the hillside above Coloma, says of him:

"Marshall spent his last years in the little scoop of the hills where he discovered gold. He had a large, bony frame, stooped shoulders, a broad, bearded face. His clothes, dingy and brown, hung loosely upon his body. He was a 'drinking man,' but not a drunkard, as some writers have said. Yet he dealt in ceaseless volumes of vapory talk, and he could frequently be seen on the street of the little village, holding some neighbor with his glittering eye, gesticulating the while and ending every other sentence with a meaningless, 'You understand me?'"

Marshall is referred to by his old neighbors as good-natured and harmless, rather inclined to spiritism, which appears to have "rattled" his mind. He received communications from "spirits" which he reduced to writing and which made very queer reading.

But his discovery enriched others. By the end of 1848, after about nine months of real mining, the gold yield of California had reached \$10,000,000. In 1849 it was over \$40,000,000 and in 1853 it reached the immense sum of \$65,000,000.

All this wealth and many times more came as the direct result of Marshall's discovery. But of what good to him? Thirty years after he picked up those shining bits of yellow metal in the Coloma mill race he was found in his dirty, fly-haunted little shack, dead "in his boots," lying full-dressed on his barren couch, his hat pulled over his eyes. Thus in poverty, alone, died one whose discovery filled the treasure vaults of the world.

Significant of the experiences of the miners and the feverishness of those who were looking to California from afar, it may be said that many who went from San Jose and San Francisco to the mines in 1848 returned home before the great rush of 1849, some with gold and some with none. Agriculture was resumed in the Santa Clara Valley and in other fertile regions about the bay. Better homes were built and better stores were established. There were many shopkeepers who became wealthy by charging high prices during the gold rush from men who never dug an ounce of gold, but who spent their last dollar for mining supplies.

Fifteen thousand people came to San Francisco in 1849, many of them remaining. To house and feed the strangers was a great task, but it was accomplished after a fashion, though bunkhouses made of canvas were the usual sleeping quarters, and with no place that they might call home, the population, mostly adult males, wandered the streets or drifted into the gambling saloons and dance halls.

Under date of November 15, 1849, a correspondent of the New York Evening Post gives a quaint, half-contemptuous account of the affairs of the landlords of San Francisco at that time:

"The people of San Francisco are mad, stark mad. A dozen times or more during the last two weeks I have been taken by the arm by some of the millionaires—so they call themselves, I call them madmen—of San Francisco, looking wondrously dirty and out at elbows for men of such magnificent pretensions. They have dragged me about through the mud and filth almost up to my middle, from one pine box to another, called mansion, hotel, bank or store, as it may please the imagination, and have told me with a sincerity that would have done credit to the Bedlamite, that these splendid structures were theirs, and they, the fortunate proprietors, were worth from two to three hundred thousand dollars a year each. There

must be nearly two thousand houses beside the tents, which are still spread in numbers. * * * And what do you suppose to be the rental, the yearly value, of this cardhouse city? Not less, it is said, than twelve millions of dollars, and this with a population of about twelve thousand! New York, with its five hundred thousand inhabitants, does not give a rental of much more than this, if as much."

Gambling! Probably in no other place in the world was it carried on so wildly or for such stakes. Soule speaks of it as "the life and soul" of the place. Monte, faro, roulette, rondo, rouge et noir and vingt-un were the games chiefly played. In the larger gambling places pretty, well-dressed women dealt the cards or turned the roulette wheel. Pictures that made a strong appeal to passion hung on the walls. Hundreds of lamps flashed their welcome to the newcomer, and there was everything to tempt him on to risk his money or dust. In a few months gambling became a regular business. Those who made a profession of it were among the richest men and women of the town and among them were talented and influential citizens, who would have scorned to pick a pocket but not a few of whom winked at some very shady methods of gaming.

The stakes were at times enormous. In a faro game sixteen thousand dollars was laid upon the table as a single bet. The bet was lost by the "banker," who paid it cheerfully. Something had gone wrong or he would have raked in the pile. A quick, simple way of winning or getting rid of money or dust was the cutting of cards. It was said that as high as twenty thousand dollars was risked upon one of these cuts, while five thousand, three thousand or one thousand was frequently ventured. Of course there were much smaller stakes, one to five dollars being the usual sum. No objection was made by the keepers of the tables to the high amounts wagered. They understood their game and in the long run were sure of making a good clean-up. Nor did they object to small stakes, for the sum of them, with everybody playing night and day, was vast. The gambling fever was by no means confined to San Francisco, but throughout all Northern California.

A story is told by Col. J. J. Ayres of a scene he witnessed on a peaceful Sunday at Middle Bar. He said that a procession such as one would expect to see in Andalusia made its appearance on the trail. Mounted on two large, sleek mules were a gentleman and a lady. The man was large, well dressed and a very dignified Spaniard. The lady, also Spanish, was splendidly arrayed in the fashion of Madrid. These were followed by a troop of caballeros and servants.

"The grand hidalgo, as I took him to be," said Ayres, "halted with his lady in front of the most considerable house of entertainment in camp, went in and refreshed themselves. After a while the hidalgo emerged from

the refectory and called to him one of his servants and placed a large bag of gold dust in his hands. The two then went into a nearby gambling saloon and the hidalgo took a seat at the table. To my astonishment he addressed the dealer in the purest English:

"What is your limit at this table?" he asked.

"We have no limit, sir," was the reply.

"Francisco, take my bag of dust to the counter and have it weighed," directed the hidalgo to his servant, speaking in Spanish.

"This was done and the purse-bearer reported one hundred and fifty ounces in the bag.

"I shall not tap your bank at present," said the hidalgo to the dealer, "but I reserve the privilege of doing so at any time. You have about two thousand dollars in it. This bag of dust is sufficient to see it and more too. Shuffle the cards and give me a layout."

"The dealer did so and laid out a king and a deuce. The hidalgo placed one ounce on the king. Then the dealer laid out a five and queen, and another ounce was hazarded on the five.

"Does the gentleman wish to draw the cards himself?" asked the dealer. "It is his privilege."

"I waive it for the present," was the reply.

"The king won in a few strippings, and the five was next exposed. The dealer passed over two doubloons to the hidalgo. The playing went on for some time and the hidalgo was ahead of the bank a good-sized stack of doubloons. He had kept close watch of the cards and seemed like one who was doing his utmost to follow the run of particular favorites. At last he seemed to be satisfied and to have a layout that suited him.

"Now, sir," said he, in measured tones, "I am going to avail myself of the privilege to tap your bank, and choose the five against the jack."

"The other layout he paid no attention to. The dealer was about to pick up the pack

"Stop, my friend," said the hidalgo, "I now wish to avail myself of my other privilege, to draw the cards."

"The dealer handed him the deck, and he deliberately turned it face up, and slowly exposed each card as it lay under the one in full sight. The bystanders craned their necks and intense excitement prevailed. The only really cool and collected individual in that crowded room was the hidalgo who was slowly drawing card after card and liable at each stripping to win or lose a couple of thousand dollars. Nearly half the deck had been drawn and yet neither a jack nor a five had shown up. The stillness was oppressive and nearly everybody held his breath as the hidalgo showed the edge of a court card which looked very much like the upper part of a jack. Slowly the covering was withdrawn and revealed a king. The hidalgo

continued to expose the covered cards until a universal sigh of relief ran through the worked-up crowd as a five spot appeared, and the hidalgo had broken the bank!

"'Here, Francisco,' said the hidalgo, calling his servant, 'go and tell Lopez to come here at once with his serape; and let him bring Tomasito with him.'

"The servants were soon present. He ordered them to dump the whole bank into the serape and take it to the refectory. Then he rose to leave, saying to the dealer that he would give him his revenge at some other time when he had more leisure. Smiling, he walked forth as coolly as if nothing unusual had happened."

Afterward the teller of the tale learned that the winner was no hidalgo, though attired like one, but a certain Colonel James, a retired attorney who had taken a gold bar down the Mokelumne River. He had served in the Mexican war with great gallantry and in Mexico had married the lady now accompanying him. James' bar paid very well, but rich as it was it could not provide enough gold to meet the lordly expenditures of the Colohel. Two years after he broke the bank the sheriff took possession of his mine and the Colonel went to San Francisco and returned to the practice of his profession in which he is said to have made more money than from his mine.

James was gifted with a wonderful memory. He is said to have rarely had a law book before him when arguing a case, and yet would refer the court to the book, section and page of every citation he would make.

Reuben H. Lloyd, who was afterward one of the leading lawyers of California, but was then a fair-haired young man with a gentle down upon his upper lip, was trained by James and came to adopt his methods. I knew Lloyd very well and have often been with him in court when he was trying a case. Like James, his able teacher, he made a practice of preparing his case in such a way that there was little work to be done in the courtroom. In fact he could make his citations in much the same way that James did. Each of these men had a system of mnemonics which stood them in good stead when it came to a test of memory. Both of them gained prominent places at the bar in their time, though Lloyd earned the highest prominence because of the fact that he remained in San Francisco long after James' ultimate retirement.

Profligacy among professional men of the early days was proverbial. If they had money they spent it, and often after a series of bewildering vicissitudes, they did not know whether they were rich or poor.

Another attorney, E. R. Lawrence, who made a brilliant record in the courts of California, was a most able pleader, but exceedingly eccentric. For a time he was employed by the banking firm of Palmer, Cooke & Com-

pany. Members of this firm have told strange tales of Lawrence. After a night of dissipation in a drinking and gambling place on Kearney Street, Lawrence called on Palmer at the bank, dressed in a gray flannel shirt and overalls, a broad-brimmed hat, a belt into which was thrust two six-shooters and a bowie knife, and the high top boots of those days. He told Palmer that he was going to Sacramento and had come in to say good-bye to him.

"Why are you leaving?" asked Palmer.

"Because I have spent all my money and must get more and get it quick."

"Why," exclaimed Palmer, "are you sure you have spent all your money? Let me see." He turned to the books and after a few moments, remarked. "You don't have to go to the mines. You have a credit with this bank of five thousand dollars."

"No!" cried Lawrence, incredulously.

"Yes; so our records show."

"Then I won't go," decided Lawrence. And he returned to his law office.

It is said of this loosely liberal man that he never stated a fee for his services and never presented a bill. If his clients paid him, well and good, if not he did not pursue them.

Of a sudden Lawrence disappeared. Palmer heard that he was in Australia where he had given up law and gone to herding sheep. The banker, who had need of his services, sent a special messenger to Australia to induce him to return. Reluctantly he did so. Resuming his old place at the San Francisco bar, he shone resplendant as before and was as profligate as ever. In 1856 he was sent to Washington in the ship *Central America* to argue a land case. The ship never reached port, but went down in mid-ocean. Lawrence would not leave the vessel until all the women and the children were put into the boats of which there were all too few. Nor would he fight his way into the last boat launched from the ship, but leaned calmly against the rail, smoking a cigar while the crew pulled away.

But if there were profligates in those days, there were also the penurious, though not many of these latter achieved such distinction as Michael Reese, who at his death left a fortune of over eight millions. Any of the old-time men of San Francisco can tell droll stories of Reese. Thomas E. Farish says that Reese, who was a native of Germany and began life in Richmond, Virginia, as a peddler, came to San Francisco with the gold hunters. He became a dealer in real estate and a money lender. Even after he became a millionaire he was known for his exceeding penuriousness, differing in this respect from the regular Californian.

"He led the life of a miser," relates Farish, "watching every dime—for there was nothing less in circulation—and became one of the rich men of the State. Living in cheap rooms, denying himself all the comforts that

wealth would give, his only relaxation seemed to be an occasional game of poker. In this he was usually successful." According to other oldtimers, in these games he proved himself an adept in the art of "playing safe."

"Toward the close of his life," says Farish, "he indulged in the luxury of a horse and buggy, and used to take a ride out to the Cliff House every afternoon. At first he would invite some friend to accompany him. This meant that his friend should pay for the drinks, the toll and the hostler, for the sake of the ride. Pretty soon this became so apparent that nobody would ride with him.

"At the Turf House, frequented at times by Mr. Reese, they used to serve a free lunch of doughnuts every afternoon. When Reese discovered this he used to turn up every day just in time to empty the whole dish. The proprietor, seeing he was a most unprofitable customer, conceived the idea of preparing a more than usually seductive platter of this indigestible article of food, filling a number of doughnuts with cotton. Michael made his appearance as usual and promptly fell upon the doughnuts. It took him several minutes to 'tumble,' but when he did he fled the place, never to return."

We have seen the fate of James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold, but what became of his partner, John A. Sutter? It did not differ greatly from that of Marshall, save that he never became so sunk in poverty as to lose his self-respect. In fact he remained to the end the noble and generous man who was so hospitable to strangers before and during the gold rush. He was a great friend to all Americans and to America, aiding in the conquest of California, though he did not approve of the methods of Fremont and his men. It is said that at one time Sutter owned nearly all of the great Sacramento valley, as he kept extending his domain by grant and by purchase. He used his wealth in every benevolent way possible. In 1850 and 1851 he fitted out at his own expense several relief parties to pilot the immigrants across the Sierras into the valley, thus saving the lives of many that might have perished in the snow and cold or by starvation.

Rarely did he indulge in intoxicants, but one evening after he and a friend had been crooking the merry elbow in a Sacramento resort, they took a little stroll before retiring for the night, when Sutter's friend fell into a newly dug drainage ditch.

"I can't pull you out," said Sutter regretfully, "but I can come down and sit with you," which he proceeded to do, remaining there until assistance came in the shape of a party of miners.

Sutter made several bad speculations in the early fifties and lost all his money. He had served California so splendidly that the state came to his aid, granting him a substantial pension for the rest of his life. He died in 1855, mourned by a host of friends. His name is engraved on the base

of the Lick statuary in City Hall Park and Sutter Street, one of the principal thoroughfares of San Francisco, is named for him.

All honor to Sutter, one of the really great men of California!

Pan mining, a slow and tedious process, was the first method used by the gold washers and many of them became rich by it; but one had to have a good claim to make it pay well. Then came the cradle, a rude machine on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot and at its head a coarse grate or sieve; the bottom was rounded with small cleats nailed across. To work this machine four men were required. One dug in the bank close by a stream, another carried the earth or sand to the cradle and emptied it on the plate grate, while a third gave a violent rocking motion to the apparatus and a fourth dashed on water with a bucket from the stream itself. The sieve kept the coarse gold from entering the cradle, the water washed off the earthy matter and the gravel was gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold, mixed with heavy fine black sand, above the first cleats. This sand and gold were then drawn off through auger holes into a pan below and were dried in the sun, being afterward separated by blowing off the sand.

Sluice mining was simple, but required more preparation. A sluice is a long, shallow box, sometimes hundreds of feet in length. A powerful stream of water, running through a pipe, like a fireman's hose, tore down a bank of earth and gravel and washed it into the sluice where the gold was caught by means of low cleats of wood, or "riffles," while the debris ran off down the channel. As first employed, the earth and gravel were shoveled into the sluice box and the process of washing did not include the running of a fierce stream through a pipe, but was confined simply to letting the water run in through ditches. Sometimes weeks would elapse before a "clean-up" was made, but if the gravel was very rich the gold would be taken out much oftener. In later days quicksilver was employed to catch the gold, and by this means less of it would become wasted.

The first man to use hydraulic power in gold mining in California was a Georgian named Laird. He had a sort of garden hose made of canvas, throwing a small stream. It is said that from this small beginning came the hydraulic "giants" of the present day, each throwing eight hundred to a thousand inches of water, washing down mountain sides and making great fortunes for their operators.

Although quartz mining grew apace it was not so popular with the early goldseekers as it afterward became. Thomas E. Farish tells the story of a man named Brannan who located the famous Rocky Bar Mine near Grass Valley in 1853. Brannan organized a company with a capital of eighty thousand dollars all of which was spent on a tunnel in a vain effort to strike a vein of gold at a low depth. Still Brannan felt certain of suc-

cess. He called on his friends for more money and they reluctantly yielded. Forty-five thousand dollars more was used, but no gold was found. Then a fit of desperation seized the unlucky miner. He rushed home in a mad frenzy and killed his wife, three children and himself after leaving a note saying he was ruined and had impoverished his friends, therefore he cared to live no longer or to leave his family to starve, so he had concluded to take them with him across the border.

Soon afterward William and Thomas Watt, two brothers employed at Grass Valley as mechanical engineers, bought the mine for a nominal sum and began to extend the tunnel. In two days after they commenced work a great ledge of gold was found, running up to one thousand dollars to the ton. Before abandoning the claim the two young men divided between them over two million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Thomas Farish was in Sierra County when the largest nugget ever found in California was unearthed. His brother, John B. Farish tells the story of its discovery as follows: "The old Monumental Mine had been abandoned, but Jim Winsted had determined to work it again, as he had done in previous years, though to no great purpose, with other men. Winsted notified his old partners of his intention to renew operations, though the claim had been abandoned and was open to location by anybody who might come along and take it up. Two men were set to work—an Irishman by the name of John Tierney, who had been educated for the priesthood, and a man known as Mexican Frank. Sluice boxes were rigged up and in the first three weeks something over \$3,000 was washed out. Wandering over the hills I showed up one afternoon at the mouth of the Monumental shaft, just after the noon hour, and saw Tierney and Frank in the bottom eagerly and frantically chopping and prying in a crevice about eight inches wide. I called to them to know what was the matter, when Tierney exclaimed in an excited way:

"The whole bottom of the shaft is solid gold! Look at that!" And he held up a piece that was as large as his two fists, which he had just pried out. I suggested that whatever it was they had better get it out whole and not break it up. They rather objected, saying it would take too much time; but I insisted, and during the conversation my brother, William A. Farish appeared and, going to the shaft, supplemented my suggestion with his orders.

"The nugget, as taken out, weighed 103 pounds. It was boiled in nitric acid for one afternoon and weighed ninety-seven pounds when cleaned. Some six or eight pieces of it, varying in size from that of a single fist to a double fist, had been broken off before the directions came to take it out whole. Had this additional amount not been broken off, the weight would have been augmented by probably twenty to twenty-five pounds.

"They continued taking out the rich dirt in the bottom until after midnight, when it gave out suddenly. The total production at this time was \$56,000 of which the nugget formed almost half. One of the interests was sold in the excitement for what appeared to be a small sum; but though the owners did a great deal of work and expended thousands of dollars, nothing more has ever been found in the Monumental Mine."

Prospectors for quartz mines would go forth in the mountains and remain for weeks or even months, pursuing their lonely way, examining every ledge and outcropping, breaking off pieces with their hammers, but only here and there were any rewarded in the bounteous way in which Fortune smiled upon the hero of Prentice Mulford's story of "The Bank of California." Still many quartz mines were found that developed into paying properties. As a rule, however, these were turned over to men who had the money with which to work them, while the poor prospector shared to a very limited extent in the riches produced from the claim he had found.

Toward the end of 1857 there were many who thought that placer and river mining could no longer be carried on profitably. They believed that all the pay gravel had been exhausted. And yet from time to time after that period splendid discoveries were made.

Hydraulic mining, with the great monitors washing down whole hillsides, was continued until the early 'eighties, and the Sacramento and other streams ran yellow with clayey solutions and their banks and bottoms were covered deep with deposits of debris brought from far up the gulches. Indeed, I have seen the whole northern part of the bay and the Golden Gate itself stained with the yellow mud, and it was contended by some engineers that the bar outside the Gate had received so much debris from the mines that it had shoaled in places where there previously had been plenty of depth for navigation.

The Sacramento Valley ranchers began a campaign against hydraulic mining in 1875 and continued it for about six years. The Legislature in 1876 made a special investigation of the claims of the agriculturists that many of the streams of the northern and central regions of the state had been choked by detritus from the mines, thus causing floods and the impairment of lands for cultivation, tillage and harvesting. The orchardists were particularly loud in their complaints, as in some places fruit trees had been washed away or covered with "slickens." The shoaling of the Sacramento River and tributary streams was also attributed to the operations of the hydraulic miners. The Legislature, however, did not seem to be able to remedy the evil, so, after long travail, the ranchers appealed to the Supreme Court, which decided in their favor and hydraulic mining became a thing of the past in California.

Not until 1898 was there found a means by which gold might be successfully extracted from the gravel in great quantities without contravention of the law. In that year huge land dredgers were set to work. They were very expensive, some of them costing as much as \$300,000, but they did the work very effectively. Land dredging, as conducted in the past twenty years, is open to the objection that it lays waste large districts that otherwise might be used for agriculture or horticulture. After the gold has been washed out of the soil the surface of the earth looks like a desert place, for there is nothing to be seen but bare clay and boulders. Many expert horticulturists have asserted that there never has been enough gold taken from any of the dredged-over sections to equal the value of ten years of fruit crops, but in not a few places the bare land has been fertilized and it is said that fruit trees have thrived on it.

The gold product of the state was greatly increased by the new dredging operations. In 1895 it was over \$15,000,000, and in 1905 it rose to nearly \$20,000,000, or as much as in some of the early mining days. Without a doubt there still remains in Nature's hoard in California vast stores of gold that will eventually flow into the coffers of the world when science discovers a still better means of extracting it than those now employed. Thus far most of the golden treasure has been supplied by the region north of Tehachapi, but in the southern region the earth has yielded another and richer treasure in the vast streams of oil that have gushed from the wells or that have been pumped out by the millions of barrels. This oil production, however, has not been confined to Southern California, for it has come from many parts of the state and has proved a wonderful, nay, an amazing source of wealth. Upon it would seem to depend the future of the automobile, now in such general use all over California; yet by the time the oil wells have run dry it is believed that another and, perhaps, more economical fuel for motor vehicles may be discovered and employed.

XVIII

STORY OF HARRY MEIGGS

"CROOKED DEALS" OF THE EARLY DAYS—MEIGGS ENTERS THE FINANCIAL ARENA—HIS POPULARITY—HIS GIGANTIC SWINDLE—FLIGHT TO CHILE—AMAZING REGENERATION AND SPLENDID PROGRESS AS A SOUTH AMERICAN RAILROAD BUILDER—HIS EFFORTS TO REPAY HIS DUPES—DEATH IN EXILE.

The Homeric insweep of the great human tide through the Golden Gate in

"The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of forty-nine,"

was such as the world never had witnessed before in any time or in any place. Figures do not portray it, for there never was any adequate count. About 150 ships left the Atlantic ports for San Francisco in the single month of February, 1849, and beside these there was the innumerable caravans that swept continually across the plains and over the Sierra Nevada into the Sacramento Valley, and the thousands that came by way of the Isthmus of Panama and through Mexico as well as across the Pacific from Australia and the Orient.

In January of that year the population of all California did not exceed 25,000 souls, of which one-half were native Californians or Mexicans and the rest Americans and foreigners, but it is estimated that during the year over 100,000 people mostly male adults came into the state. About 80 per cent of the newcomers were Americans.

San Francisco received a large proportion of these immigrants, over 40,000 landing in that city in 1849 and about 37,000 in 1850. Only one year before the beginning of this odyssey the little town of Yerba Buena, as it was then called, numbered but 375 white persons and 125 negroes, Sandwich Islanders and others, or a total of 500. As soon as they landed in port most of the newcomers rushed to the diggings, stopping only long enough to buy their outfits. These consisted of a few cooking utensils, tin dishes, cups, blankets, pick, pan, shovel and rocker. Thus provided, they would join the mob that was pressing on to the creeks and rivers in and

beyond the Sacramento Valley. Many of them had not the slightest idea of how to "prospect" for gold or what it looked like when found. There was "fool gold" in the river beds, in other words iron pyrites, and these shining particles deceived many a tenderfoot.

Most of the gold seekers, on leaving San Francisco, went by boat to Sacramento or along the crude roads by mule or ox team or in pack train. Many there were, however, who made their weary way to Sutter's Fort and on to the diggings afoot carrying on their galled backs heavy packs of tools, blankets and food. Nearly all went well armed and this added to their burdens. It was not uncommon for a man to carry a pack weighing as much as sixty pounds along the rough trails to the foothills.

One reason why so many of the newcomers remained such a short time in San Francisco was that they had brought with them little or no money. An impecunious stranger in a town where a square meal cost \$3 and hotel accommodations in a canvas house cost \$10 a day would not be remaining long, nor would he be particularly welcome. The proprietors of the gambling houses, who were the best dressed and most prosperous citizens of the place, constituted themselves a sort of Committee on Vagrants. They had no use whatever for people without means and saw to it that they stayed in town but a very short time. These gentry were a law unto themselves and made it quite disagreeable for those whom they did not fancy. Of course they were indirectly responsible for loss of money by the immigrants who were foolish enough to stake their little all on their games of chance. But that did not matter. It is only in rare instances that they would take pity on their victims and lend them a few dollars to help them out of town.

Prices were extortionate, and many a shopkeeper became suddenly rich by selling \$2 picks and shovels at \$10 to \$15 apiece, or cheap tin pans or cups for \$5 each, or \$5 blankets for \$30 to \$40. And yet there seemed to be no end of supplies, for every ship brought in a huge cargo of them. Of wine or whiskey there was generally a shortage, and these brought from \$10 to \$30 a quart bottle and were generally of an inferior quality. For a long time no tradesman would accept any coin smaller than a half-dollar even if the bartered article was only a spool of thread or a paper of needles. Those of small means either did their own washing, threw their soiled clothing away or went dirty; for laundrymen charged more than as much as shirts or underwear were worth for very indifferent cleaning.

There was a tremendous fluctuation in San Francisco's population. Even after a city charter had been obtained and municipal officers were elected during a period when no new diggings were reported there would come news of some big find in a new district, and the city would lose half its inhabitants in a few days. Such a "rush" often meant great prosperity

for those fortunate enough to secure good claims, but again it spelled nothing but loss for the tenderfoot.

It was a tragic sight at the mines to see some poor, weak-muscle clerk from a New York dry goods store standing in some swift-flowing stream up to the middle, washing out the sand and gravel with his rocker or delving into a dry river bar with pickaxe and shovel, working as if his life depended upon it, as in some instances it did, for what could he do unless the precious "colors" were forthcoming? As Rev. William Taylor, one of the early California preachers, said: "There was more hard work than has ever been done in any country by the same number of men in the same length of time, since the world began."

In their lust for gold men will toil harder and longer and endure greater privations in mining countries than elsewhere. But the toll was heavy in California, for these men, working so hard and long, with poor food, often succumbed to the ravages of disease. True they lived out of doors and in a mild climate, breathing pure mountain air all day long, but their food was chiefly salt meat, and, without vegetables, it is no wonder that so many of them became subject to scurvy and protracted intestinal troubles. In October, 1850, cholera raged in the camps, taking off about 10 per cent of their population. Norton points out that the illness of the miners under these conditions laid the foundation for crime, by depriving many of them of the means of earning a living; and this doubtless was true, for many a poor victim of the gold fever, who came to California an honest, law-abiding man, became a poor human wolf who went about preying upon the prosperous.

Then, too, even those who remained in fairly good health, soon came to see that gold mining was the wildest kind of a lottery. A fortunate fellow would make a big strike, there would be a rush to the neighborhood, claims would be staked, toilsome, feverish work would be done for weeks and weeks and no gold would be taken out save from the mine that had lured the others to the place. The strangeness and irresponsibility of the life, with its tragic vicissitudes, tended to make honest industry distasteful. Norton tells the story of a Mexican who made a good find and dug gold dust from his claim from 9 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, taking out, in that short space of time, thousands of dollars. With his newly acquired wealth he set up a monte bank and bought a bottle of whiskey. By 10 o'clock that same night he was penniless and drunk.

Sluice-robbing was not infrequent during the late 'fifties, but it was a hazardous proceeding, for any one caught in this kind of thievery would be shot without warning. As a rule no punishment would be meted out to the slayer. In the earlier days of gold-mining, however, there was a feeling of security among the miners, and quantities of precious dust

would be left in a tent unguarded. It was not until the influx of a large number of ticket-of-leave men and other larrikins from Australia, together with importations of "crooks" from the Eastern States, that robbery became more general and the necessary precautions were taken in guarding the treasure taken from the mines.

Much of the mining was carried on in the summer time, for in the higher altitudes it was disagreeable and almost impossible to prosecute the work in the autumn and winter. With the coming of the seasonal rains and cold days, the claims would be deserted and the miners would return to San Francisco, where they would drink, gamble, dance with wild women and dissipate their hard-earned wealth, so that in the spring the city harpies would have their dust and they would then go back to the diggings for a fresh supply. Here and there was to be found a more sensible and saving one who was satisfied with his clean-up and would take ship for home.

But to the profligate—and a habit of profligacy was easy to acquire in those days and among those surroundings—the high prices of food, lodging and clothing, to say nothing of the higher prices of vice in various forms, meant little or nothing if their chests were heavy with dust. Lured by the lights and the music of the dance halls and gambling palaces and the vicious excitement of these resorts, they would not hesitate to patronize them in the time-killing situation in which they found themselves.

Still others invested their money in shops or in town lots, or built houses for rent. It was the old story that has been repeated so often in many American cities, that the man who put his money into real estate was the most fortunate of investors. Most of the inhabitants of the metropolis of California in those early days would have considered the bare sand lots to the west of Powell Street as land in which only a demented man would dream of investing his dollars; but the few who bought large tracts of that land and held them until the golden moment arrived became enormously wealthy. In some cases the titles to these tracts proved worthless, and many small holders were swindled by larger ones who did not hesitate to unload upon them lots which the purchasers found themselves unable to hold.

"Crooked deals" on a large scale were at times perpetrated by men who were master minds at such business. And here, as it seems to me, is the place to tell the story of the career of Henry Meiggs, a prominent citizen of San Francisco in the early gold days. Meiggs was one of those well-liked men about town who, if he were living in these times would be called a "glad-hander." He was always well-dressed, with a prepossessing appearance, a smile and a kindly word for everybody, rich or poor. He was hospitable and exceedingly charitable and was regarded as a keen business man. He had been a lumber dealer in his native New York and

when he came to San Francisco he went into the same business, at North Beach which was then considered rather remote from the center of trade. At North Beach he built a little wharf and also a saw and planing mill. His lumber was brought down from Mendocino County where a company which he had organized owned and operated one of the largest lumber camps in the state.

Meiggs loved North Beach. He saw in it the possibility of great things in the shipping line. Here was the place to build big docks. It was nearer to the Golden Gate than Yerba Buena Cove where all the shipping of the port was then carried on. The land titles seemed secure and the prices of lots were not one-fourth of those in the more central districts. Meiggs held that the city must grow and that it would grow toward North Beach and include that section. The waterfront lots along Yerba Buena Cove had brought millions to their former owners, and there was no reason why the North Beach frontage might not bring as much. It could be had cheap, so he bought all he could of these water lots and filled in a portion of the bay to make others. He also built Meiggs' Wharf, an immense affair, over 2,000 feet in length.

Having many friends and acquaintances who believed in him and his business sagacity, Harry Meiggs, as everybody called him, had no trouble in inducing them to cooperate with him in the purchase of the lots. He graded a part of Stockton Street and assisted in the grading of Powell Street from Clay Street out to North Beach as well as several other thoroughfares on the northern and eastern sides of the city. The opening of these streets made North Beach and Meiggs' Wharf accessible from the marts of trade to the south and east; and because of this excellent public service as well as his charities and good fellowship, Meiggs soon became very popular and was elected a member of the City Council.

But in making these wholesale improvements Meiggs had gone in over his head. He had been rather too lavish in his expenditures and was now short of money to pay street assessments, taxes and other obligations. He had counted confidently on the sale of a large number of lots at good prices. These sales and the resultant profits were to see him through with his plan of improvement. But just as many New Yorkers never have been able to "see" the Jersey side of the Hudson as a place of investment, San Franciscans were unable to "see" North Beach. Meiggs expected to unload a large section of his tract in the spring and summer of 1854, but sales were very slow and profits were small.

Our shrewd business man was "caught out," as the saying is, in a deal that could only result in his ruin. Although his friends did not know it, he was now practically a pauper. How was he to save himself? Secretly

he plotted to get money, and one of his plots he carried out very successfully, though no less dishonorably.

As an alderman, Meiggs was a frequent visitor to the offices of the mayor and controller. He came and went without question and often handled public documents without the formality of a request. He even handled blank warrants for street work, signed by the mayor and controller. These blanks were in book form, and it is supposed that they were signed in by these officials for the sake of convenience. The mayor affixed his signature to the blanks in advance and the controller did the same, and the warrant was then ready to be filled out with the amount due, the name of the person to whom the money was to be paid, the number and date. Many big business men have lived to regret the bad practice of signing books full of blank checks, and the mayor of San Francisco did not find the plan of signing blank warrants a very happy one, as the sequel will show.

Meiggs knew where these blank books were kept, and they became to him an itching temptation. If he could secure a large number of them, fill them out for various amounts and pass them along to brokers and others, he would soon be in funds again. He had become known as a borrower and what was more natural than that he should present city warrants as security. It is not known for certain, for the facts were never officially investigated, precisely what the forger's mode of procedure was, but there is reason to believe, as Hittell says, that he took the signed warrants, filled them up, in some cases copying other warrants so that it would be a difficult matter for the officials to distinguish between the original and the fraudulent ones. The warrants did not bear interest, and there were no funds with which to redeem them, so that they generally passed for about half their face value, going from hand to hand like regular currency. There were no suspicions as to the genuineness of those presented by Meiggs, so that their holders did not take them to the controller's office for examination nor to the treasurer for payment. Thus month after month went by without the discovery of the forgery. Knowing his liberal nature, the lenders of money on these warrants exacted a high rate of interest from Meiggs, in some cases from 3 to 10 per cent a month. On \$800,000 he was paying, according to report no less than \$30,000 interest monthly.

Meiggs was not a skillful penman, and it is said that he employed a clerk to do his dishonest work for him. This same clerk is also said to have executed some very neat but very fraudulent promissory notes in Meiggs' favor, and these were discounted by various brokers and money lenders. Among these notes used by Meiggs was one for \$15,000 purporting to have been drawn by Thompson & Co. This he discounted for \$14,000. When a member of the firm discovered the forgery, Meiggs

pleaded frantically with him and he consented to conceal the transaction, telling the holder of the note that it was all right, but afterwards Thompson & Co. were compelled to pay it. Meiggs discounted his paper very heavily at times. He is said to have made an illegal over-issue of stock of his lumber company to the amount of \$300,000 for which he obtained only \$75,000.

It became apparent to this gentleman of high finance that he could escape detection no longer. He had kept his peculiar methods fairly well hidden for over four months, but now people were beginning to ask questions, and some of these questions were very pointed ones. His failure was foreseen and predicted. Some of this talk reached his ears, and the more he heard of it the more he became alarmed. So he chartered the brig *American*, a vessel of several hundred tons, stored and provisioned her with choice foods and wines, and telling his friends that he was going out on the bay for a little sailing trip, with his family and brother, made a hasty passage through the Golden Gate and was out upon the broad Pacific before it was known that he had fled the city, owing his creditors nearly nine hundred thousand dollars.

Then the people that held the forged warrants rushed to the City Hall with them. These persons numbered hundreds and included bankers, merchants, city officials; mechanics, draymen and not a few women. Even Meiggs' laundress was a victim. And it was one of the ironies of fate that the city treasurer had been duped to the extent of twenty thousand dollars.

When these gulls of the sleek swindler were told that the paper they held was worthless, a howl went up that was heard clear across the Plaza. Yet now they understood many things in the character and habits of "Harry" which had not been clear to them before. And now they knew why his brother, John G. Meiggs, had been nominated for the office of city controller, for "Harry" had secured that nomination and had helped to elect his close relative in the wild hope of thus getting his warrants validated or keeping their fraudulent character from the public. People were not slow to accuse John of aiding Henry in his duplicity, but as a matter of fact there was nothing to show that he had any connection with the frauds or had known of them in any way.

San Francisco was in a tumult of excitement over the story of Meiggs as told by the newspapers. At first it was reported that the nominal value of his forged paper, notes and stocks amounted to two millions and that he carried away half a million with him, but both these figures were afterward much reduced. It is not known what the forgeries amounted to, but it is a fact that he took with him in his flight at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold and silver coin.

He sailed directly for Tahiti and then proceeded to Chile, where he was

given employment by a railroad company to oversee a large number of laborers. Soon he became a contractor and built the most difficult sections of railroad between Valparaiso and Santiago. There were conflicting tales as to his financial circumstances, one story being that after reaching Chile he was compelled to pawn his watch for food for himself and family. This, however, could hardly have been true, for he could not have secured those railroad contracts without advancing considerable sums of money. In any event he was soon known in Valparaiso as one of the wealthiest men in the city. The Peruvian government invited him to construct a system of railroads in its country, and in all he laid over eight hundred miles of track, realizing on his contracts about one hundred million dollars.

During all this time it was known in both Chile and Peru that he was a criminal, but the nature of his crimes was such that they were overlooked by bankers and others, for American refugees of his stamp often had turned out to be good public servants in those countries where there was such a premium upon competency and such a disregard for antecedents. This trust in Meiggs was well rewarded. He is not known to have gone wrong again, and he has been greatly praised for his efforts to make restitution to his San Francisco victims, which he eventually did in most instances, though some of the forged notes held against him were proved to have been forgeries committed by others and not by himself or his clerk. In fact he was charged with many financial offenses which he never had committed, though those to which he confessed were numerous and heavy enough. Where he was in doubt he would sometimes pay a small portion of the amount claimed, which was considered by fair-minded people as sufficiently generous.

Meiggs never returned to the United States. The California Legislature passed a bill exempting him from trial for his crimes, but the governor refused to sign it, and even though he had done so, the act would have been unconstitutional. So he remained in Peru, dying there in 1877. The Peruvians greatly mourned his loss, not because of his services in constructing the much-needed railroads through the difficult mountain passes, but because of his likeable nature and his many acts of benevolence. Had he made good in San Francisco, without resort to financial fraud, he probably would have endowed a university, built a big hospital or free library, and there would have been a more or less artistic statue of him in the Civic Center. But even as it turned out, San Francisco remembers him with a kindly, forgiving spirit, and the locality still known as Meiggs' Wharf, though it never achieved the greatness of which he dreamed, is a bustling scene of shipping activity and is in itself a sort of monument to Harry Meiggs.

XIX

FIRST STATE CAPITOL

SAN JOSE AND ITS LEGISLATURE OF A THOUSAND DRINKS—STORIES OF THE FREE AND FESTIVE LAW-MAKERS—GROWTH OF THE GARDEN CITY—SEAT OF GOVERNMENT REMOVES TO VALLEJO—"JENNY LIND" TRAGEDY—THE FIRST RAILROAD AND WHAT IT COST SANTA CLARA COUNTY—A SEVERE EARTHQUAKE—BUILDING OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

"The Legislature of a thousand drinks" was what the oldtimers called the first session of that body in San Jose, where it convened on the 6th of January, 1851. On September 9th of the previous year California had been admitted to the Union. As Minerva sprang full panoplied from the brow of Jove, so did the new star of California leap to its place on the flag, without passing through the novitiate period of territorialism. Everybody was proud of this fact, everybody was excited over it, and everybody felt it his bounden duty to celebrate the event and to keep on celebrating it. Each member of the Legislature received sixteen dollars a day. That sum would not purchase many drinks, but if a legislator happened to be short of cash his more opulent colleagues would not fail to "set them up" whenever occasion arose, and it was nearly always arising.

I wonder what the solons of those days would have thought if some seer had told them that less than seventy years later prohibition would be in effect in California. Doubtless they would have regarded the prophecy in the light of a madman's dream.

In writing of "the Legislature of a thousand drinks," Frederic Hall, who lived in San Jose at the time it was in session, says: "With no disrespect for the members of that body, I never heard one of them deny that the baptismal name was improperly bestowed upon them. They were good drinkers. They drank like men. If they could not stand the ceremony, they would lie down to it with becoming grace. I knew one to be laid out with a white sheet spread over him and six lighted candles around him. He appeared to be in the spirit land. But to do justice to this body of men, there were but a few among them who were habitually given to drink; and

as for official labor they performed probably more than any subsequent legislative body of the state in the same given time."

In the Senate and House there was many a trick played that brought forth bursts of laughter from those that witnessed it. Not infrequently when a person was walking upstairs with a lighted candle in his hand a shot from a revolver would extinguish the light. Then what mirthful shouts rang through the capitol at the consternation of the frightened individual! Those who fired were sure of their mark; their aim was true and rarely did they miss the fluttering target. In no case was anybody injured by a wild shot.

The bright and able men who composed that first legislative body, though a little reckless in their wild western way, were men in whose hands the destiny of the state was safe. They were not very well known to the many newcomers, but some of them cut important figures in subsequent California history. Elkan Heydenfeldt, Benjamin Lippincott and Judge J. R. Watson were members of that Legislature. Not only were these men very capable lawmakers, as their work proved in time, but they were in complete accord with the jocund spirit of their day and their surroundings.

Lippincott prided himself on being the best fowler in the state. He had a wonderful double-barreled shotgun which he showed to everybody, as it was somewhat of a novelty in the days of cruder weapons. Judge Watson paid a visit to San Francisco during the session of the Legislature and returned wearing a sleek, glossy silk hat. It was the only "stove-pipe" hat in San Jose and it attracted no end of attention. Although the judge was a very dignified man, and if anybody in town could be permitted to wear such a hat it would be he, yet the Legislature promptly voted it down. It was intolerable for the members to be obliged to see this shining mark and not have a "shy" at it. For a time, however, the only shafts they shot were those of ridicule; but Lippincott and Heydenfeldt were bent upon its destruction.

One day Heydenfeldt began the attack in a roundabout way by referring to Lippincott's tedious boasting about his prowess with his shotgun.

"I propose to put a stop to it," he remarked.

"But how?" asked the Judge.

"My plan," the conspirator went on, "is to laugh him out of his vain pretensions, and then we'll hear no more of them. You go and have a talk with him, and just as soon as he begins on his favorite theme, you commence to laugh and say that you don't consider him much of a shot—that there are plenty of men that can outshoot him. Then he'll flare up and suggest that you put his marksmanship to the test."

"What kind of a test?"

"Why, you bet him ten dollars that he can't hit your hat at thirty paces," proposed Heydenfeldt.

"My hat! Do you suppose I'd let him shoot my beautiful hat to pieces?" The Judge gave a contemptuous sniff.

"Oh, no!" said the other suavely. "I know where he keeps his gun, and I'll slip out the charges before he does any shooting. Your hat will be safe enough, never fear."

"All right," agreed the Judge; "but please make sure that there's no charge in the gun."

"You can go with me right now, and see to it that it will be perfectly harmless," said Heydenfeldt.

So the two slipped quietly into Lippincott's room, which was next to Heydenfeldt's in the hotel and took out the charges. Then Watson sought out Lippincott and proceeded to carry out the program. The expected challenge was made and accepted. All three men proceeded to a hazel copse and Watson hung his hat on a bush. Heydenfeldt measured off the thirty paces and Lippincott added a few more to add to the apparent difficulty of his proposed feat.

Raising his gun to his shoulder, the proud fowler fired and the Judge gave a groan of dismay as he saw his precious "plug" flying in pieces in all directions. Heydenfeldt began to laugh. Then, just as the hero declaims in the third act of the melodrama, the Judge burst forth:

"I see it all now!" And he shook his fist at the two conspirators.

"See what?" inquired Heydenfeldt innocently.

"You fellows loaded that gun again. It's a shabby trick! But I'll get even with you!" And bareheaded and boiling, he hastened to his room where he put on his old felt hat, which he continued to wear thereafter. It is not known just how he settled the score with his playful colleagues, but it was probably in the same spirit and in an equally effective manner.

One of the first matters of importance brought before the new State administration was a plea by Utah, then known as the State of Deseret, to be made a part of California. The Mormons had sent ten delegates to the first California State Convention, but they had arrived too late—the State-makers had adjourned. So they petitioned Governor Burnett to call another convention to consider their proposal. The governor, however, refused to lend ear to their plea, and so the ten "saints" hit the long trail home with drooping spirits and with their own opinion of Californian exclusiveness.

For several years the Legislature, as James J. Ayres has put it, was on wheels. It met twice in San Jose, then removed to Vallejo, afterward to Benicia and then to its permanent home in Sacramento. There have been several attempts to remove it again, but all have failed. Sacramento is

fairly central and is near to the largest seat of population, the San Francisco bay District, virtually one great city, growing apace and expanding with the years.

The removal of the capital to Vallejo was a sad blow to San Jose. The people of the latter place felt that they had been tricked, as Vallejo was a much smaller town and they considered it not so favorably located. "It was," as an old-time resident of San Jose said, "a matter of bargain and sale. The Vallejo men understood the dish they were preparing and they watched every cook that had a finger in it. They salted one of the cooks and the dish was seasoned apropos." In revenge the incensed San Joseans refused to accept State scrip for board and lodging and other services and would take nothing but gold.

The first newspaper to be established in San Jose was the State Journal. It was started by James B. Devoe on December 19, 1850. Fremont began the publication of the San Jose Daily Argus on January 4, 1851, to serve his political ends, the putative proprietors being C. M. Blake & Company. Blake edited the Argus, but it lasted only a few months. Fremont's ambition was realized not long afterward when he became a United States Senator.

Dr. C. D. Semple and Rev. Walter Colton were the editors of the first newspaper to be published in California. The paper was a small weekly and was printed in Monterey, where it made its appearance on August 15, 1846. Doctor Semple, who was prominently identified with the Bear Flag movement, is described by his partner Colton in a little book written in that year as a man who went about in buckskin dress and a foxskin cap. "He is true with his rifle, ready with his pen and quick at the type case." The type he used, by the way, was found in an old Spanish cloister in one of the missions and was deficient in w's and the font was otherwise defective, but it was made to serve. Of this type the editor says in his paper:

"Our type is a Spanish font, picked up here in a cloister and has no VV's in it, as there is none in the Spanish alphabet. I have sent to the Sanvich Islands for this letter; in the meantime vve must use tvvo V's. Our paper at present is that used for vvrapping segars. In due time vve vvill have something better: our object is to establish a press in California, and this vve shall in all probability be able to accomplish. The absence of my partner for the last three months and my duties as Alcalde here have deprived our little paper of some of those attentions vvhich I hope it vvill hereafter receive."

This remarkable editorial is signed by Walter Colton, but Semple was by far the most conspicuous figure in this early journalistic enterprise. Semple was a Kentuckian, nearly seven feet in height, and though not a typical frontiersman he liked to appear as such, as his partner's description

of his dress will show. He was intensely American, and had many of those American attributes observed by Charles Dickens, James Bryce and other foreign writers. As Josiah Royce says, "In our truly American fashion, he trusted in liberty, speechmaking, God and the press; he was boastful, garrulous, oratorical."

There can be no doubt, however, that Semple was a man of no little natural ability. He belonged to that class of wordy patriots who would rather make a speech than make a living, and yet, with all his pomposity, not to say quackery, his fellows of the times believed in him, though they often smiled at his vagaries. He shone at public meetings and made an excellent president of the Constitutional Convention in 1849.

San Jose, being midway between Monterey and San Francisco, nearly all communication between the two bay towns passed through it, and though it had now lost the honor of being the capital city, it still remained a very important place.

For about a year after the removal of the capital San Jose was quite dull, but more settlers kept coming into the Santa Clara Valley, of which that town was the center. The ranchers resorted to it for trade and amusement. "The Pavilion," a great place of entertainment, was built in 1851, the frame being made in Australia at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. In the same year A. Chatelle built the French Hotel, the lower floor of which was used for gambling. The band played merry airs and painted ladies lured men in to drink, eat and gamble. The Bella Union, the frame of which was brought by ship from the east, was another famous drinking and gambling resort. Those of Bohemian taste liked this place and also the Star Fonda, kept by a Chilean restaurateur. There was a still more famous and disreputable Bella Union in after years in San Francisco, where theatrical performances of a risqué nature were given for a long time, even up to the early 'eighties.

By this time San Jose was blessed with several comfortable and well-attended churches, among them being Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and other houses of worship. These tended to offset the reputation this town had acquired for a brand of morality which was a little too liberal to suit the straight-laced.

About a hundred houses were built in 1853 and the Sisters of Notre Dame began the erection of their college. From that year up to 1863 the following events occurred: A hook and ladder company was formed. Many brick stores and frame buildings were erected. Two earthquakes, neither doing much damage. A few fine churches were built, among them one for the Baptists to replace the first church of that denomination which had been destroyed by fire. New hotels were built and opened. Horace Greeley addressed a large assemblage in front of Mansion House and then

returned home to preach his doctrine of "Go West, young man." Bayard Taylor lectured to a fine audience. James Stark's theater was built. The first number of the weekly Reporter was issued; and the city, for it was now organized as such, was lighted by gas. In the spring of 1861 the San Jose Weekly Mercury was issued by J. J. Owen. Other papers of this somewhat later period were the San Jose Tribune and the Weekly Patriot. The Patriot became a daily in 1866. A new courthouse was commenced in 1866 and finished in 1868.

The Auzerais House, long the chief caravansary of the town, was completed in 1865. In 1864 the Hensley Block, at Santa Clara and Market streets, was built, being occupied by the Masons and Odd Fellows and also used for business purposes. Brohaska's Opera House was built in 1870. It stood on the north side of Santa Clara Street, between Second and Third streets, and was considered at that time the best theater building in the State outside of San Francisco. It was destroyed by fire in 1881 after it had afforded amusement to the people for eleven years.

The Bank of San Jose was built in 1871, and in the following year the Safe Deposit Building was completed and ready to receive the treasure of the prosperous inhabitants of the valley.

These are among the old landmarks. It is not my purpose to give names and dates of all the fine buildings that rose in San Jose during its whole period of construction. It is sufficient to say that within thirty years after the beginning of American rule the old pueblo had become a conspicuous and thriving center of industry, with pretentious residences and substantial business blocks.

It is quite true that many of the habitations erected in the early days and even up to 1880 were of designs not acceptable at the present time. Many of them were of rococo architecture, with gingerbread trimmings and as queer to the eyes of the present generation as the hoopskirts, Grecian bends, pullbacks and bustles of our grandmothers.

Means of transportation were slow and poor. In the early 'fifties it took nine hours for the stage to carry you to San Francisco and the fare in 1850 was thirty-two dollars. This extortionate charge was reduced in 1851 to ten dollars, but the time remained the same. In 1853 and for several years afterward there was a passenger steamship line between San Jose and San Francisco. The steamers were of rather a crude order of construction and were considered unsafe, as was proved in 1853 when the boilers of the Jenny Lind exploded, killing many persons and wounding others. Among those killed were Bernard Murphy, Charles White and J. D. Hoppe, well-known men of the valley.

In October of that year the first telegraph line was strung to San Francisco. When the poles, with their cross-pieces, were erected they

created the impression among the native population of the valley that the Americans had all turned Catholic and had planted crosses in testimony of their faith. The wires were a great mystery to them and the messages sent over them were a still greater one.

But the greatest event of this period was the building of the railroad from San Francisco, which was completed and opened for transportation to San Jose in January, 1864, amid great rejoicing. Santa Clara County took two hundred dollars' worth of the stock of this road. This stock depreciated so much in value from year to year that it was finally sold by the county for less than half its original value. Peter Donahue, H. M. Newhall, C. B. Polhemus and others bought the road for one hundred thousand dollars and extended it to Gilroy. In 1865 the county subscribed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars toward building a railroad to Niles, completed four years later.

These roads did not prosper. David Colton bought the county's interest in the Niles line in 1872 for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The taxpayers lost faith in railroads, for on these two deals the county sunk over one hundred and thirty thousand dollars; but it had the railroads, which was something. People did not like the way in which the roads were managed. There were no regular trains, rates were excessively high and the freight was badly handled. So they tried to build a railroad of their own from San Jose to Alviso to connect with the steamer line to San Francisco. This project was a failure, for by this time the people had learned their lesson in railroad speculation and would not invest in it. Finally along came A. E. Davis, in 1876, who displayed much spirit in the organization of a new transportation project, the South Pacific Coast line, a narrow-gauge. Davis had plenty of money. He asked no favors from the people. The road was built from Oakland to Santa Cruz. Davis spent much money in cutting and tunnelling through the mountain, but the road did good business from the start, paid well and fairly satisfied its patrons. It was sold in 1887 to the Southern Pacific Company.

The severest earthquake yet experienced by civilized California occurred in October 21, 1868. The shocks did serious but not irreparable damage to many buildings and threw down hundreds of chimneys.

Two years later the Jewish synagogue was completed and dedicated.

On October 20, 1870, the corner stone was laid of the State Normal School. This was the finest building yet to be erected in San Jose. Its architect was Theodore Lenzen. It is a fine building, an ornament to the city and is one of California's most conspicuous halls of learning.

XX

JAMES LICK, THE ECCENTRIC

HIS VAST WEALTH AND HOW HE OBTAINED IT—MORE MONEY FOR HIM IN SAN FRANCISCO SAND LOTS THAN IN THE GOLD FIELDS—TALES OF HIS ODDITIES—HIS STRANGE, PENURIOUS WAYS—ROMANTIC STORY OF A MILLER'S DAUGHTER—HIS GREAT TELESCOPE ON MOUNT HAMILTON.

California has been called the home of the crank. This is unfair. Cranks do not infest any particular region. They are found everywhere. But suppose that we admit the soft impeachment and concede that there are more mild monomaniacs to the square mile in California than elsewhere, is it such a terrible blot upon our escutcheon that we have so many persons given to caprices, crotchets, vagaries, whims and aberrations? For are not these the true and essential hallmarks of genius, recognized as such the world over?

I am not now obscurely referring to mystics, occultists and religious fanatics, though doubtless we shall find that these have their places and their uses in the social order, if in no other way than to keep the printer busy turning out pamphlets and tracts for their eager consumption; and, indeed, the printer might find himself in poorer occupation, even though we accept the dictum of Thoreau that to have done anything by which we merely have made money is to have been idle or worse.

James Lick, who has been called a great philanthropist, was not a fanatic of any sort, though for a long period he gave ear to the teachings of Thomas Paine; nor was he a philanthropist, or, at least one who had a very high opinion of his fellow beings even though, toward the end of his life he permitted them to profit by his own prosperity.

The life of Lick, though sordid, in the main, is highly interesting because of its odd phases and strange lapses. Then, too, it is fairly typical of that of the conspicuous men of pioneer days who, though they were all individualists, had this in common that they loved California with a love that was more than love—it was a consuming passion. So that in their declining days nearly every one of them who had become possessed of wealth gave of it ungrudgingly for the glory of the Golden State.

Lick was born in Pennsylvania on the 25th of August, 1796, the twentieth year of the republic. In 1820 he went to Buenos Ayres to engage in the unpoetic trade of hides and leather. He made a little money in South America, where he bought bovine pelts and shipped them to Philadelphia at a fair profit. From hides to pianos is quite a Whitmanian jump, but we next find him in Peru making and vending



JAMES LICK

those percussive musical instruments. When, after long years of toiling and moiling, he had accumulated what in those days was the princely sum of \$30,000, he came to San Francisco, arriving about a year before the discovery of gold. Looking about him, he saw what few men could see in those days of the padres and the alcaldes—that here on this barren peninsula would one day rise a great city. Voluble folk, full of their own conceit, tried to assure Lick that he was crazy in investing his hard-earned wealth in the ugly sand dunes back of the straggling village of Yerba Buena, but invest it he did.

"Some day," he declared prophetically, "that land will be extremely valuable. Somebody will make a lot of money out of it. Why not I?"

So he invested and "sat tight" through good and evil report, and even when Benicia began its menace of metropolitanism, he still held to his sand dunes.

When the gold rush came the lots increased in value and in the middle '50s, lots for which Lick had paid a few dimes were worth many dollars. Still he sold only what he felt compelled to dispose of in order to make a living. Later he sold more, and at fabulous figures. Then he built a big hotel, the finest in town. He did not live in the hotel; he dwelt in a mean little cabin and denied himself the comforts with which a man suddenly possessed of great riches generally surrounds himself. That was because he was a crank and like Seneca, another crank, did not mind sleeping on a hard couch in poor quarters.

"Lick, the lunatic," is what some people called him. But most of these were investors in the fleshpots or depositors in the faro bank, while Lick, the madman, kept buying sand lots and holding them for high prices which he eventually realized. One day he took the stage and went down into the Santa Clara Valley. Here again his vision served him well. He saw that growing San Francisco would have to be fed, and here was the greatest expanse of agricultural and horticultural land bordering on the bay. So on the Guadalupe River, a little north of San Jose, he purchased a large tract. Also he bought other lands now inside the city limits.

In his younger Pennsylvanian days Lick had worked in a flour mill, and incidentally he had fallen in love with the miller's daughter, but the miller would not let the girl marry him because he was poor and had no prospects. There arose a war of words in the course of which James Lick told the miller that he would one day own a finer mill than his. Then he embraced the young woman, kissed her a fond farewell and went his way, never to return.

So now he laid plans to fulfill the angry promise he had made to the miller. Such a mill as he built beside the Guadalupe never had been built up to that time or probably in any other period. It was most elaborately constructed, was finished in mahogany and cost over \$200,000. It was known as "the Mahogany Mill" and also as "Lick's Folly," and proved such a poor investment that in 1873 he made a free gift of it to the Thomas Paine Memorial Association of Boston. In a way this proceeding was natural enough, for Lick had been a great admirer of Thomas Paine and his works.

To Lick's surprise and disgust, the association sold the mill through its agent for \$18,000 and devoted the proceeds to the propagation of

the famous deist's philosophy. So of a sudden Lick lost all interest in Paine and his works and never was known to have renewed it.

The only philosophy to which he now adhered was that of Mammon, "the least erected spirit," though the one that best served his ideals of life. Even though well past seventy, he was energetic, positive and self-contained. By those who knew him best he was known as niggardly, conservative, cold, crabbed and lonely. The Lick House was still one of the leading caravansaries of San Francisco, much resorted to by mining men and wealthy ranchers. It was for Lick a very profitable investment though the sand lots, which he was now selling at higher prices than ever, brought him in bags of gold.

He seemed to enjoy his residence in the Santa Clara Valley best of all, and now spent most of his time there. He planted a large orchard on which he lavished much money, even using large quantities of bone fertilizer on land already considered rich enough. Old residents of the valley tell of his going about in an ancient rope-tied, rattletrap wagon, gathering the bones of dead animals. When they saw him thus engaged they would touch their foreheads and glance significantly at each other.

Lick, who was a large employer at times, exacted explicit obedience from everybody in his pay. A farm laborer applied to him for work.

"All right," said Lick, "take those trees and set them out. Plant them with the tops in the ground and the roots in the air."

"Very well, sir," said the hired man, and he proceeded to do as directed.

After a while Lick came around and surveyed the strange sight. There were the trees, tops in the earth, roots in the air.

Smiling with satisfaction, the millionaire said to his hireling:

"You're a good man—you do as you're told without question. You can remain in my employ as long as you wish. Now pull up those trees and plant them in the regular way."

He would brook no criticism nor adverse comparison. Once a young woman came to see his wonderful flower garden. After gazing all about at the flowers and deigning a few words of faint praise, she intimated that she had seen finer ones in San Francisco.

"Oh," said her host, "but you haven't seen all of mine yet. Come with me." And he led her out into a big mustard patch. Then making some trivial excuse, he left her standing there until she began to wonder when he would return. He did not come back—he had deserted her in the mustard field.

Near his mill on the Guadalupe he built a fine house, but he never lived in it. On the grounds he erected a large conservatory which was purchased from him later and removed to Golden Gate Park.

Lick was an unmarried man, but he had a natural son, whom he adopted

late in life after the death of the mother who was said to have been that same miller's daughter back in Pennsylvania.

He endowed the Society of California Pioneers, of which he was a member, with valuable property and also gave to the Academy of Sciences the lot on which the office building on Market Street still owned by that body now stands. He also gave a large fund to the Mechanics' Institute. A monument to the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner" in Golden Gate Park and another to the Pioneers in front of the City Hall were among his other public gifts.

But greatest of all his benefactions was the Lick telescope. He authorized the trustees of his estate, according to the third clause of his deed of trust, "To expend the sum of \$700,000 for the purpose of purchasing land and constructing and putting up on such land as shall be designated by the party of the first part a powerful telescope superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made, with all the machinery appertaining thereto and appropriately connected therewith or that is necessary and convenient to the most powerful telescope now in use or suited to one more powerful than any yet constructed; and also a suitable observatory connected therewith."

He also directed the establishment of a school of mechanical arts, at a cost of \$540,000, an Old Ladies' Home, a free bathhouse and an orphan asylum. The asylum was erected in San Jose at a cost of \$25,000.

Lick did not get along very well with his trustees or his legal adviser, John B. Felton. Two sets of trustees resigned and a third body did not harmonize with the eccentric old gentlemen. The third board was composed of Richard S. Floyd, Edwin B. Mastick, William Sherman, George Schoenwald and Charles M. Plum. The millionaire's son, John H. Lick, who never lived in California, but came from Pennsylvania and returned later, contested the trust by the terms of which he was to receive one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He brought a suit at law which the trustees compromised.

Nineteen years were required to execute all the designs outlined by Lick, but though the trustees were criticised for their delay, on the whole they did their work faithfully.

To withdraw and change the first and second deeds of trust was considered by attorneys rather a difficult legal task, but after it had been accomplished by John B. Felton, who brought in a bill for one hundred thousand dollars for his services, Lick protested. He said the amount charged for the service was extortionate. He had been given to understand there would be years of elaborate and annoying litigation, but it had taken but a few months. He asked Felton to reduce his fee.

"Your proposition, Mr. Lick," replied Felton, "reminds me of the story

of a countryman who had a bad toothache and who went to a rustic dentist to have the offender extracted. After some hours of hard labor to himself and great agony on the part of the countryman the tooth was removed and the dentist demanded a dollar. A few months later the same man had another attack of toothache and this time he employed a city dentist who speedily removed the tooth and charged him five dollars for the operation. 'Five dollars!' exclaimed the patient. 'Why, when Jones, down in our village, pulled my last tooth it took three hours, during which he broke his chair, broke my jaw, broke his tools and mopped up the whole floor with me, and only charged me a dollar. You ought to reduce your bill.'"

Lick saw the point, signed the authorization and Felton received his money.

The amount received by John H. Lick from his father's estate is said to have been \$535,000.

James Lick died in 1876 and was buried first in Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco, and afterward at the observatory on Mount Hamilton.

During the last year of his life—he lived to the age of eighty—he was heard to remark:

"If I had gone to the mines in forty-nine I never would have made so much money as I did. I knew there was more gold for me in those San Francisco sand dunes than I could dig out of the Sierra foothills. So I let the others rush to the mines and I stuck to my sand lots."

Alvan Clark & Sons, after several failures, were fortunate to grind the great lens for the telescope in 1888, twelve years after the death of Lick. In that year the observatory was completed and turned over to the regents of the University of California in accordance with the wishes of the man who had made it possible.

This wonderful and colossal observatory on the great mountain overlooking the Santa Clara Valley is reached from San Jose, eighteen miles distant, by a road twenty-five miles long. Through the clear air and the great lens the eyes of science have been peering for the past thirty-five years and many discoveries have been made in the starry spaces, among them comets, nebulae and binary stars. Perhaps the most important of these discoveries was that of the fifth satellite of Jupiter.

Loth to leave a subject of such tremendous interest and importance, the writer would love to remain with it and tell the whole story of the observatory, but he will leave it now, with a few paragraphs from the pen of that noble scholar and wise and just judge, David Belden, one of the shining lights of the judiciary of California who for years made his home in San Jose, dying in May, 1888:

"Elsewhere observatories are erected amid the busy marts of trade and among the haunts of men. Here the rugged mountain forbids all other companionship, and sterility and solitude keep sentinel watch at the portals of this temple of science.

"It is fitting that this be so, for what to the watcher of the skies are the aspirations of life, the ambitions of men? What to him are the boundaries of nations or the measures of time? The field of his explorations is illimitable space, the unit of his explorations the vast orbit of the earth. The centuries of Egypt, hoary with age, are scarce seconds on his dial. The Pharaohs are to him but men of yesterday. He gauges the nebulous mist that enwraps Orion, that veils Andromeda and proclaims the natal day of systems yet to be. He notes the changing hues and waning light of blazing stars and declares when, rayless and dark with retinues of dead worlds, they shall journey on in the awful stillness of eternal night.

"Well may he who deals with these, the problems of the skies, dwell alone and apart from other men."

And to complete his prose poem Judge Belden might have said of the man who, dwelling alone and apart, planned the erection of this great observatory and gave it to the world, that he, too, was a poet. Men have spoken of James Lick as a sordid self-seeker, a miserly man with little feeling for his fellows, but there must have been in him a touch of poetry else he never would have dreamed of setting up a group of men in the business of star-gazing. For every astronomer is a poet and a lover of poetry.

"While yet his ken may be employed
He yearns for what the blue arch bars,
To know the story of the stars,
To read the verse writ in the void."

Still lingering at the great observatory, still loth to leave the enchanted spot, one looks down upon the widespreading valley of the Santa Clara and, turning, one views the peerless Bay of San Francisco, dotted by masts and funnels, the Sierras to the east, the Santa Cruz range to the west. Professor Whitney has said that from this spot more of the earth's surface is visible than from any other known point upon the globe. A fitting place for the observatory from which the eye of man has peered farthest into the infinite and for the tomb of James Lick, that strange, lone man who here has found a resting place.

XXI

THE FEVERISH FIFTIES

HOW THE BAY REGION BECAME A WHIRLPOOL OF HUMANITY—THE MAD GOLD LUST RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BRINGING IN OF MANY CRIMINALS AND THE COMMISSION OF MANY CRIMES—"THE HOUNDS"—GREAT CONFLAGRATIONS AND REBUILDINGS—INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY—RAPID GROWTH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco in 1850!

What an amorphous, chaotic, conglomerate picture the peninsular town, now so splendidly and compactly built, so trim, so clean and so essentially citified, was in that year of mad rushing to and fro, of helter-skelter building, of hectic change, of Homeric labors, of lawless deeds, of wild justice and yet with the finger of destiny ever pointing toward a higher and better order of things!

In 1848 and in early 1849 little fear of robbery or other crime was felt, and one might leave a valuable watch or a bag of gold in a tent and find it there on returning, but now had come the inevitable band of hangers-on that follow almost any great movement into a wild country, particularly a rush for gold, and a hanger-on generally means a criminal. There was a tremendous influx of obnoxious characters in the early '50s—ne'er-do-wells of respectable families, fugitives from justice, dissipated idlers, frail women, painted and impure, bands of ruffians who carried on systematic raids on the roads to and from the mines; so that affairs soon came to such a pass that mail and express agents were afraid to carry gold lest they be murdered. Sayward in his "Pioneer Reminiscences" says that when the Missourians began to come insecurity increased. Barstow points to the Irish as the rowdy element and others attribute most of the trouble to the Australian larrikins and ticket-of-leave men. But these, it seems to me, are but the expressions of individual prejudice and not to be trusted as representative of the whole truth as to the real genesis of crime in California. In other words one may not lay the responsibility for these lawless acts at the door of any particular nationality or of any section. And to the Californians of those days it was sufficient to know that

these birds of prey fluttered into their midst, did their vile work and, most important of all, that they paid the penalty for misdoing.

Murder, so Bancroft strangely states, was little thought of as compared with the more heinous crime of theft. One can credit this unnatural view of affairs only by bearing strongly in mind the prevalent disregard for life, the frequency of drunken brawls, the universal habit of carrying weapons and the remoteness of individuals from friends who might inquire into their disappearance. An armed man was supposed to take care of himself. Duelling, impromptu or carefully arranged, was not infrequent and was sometimes carried on by public announcement and without any interference whatever by the judicial authorities.

San Francisco had her police and her chain gangs, and yet shooting on sight was a common practice and sometimes it involved no little danger to passers-by. "I mistook you for another man," was not an uncommon excuse to some innocent victim. Revolvers were the most ready weapons, but knives were often used. Helper, in his "Land of Gold" estimates that within five years after the opening of the mines California had invested upwards of \$6,000,000 in pistols and bowie knives. He finds too that for this period there were in California 4,200 murders and 1,400 suicides, besides 10,000 more of miserable deaths. This, considering the comparative meagerness of the population, was, indeed, a terrible showing.

Much of the growing crime, according to Bancroft, took root during the wet winter of 1849-50 which brought so much starvation and sickness to the camps.

There were women in San Francisco, though only a small proportion as compared with the male element. Families had begun to settle there; but so scarce were women that when one appeared in the street men would turn to look at her.

During the first of the gold rush, whenever a dance was given in a camp the places of women would be taken by men, but in 1850 more women began to arrive, though largely those of loose morals. Numbers came from the East, others from Mexico and South America. The preponderance in this class, according to Cerruti in his "Ramblings," lay, however, with Hispano-Americans. Mazatlan contributed many and so did Santiago, Melbourne and Sidney. Women were brought from Paris, and their passage paid, to preside at gambling tables. The Pacific News of October 23, 1850, announced: "Nine hundred of the French demi-monde are expected." These were to reside on Stockton and Filbert streets; but the actual number shipped in was only about fifty. At the mining camps Indian women were freely offered, "at reasonable rates." Many females were kidnaped from the South Sea Islands, 'as

stated in the *Alta California* of December 21, 1850. Garniss, in his "Early Days," reports that one noted courtesan claimed to have taken in \$50,000 in one season. Farnham says that loose characters flaunted costly attire in elegant equipages, or appeared walking or riding in men's clothes.

Some of the newspapers, and particularly the *Alta*, raised repeated outcries against the presence and practices of the Cyprians, and the common council in 1854 passed stringent ordinances against them. The sentiment of the period did not sustain these virtuous efforts, though at first the law was enforced against the cheap brothels; but when it was sought to extend its operation it was promptly discovered that it was "intrinsically illegal and tyrannous in some of its provisions," and it lapsed into desuetude. An annalist of the period points out "that impurity hidden by walls could not be put down by mere legislation"—an observation the truth of which was not confined to San Francisco in the '50s nor to any place at any time.

It is noted by one annalist that in 1853 there was a small and steady increase of female immigrants and that among them were some beautiful and modest women, but he adds that "there were common prostitutes enough to bring disgrace on the place."

It is a severe indictment against the looseness of the times that men of standing in the community did not hesitate to parade their mistresses in public and to introduce them to highly respectable women. However, these men often undertook to cover their disgraceful conduct by clothing their mistresses with the title of "wife," though marriage there was none.

A story told by General Sherman in his "Memoirs" throws some light upon the state of affairs in this respect. He was in a ship sailing to San Francisco in 1853, and, being a young and very gallant officer, was easily imposed upon by the "fair sect." As he himself records, he was obliging enough to assist two "ladies" to secure a change of stateroom. As a result of his courtesy he not only lost his own berth, but was entered in the ship's records as their escort, the passenger list reading "Captain Sherman and ladies." "At every meal," he relates, "the steward would come to me and say, 'Captain, will you bring your ladies to the table?'" The "ladies" conducted themselves quite properly aboard ship, and one of them contributed to the entertainment of the passengers by her pretty sentimental songs. But some time after his arrival at San Francisco a fellow passenger who had observed Sherman's attentions to the "ladies," asked him if he personally knew Mrs. D., who had sung for them so sweetly. Sherman replied that she was only a chance acquaintance of the voyage and that she expected to meet her husband who lived near Mokelumne Hill. Great was his surprise to be informed

that the modest and demure Mrs. D. was "a woman of the town." No wonder that he observes, after recording the episode: "Society was decidedly mixed in California in those days."

And so it was. Yet there can be no question that what has since been known as "frontier gallantry" was in vogue at that time. A woman in a mining camp found herself a sort of divinity, the center of chivalric adorers. No great question was raised as to her virtue, but if she were virtuous she came in for more of worship than was sometimes acceptable. In the mining regions men would travel from afar to gaze upon a newly arrived female of their species. This attention often made modest women uncomfortable, but they soon came to appreciate and even to encourage it. One man told Burnett that he traveled forty miles to behold a woman. Single women did not have to wait for offers of marriage. The newspapers "carried" advertisements of men who wanted wives, and not a few secured them by this means. Circulars were scattered in New York offering to bring out a number of respectable women who were looking for husbands of means. Each of such women was to be not over twenty-five years of age. One man advertised that tickets for admission to his wedding would be sold for five dollars apiece, and thus a goodly sum was secured for setting the newly married ones up in housekeeping. Bancroft relates that Burnett, the first governor of California, owed his election greatly to being a married man, his opponent being a bachelor and therefore presumably not so popular. The same authority says that as a class the women of this period were inferior in education and manners to the men; for the hardships of the voyage and of border life held back the more refined; but as comforts increased the better class of women came in and the standard of female respectability was elevated.

The life of a married woman in those days was by no means an enviable one, particularly if she had left a happy home in the East. Housekeeping was attended by all kinds of discomforts. There were many rats in San Francisco and consequently many fleas. The rats were of enormous size and would strike terror to the heart of the poor housewife. Water and other necessities were often lacking, and dwelling accommodations were most deficient. An unmarried man did not mind these privations. If he lived in an hotel it mattered little to him if the flimsy canvas partitions forbade privacy, but consider the feelings of a modest woman under such conditions! Nor did a single man care if he could find only a rude cabin in which to live and a hard bunk upon which to sleep; but comfort-loving woman must have better things. There were few female servants to be had up to the middle '60s, and so the housewife had the choice of doing all her own

work or hiring a man to help her. First came French and Italian men servitors and afterward Chinese. In many houses Oriental males are still employed, and among them, of late years, large numbers of Japanese.

The discomforts attending home life resulted in much discontent on the part of housewives, with resultant desertion and divorce. But there were many of the pioneer women that accepted their lot and, struggling on through adverse conditions, won good homes in the end.

Street lamps were not introduced in San Francisco until the latter part of 1850, the only lights to illumine the path of the wayfarer at night being the reflections from the brilliant and numerous lights of the gambling and dance halls. The darkness of the streets gave criminals a fine opportunity for thievery, and holdups were of common occurrence. In the latter part of 1849 there were brought to justice a band of ruffians known as "the hounds." Under cover of night these offenders committed acts of robbery and high-handed outrages of many kinds. At last, when the citizens could stand their depredations no longer, they formed themselves into a police force and proceeded to measure their strength against that of the rioters. They arrested some twenty of "the hounds" and brought them to trial. As there was no efficient city or municipal government the citizens appointed judges and counsel for both prosecution and defense.

The result of the trial was that nine culprits were convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and heavy fines, and for a time the town was purged of the more violent criminals that had infested it, but the gamblers and the demi-monde were left undisturbed.

But it must be borne in mind that in 1850 the place was not ten years old, unless we admit the missionary and presidial settlements as a part of Yerba Buena, which I hold they were not. Up to 1842 it was a mere hamlet. In 1841 it consisted of about thirty families grouped about the store of Jacob Leese, erected five years before. Leese's little establishment was on Montgomery Street which was then on the bay shore. The town had no sort of local official regulation until 1844, when Leese's partner, William S. Hinckley, was elected alcalde. What might be termed the first civic improvement was executed during Hinckley's administration. He had a bridge built over a lagoon that shut the village off from North Beach. This bridge excited much curiosity. It was very simple in its construction, but was such a novelty in California that the Hispano-Americans traveled miles to see it.

There had been what Young has called "a general industrial languor" in the place up to the gold discovery. Trading operations were insignificant. The navigation of the bay was for years monopolized by a single schooner of which Captain Richardson was master. Until Stephen

Smith started the first sawmill in 1843 the people about the bay of San Francisco were dependent for lumber upon David Hill, an Irishman who operated a whipsaw as early as 1822 and seemed to have no difficulty in supplying all demands. This was because most of the houses had been built of adobe.

The press, which up to the middle '50s was altogether lacking in prestige or influence, did not count for much with the early residents. The first newspaper in Yerba Buena was the *California Star*, the publication of which was begun on January 7, 1847. Samuel Brannan was publisher and E. P. Jones was editor. The press and type were brought in by a Mormon colony. The *Star* printed in April, 1848, what in these days would be termed a boost edition. It set forth the climatic, agricultural and other advantages of California, but barely mentioned the discovery of gold. Two thousand copies of this paper were sent by special couriers to Missouri. By that time Yerba Buena had ceased to be the name of the village. It was now known as San Francisco. This the Missourians who flocked in during 1849 could not successfully pronounce, but "Frisco" rolled as glibly from their tongue as it does from those of mid-west immigrants of the present day and is just about as jarring to the nerves of educated San Franciscans who abhor the appellation and declaim loudly against it; and yet I submit that it is little worse than the flat, drawling enunciation of the full name by those of slovenly speech. The awful "Frisco" received its vogue from the universal singing of a song, to the tune of "O Susanna," during the gold rush of 1849. When a train of prairie schooners was headed for California everybody in it was ready to whistle or sing this crude ditty:

"I soon shall be in 'Frisco,
And then I'll look around;
And when I see the gold lumps there
I'll pick them off the ground.

"O California,
That's the land for me:
I'm bound for California
With my washbowl on my knee."

The first American alcalde was Washington A. Bartlett and he as well as his immediate successors used their utmost endeavors to maintain peace and order in the town, but the tremendous inrush of gold-seekers and their parasites, including criminals of every class was too much for constituted authority. Public sentiment was against a too strict enactment of laws calculated to tighten the reins of morality. Gambling and

prostitution could not at that time be suppressed, no matter how the pulpit or the press might thunder against them.

The feverish '50s, however, worked out their own spontaneous cure. In every community, no matter how wicked and "wide open," there is always to be found a balance; and only the most callous of critics can fail to see it. In their satires on America as a whole, neither Dickens nor Kipling could see this balance, but Arnold Bennett saw it and so did Gilbert Chesterton. We can trace through all this hectic period the workings of the "saving remnant" which constituted the balance. Its activities became manifest with the rise of the vigilantes who lifted a punitive hand against wrong-doers, as will be described in another chapter. This rising was the chief event of the decade. Other events were: The election of alcaldes, members of the legislature and an ayuntamiento, or town council, in January, 1850. David C. Broderick was elected state senator and John W. Geary alcalde.

The first daily newspaper, "The Alta California," began publication January 22d.

A charter for the city was approved by the ayuntamiento February 13th.

First election of county officers, April 1st.

City charter passed by the Legislature, April 15th.

A great fire destroying nearly \$4,000,000 worth of property, May 4th, followed by another and lesser conflagration on June 14th.

Five hundred and twenty-six vessels lay at anchor in May in the harbor near San Francisco, the greater number of them being full-rigged ships and barks. Beside these there were over a hundred square-riggers lying at Benicia, Sacramento and Stockton.

Society of California Pioneers was organized in August. More fully referred to in another chapter.

A considerable influx of Chinese during this and succeeding years.

Death of President Taylor commemorated by a funeral procession in which all classes of residents, including a number of Chinese, participated.

Another great fire swept several blocks in a cheaply built section of the city, the loss being about half a million.

Building of a series of suitable wharves begun by city and private individuals and completed at great expense.

A plank road was built from the Plaza, in the center of the city proper to Mission Dolores in the same year.

Thirty-six thousand persons arrived during the year and there was much building of hotels and other places of abode for their accommodation. Shiploads of passengers were constantly coming in. Many remained, but the greater number hastened off to the mines. This con-

tinual migration to and from the city gave a wonderful animation to the streets and public places. At the close of the year the inhabitants probably numbered about 30,000.

Houses were changing for the better, and streets were being graded and otherwise improved.

The mines were yielding tremendous returns. Much of the gold found its way to San Francisco and was absorbed and retained there.

Cholera visited the city in the autumn, but the salubrious climate did not permit it to gain a great foothold, as elsewhere in the state. At no time were there more than ten or twelve deaths a day from the disease. It disappeared before the first of 1851.

The Gold Bluffs mining excitement stirred the city in January, 1851. These diggings were near the mouth of the Klamath River, where it was said that the black sand contained gold in quantities of ten cents to ten dollars a pound. This was something like the Nome gold excitement of 1900, though far less profitable to the men who risked their all at the diggings and returned with nothing to show for their efforts.

The city charter was revised during this year and the city was reincorporated. San Francisco was deeply in debt. It issued scrip which was sold at far below its face value and there was much loose and sometimes criminal trafficking in this paper.

A tremendous conflagration swept the business portion of the city in May, the damage being estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. The fire was thought to have been of incendiary origin, set with intent to pillage stores and banks, which was done in many cases during the incidental excitement. The burned district extended about three-fourths of a mile from north to south and one-third of a mile from east to west. It was characteristic of eastern and other moralists that they saw in the fate of San Francisco that of Gomorrah, but the citizens began to work like beavers to rebuild the town, which they did within a year or two. I wonder with what heart they would have begun this work had they known that two other fires, one the greatest in the world's history, were utterly to destroy their splendid labors. And yet, as in the subsequent conflagrations, a far better built city rose upon the ashes; and there are many who do not hesitate to say that each of these great fires was "a good thing" for San Francisco. As for Gomorrah, let me say that while the people of the city were in those days a wild, perverse race, they were little given to the hypocrisy that has characterized many of their most vehement critics.

There was another conflagration in June, 1851, this fire destroying, among other landmarks, the old City Hotel on the Plaza, at the corner

of Kearny and Clay streets, and the residence of Samuel Brannan, publisher of the *Star*.

Finer houses were built on these and other desolated sites. Many of the old adobe walls were torn down, and in a short time the newly built town began to present a truly citified appearance.

That year was also marked by the building and opening of the Jenny Lind Theatre, on the Plaza, afterward purchased and remodeled as a city hall.

Another theater—the American—was opened in October of that year. On the opening night the walls of this playhouse sank about two inches, as the foundations were laid upon a filled-in section of the bay. There was much consternation but no injury was done to anyone in the audience.

In the following five years there was much new building, and some of the fine stores and hotels which stood until 1906 were erected.

Between 1852 and 1860 the Chinese migrated to California in immense numbers, and San Francisco received a large share of them as permanent residents. The miners were opposed to their immigration and induced Governor Bigler in 1852 to advise the Legislature to pass a law prohibiting their landing in the state. The law was not enacted. There grew up on Dupont Street and adjacent thoroughfares a section known at first as Little China and afterward as Chinatown. All efforts to dislodge the Celestials from this quarter or to run them out of town and into any other district have failed, and the attempt long ago ceased. John is still there and so is Mary, and the people of San Francisco no longer object to their presence.

The first legal hanging occurred on Russian Hill on December 18th, 1852, that of Jose Forner for the murder of Jose Rodriguez. All other hangings up to that time were done by vigilance committees, as related elsewhere.

In the same year John Parrott erected a unique granite building, three stories in height, at Montgomery and California streets. The stone for this building was shipped from China where it was cut and dressed by Chinese workmen. It is still standing, its thick, solid walls being apparently proof against earthquake and fire.

There were in these times, as later, much local graft, jobbery and civic mismanagement, and still the city grew in size and significance.

In 1853 the gold exportation reached fifty-five millions, after which there came a decline. Wages decreased and so did prices of foodstuffs and real estate values. An electric telegraph brought the city into closer communication with Sacramento, San Jose, Stockton and other towns. Now was built one of the finest and largest theaters in the whole country

—the Metropolitan, on Montgomery Street near Washington. Russ' Garden, at Sixth and Harrison streets, became the first and most interesting popular Sunday resort. The Union Theatre, on Commercial Street near Kearny, and the Adelphi, on Dupont near Clay, gave acceptable performances.

The First Congregational Church, on the southwest corner of California and Dupont, and St. Mary's Cathedral, on the corner diagonally opposite, together with the First Unitarian Church on Stockton Street, near Sacramento, were among the temples of worship having the largest congregations.

In the same year the Mercantile Library was founded. Filibuster William Walker made his futile attempt to found "the Republic of Sonora." Walker was tried in San Francisco for violating the neutrality laws and was acquitted. For a time the flag of the new republic floated over a building on Kearny Street and its bonds were sold to silly speculators who in the end realized nothing from their investments.

There was a serious business depression in 1854, partly the result of a lesser production of gold. In 1855 the city was lighted by gas. There were serious bank failures in the same year. The Panama Railroad was now in operation and as a result there was a rapid increase in the number of women coming to live in San Francisco and other towns about the bay. This line was operated in connection with the Pacific Mail steamers which were built with San Francisco money, though the boats and the railroad were owned in New York.

Gambling was in full blast in 1855, among the noted gaming houses being the Bella Union, the California Exchange, El Dorado, the Veranda, the Polka, the Casino and the Arcade. Each place had from five to fifteen tables and there would sometimes be more than \$10,000 on a table.

Walker, not satisfied with the failure of his Sonora Republic, tried another filibustering voyage, this time to Nicaragua. He managed to raise quite a troop of adventurers, all well armed and they terrorized the country for two years. The natives rose against and defeated him at last and he fled to New Orleans. Again he ventured to Central America, but on his landing at Honduras he was arrested, tried and shot in September, 1860.

The County of San Mateo was created out of a portion of the County of San Francisco and the City and County of San Francisco was organized and established as it is today.

In those times there was and had been many failures of justice. A thousand homicides had been committed, many of them cold-blooded murders, between 1849 and 1856, but there had been only seven executions. Political corruption was quite prevalent, infamous men and their

patrons had stolen into high offices, there were forgeries of city warrants, and many other crimes, the vast bulk of which had remained unpunished. These gave rise in 1856 to a popular demand for retribution and for better government which demand was carried out by the vigilantes, as will be seen later.

After the vigilantes had done their work and the criminal element had been suppressed a new political organization known as the People's Party came into being. It nominated a ticket that was deserving of election, as every man on it was one of known probity. The marshal of the vigilance committee was nominated for chief of police and the general of the vigilance army for sheriff. They and their fellow candidates were elected and they gave the city a most efficient and economical administration. The annual expenses of the city were reduced to \$350,000. For the previous year they had been \$2,640,000. Part of this saving may have been due to the operation of the consolidation act adopted by the Legislature in 1856, but the People's Party received nearly all the credit.

This was in 1857. In the following year the People's Party was again to the fore and it continued in power for nearly eighteen years. It was a sort of benevolent bossism, as the names of the nominees were all selected by a few persons and the convention to which they were submitted rarely attempted to change "the slate." So that while this smacked of the methods of professional politicians, there was none of the chicanery of that class, and as a rule only the best of citizens were nominated and elected. It was a bad period for crooked politics. There was no chance for the ward gangster, for the heeler or the vote-buyer. The elections were quietly and carefully conducted, and the result was that San Francisco, as R. H. Dana, Jr., a lawyer and observer of splendid ability and strict veracity, found in 1859, on coming as a visitor from New York, was "now the most quiet and well-governed city in the United States. It has been through its season of heaven-defying crime, violence and blood, from which it was rescued and handed back to soberness, morality and good government by that peculiar invention of Anglo-Saxon republican America, the solemn, awe-inspiring vigilance committee of the most grave and responsible citizens, the last resort of the thinking and the good, taken only when vice, fraud and ruffianism have entrenched themselves behind the forms of law, suffrage and the ballot."

There are people—generally westerners—who assert that a wide-open town is the most prosperous of all. This was said of the San Francisco that existed before the vigilantes. Now it was quiet and dull and it

continued to suffer under a depression of business that closed many shops and sent many industrious men to other fields of activity.

Those men of means who stuck to mining along the mountain streams and brought into play all the hydraulic force they could command continued to take out large quantities of gold, but there were many who had been working the placers in a small way, with old-fashioned rockers and with pick and pan, and these found that they could generally make little more than a bare living, though occasional strikes brought some of them great riches, and many of these became permanent residents; but the poorer class of miners, those who had not the engines to tear down great hillsides with powerful streams of water or who could not afford to burrow the canyon sides and cliffs for rich quartz, were always ready to leave camp on short notice and follow some more or less elusive gold rush, near or far.

In 1858 these and other adventurers became much excited over the reports of rich diggings along the Fraser River, in British Columbia, and so great was the rush that, as one annalist says, California was in danger of being depopulated. Within three months after the latter part of April 112 vessels left San Francisco for Fraser River, carrying nearly 16,000 passengers, and within four months over 23,000 had gone. This was more than ten times as many persons as had left the eastern coast for California in 1849. Hittell says that not only did one in sixteen of the men in California start for Fraser River, but about one-third of the others were preparing to go when the folly of the excitement became clear to the common comprehension. Real estate in San Francisco went begging for the time. Lots on Montgomery Street were offered at \$200 a front foot, with no takers. Blythe's gore, as it was called, on Market and Geary streets, was considered dear at \$30,000, though \$1,500,000 was offered for it in 1876 and refused. It was believed that Victoria, situated near the new diggings, would become the coast metropolis. In Stockton and Sacramento real estate fell eighty per cent.

The adventurers who left California and went to the Fraser lost, it is estimated, nearly \$10,000,000; for the gold was not there, or if there, was too difficult to mine to advantage. It was another Gold Bluffs, only on a much larger and more expensive scale. But the loss was not felt to any great extent in San Francisco, for the value of real property was soon restored; moreover most of that ten millions went into the pockets of San Francisco dealers in supplies and to the San Francisco proprietors of stages, steamers and hotels. Nor did the city suffer in the matter of population, for the excitement brought in hordes of people from the East and elsewhere, and the census showed a gain of 13,000 that year as against an annual average of 5,000 for the three preceding

years. The annalist notes a heightened feeling of confidence in the permanent prosperity of the city, and real estate was in better demand than ever before.

In 1859 several large factories were erected. There was a bitter political campaign. By a large majority the voters repudiated the leadership of David C. Broderick, who soon afterward was slain in a duel with David S. Terry, as will be subsequently related.

It was in this year that the discovery of the enormous silver deposits of the Comstock lode was first reported. These reports sent a new fever on the blood of San Francisco. The first shafts sunk to the great lode were the beginning of a series of titanic enterprises eventually carried on at lower levels than mining ever had been conducted before and turning into the coffers of the world millions upon millions of the gleaming white metal.

All in all, there was no period in the history of California so full of feverish thrills and mad excitement as the turbulent and ebullient '50s, for there were more creatures in the human ant heap of San Francisco and in the lesser ant heaps beside the bay to go hurrying and scurrying in agitated bands or individual units moving wildly about in worlds unrealized, more to feel the raving mob spirit, more to catch the febrile infection of the lust for gold, than in any previous period; and no decade that followed was so full of alarums and excursions, of irrational and inhuman acts and of vengeance swift and severe.

This will be better appreciated by the perusal of the typical tale of the vigilantes than by aught that appears in the present scrappy chapter.

XXII

THE VIGILANTES

WHY THE CITIZENS ROSE AND TOOK THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS—AN EFFECTIVE ANTIDOTE FOR RUFFIANISM AND OFFICIAL CORRUPTION—KILLING OF JAMES KING OF WILLIAM—HOW HIS DEATH WAS AVENGED BY THE PEOPLE—"FORT GUNNYBAGS"—CASEY AND CORA—PANIC SPREAD AMONG EVIL-DOERS.

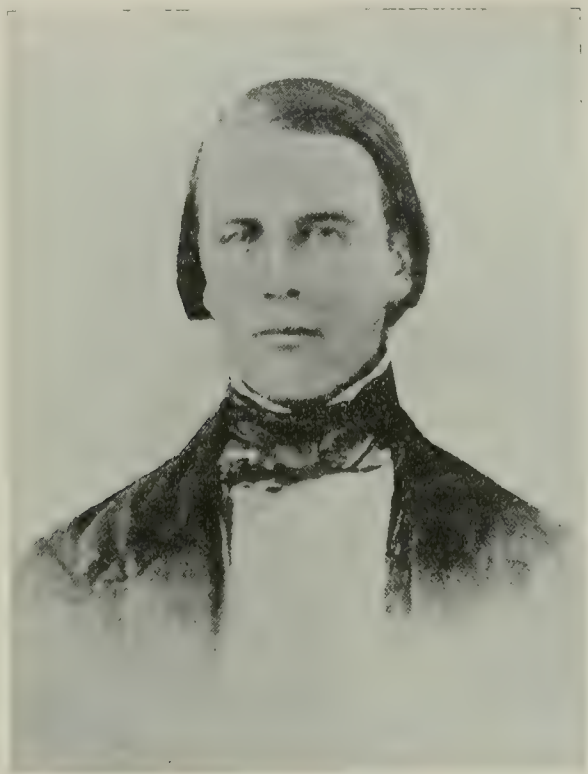
As we have seen, transgressions against the social and the civic laws were numerous in those days. To many of the easy-going inhabitants of San Francisco, inured as they had become to a state of affairs that bordered on anarchy, the repetition of these acts of ruffianism and official and social corruption had become less and less repulsive; but there was a decent element in the community to whom these lawless deeds were not the more tolerable because of their frequency. There was a certain order of minds, in fact, not touched by these moral lunacies, but which, through all the seething vortex of the gold lust, with its welter of crime and corruption, had remained sane and self-respecting.

This saving remnant of the community lacked only a voice, and that voice was not long in being lifted up. The immediate occasion was that of the assault and robbery of a merchant named Jensen on February 19, 1851, by two men who entered a store that evening on pretense of buying goods. This crime, though not the first nor the worst of its kind, appealed to the better class of citizens as peculiarly atrocious, probably because Jensen was a very popular citizen and also because, as one annalist puts it, "the community chanced to be in a sensitive mood."

Then arose the voice. It was that of the editor of the *Alta*. "Nobody," cried the *Alta* editor, "is secure, even in his own dwelling. And the ruffians, if arrested at all, are never punished. How many murders have been committed in this city within a year? And who has been hung or punished for the crimes? Nobody. How many men shot and stabbed, knocked down and bruised; and who has been punished for it? How many thefts and arsons, robberies and crimes of a less note; and where are the perpetrators? Gentlemen at large, citizens, free to re-enact their outrages." The editor declared that so far as courts and police were concerned, "the city would be infinitely better

off without them." While deprecating lynch law, the editor had the temerity to suggest it, as an effective weapon of revenge for the outraged public.

When the news came that two men had been arrested for the assault and robbery of Jensen, one of them said to be a notorious rogue named Stuart, the mob spirit was in the air. Jensen identified the prisoners



WILLIAM T. COLEMAN

after a fashion as his assailants. A large party of citizens, bent upon "justice," met and appointed a committee to consider the situation. One of the committee, and the man who did the most talking, was Sam Brannan, a gentleman who had been accused by the Utah Mormons of running away from Salt Lake City with a large amount of money which he had collected for the church. Brannan was for trying the prisoners forthwith, but an appeal was made by the more sober-minded members for delay, as some of them felt there might be a question as to their identity.

So the committee bided its time, which, as shown in the sequel, was a wise thing to have done. At a subsequent public meeting there rose a man of light and learning—one who, though stern and grave, possessed the true judicial spirit. This man was William T. Coleman, later known as the leader of the vigilantes of this year and of 1856. Mr. Coleman, in a sober address, moved that a committee be appointed to agree upon a plan of action. This was done and the committee recommended that a judge and jury should be selected. J. F. Spence was chosen as judge and two assistant judges were appointed.

Without any resistance from the regular officials, this popular tribunal met in the district court room. The prisoners were permitted to remain in their cells. Mr. Coleman appeared as counsel for the people while Mr. Shattuck represented Stuart and Hall McAllister pleaded for the other prisoner. R. S. Watson was foreman of the jury.

On the trial a few of the witnesses professed themselves able to identify the man supposed to be Stuart as a thief well known at Sacramento and the mines. The other witnesses could testify only to what Jensen, who ever since the assault had suffered from concussion of the brain, had declared as to this man looking so much like one of those who had attacked him. The mob spirit was rife in the court room and the arguments for the defense were frequently interrupted by demands that the man be hanged at once. But better counsel prevailed. The jury could not agree upon a verdict. It required no little temerity to face the mob with this disappointing report, but the foreman was brave enough to make it. At once the jurors were greeted with cries of "Hang them, too!" It was with great difficulty that the crowd was made to disperse. The court and jury then adjourned sine die.

Stuart was soon afterward proved to be an innocent man, and was released, but the other prisoner was convicted by an official judge and sentenced to the penitentiary by a regular court. But he also was afterward proved to be innocent and was set at large. Because of his resemblance to Stuart, the first man tried, whose name was Berdue, was arrested on subsequent occasions in country towns, but was allowed to go free when he showed that he was not the culprit.

Those who have fancied that the popular tribunals of San Francisco were like the negro-burning mobs of the South, hasty, arbitrary and vindictive, can see by the foregoing and also by what is to follow that the vigilance committees of the Bay City were in every respect fair-minded to the last degree and anxious only to serve the ends of precise and unwavering justice.

A letter appeared in the *Alta* on Sunday, June 8th, of the same year proposing the immediate organization of a committee of safety.

Australian larrikins and ticket-of-leave men had been coming in in more than comfortable numbers, and the *Alta* writer suggested that the committee, after its formation, should board every vessel to arrive from Australian ports and refuse to permit any doubtful characters to come ashore. A suggestion was also made that corrupt public officials be forced to leave town.

"It may be well," said the writer, "to call a public meeting in the square to organize and carry out these views. Without this or some other similar plan the evils cannot be remedied; and if there is not spirit amongst us to do it, why then, in God's name, let the city be burned and our streets flow with the blood of murdered men." The letter, which was ably written, was from the pen of R. S. Watson, foreman of the first jury of a popular tribunal in San Francisco. The *Alta* approved of the communication editorially and observed that "it touched a train already laid."

On the 11th of June the same newspaper reported that "quite a large party banded themselves together at the California Engine House on Monday night for the purpose of punishing incendiaries and other criminals."

The leading men of the committee were William T. Coleman, Stephen Payran, Sam Brannan and R. S. Watson. There were in all, at first, about 200 members. They had but one end in view—to make San Francisco a safe city in which to live, but incidentally they were bent upon doing justice to whomever might be brought before them for trial.

No sooner was the committee organized than it began to work. A man named Jenkins, known as a rogue of the worst sort, was caught in the very act of burglary on Long Wharf. He was taken to the headquarters of the committee, near a corner of Bush and Sansome streets and placed on trial for his life. The trial lasted two hours and Jenkins was found guilty of the crime charged against him.

The verdict was announced at midnight and at two in the morning the burglar was hanged in the Plaza from one of the projecting beams of an old adobe building.

At the coroner's inquest Sam Brannan testified: "I believe the man had a fair and impartial trial. He was tried before sixty to eighty men. I believe the verdict of guilty was unanimous and they came to the conclusion unanimously to hang him. I don't know how the jury was impanelled; I think they impanelled themselves. The jury consisted of the Committee of Vigilance; they were all citizens of the town. * * * The man was executed in accordance with the findings of the committee. I understood a record was kept of the evidence adduced at the trial. Six or eight witnesses were examined. The prisoner had the

privilege of bringing in evidence on his behalf. He said that he had but one witness, who came and said that he did not know him. * * * A man is admitted to the committee on a motion by a friend who vouches for his character and that he will devote a portion of his time in watching for burglars and other scoundrels. * * * The object is to assist the law and administer justice."

The coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts of the case, but it named only a few of the committee as being responsible for the hanging of Jenkins. Whereupon the committee met and adopted a resolution expressing its surprise that only a small number of its members should be mentioned in the verdict. To the resolution, which was broadly published, was appended the signatures of every member of the body.

During the months of June, July and August, 1851, the committee continued its work. It caught, tried and executed the true Stuart, the one for whom Berdue had been mistaken at the trial in February. Berdue was at the time of Stuart's trial a prisoner in a jail in the interior and under sentence of death because of his resemblance to the criminal, and the committee worked for and effected his release, thus showing that justice and not vengeance was its object.

No attempt was made by the authorities to punish the vigilantes, who day by day were gaining accessions to their numbers. But in August the police interfered with the operations of the committee by rescuing from its rooms two condemned criminals, McKenzie and Whitaker. A few days later, however, the vigilantes recaptured the culprits and led them to the scaffold where the police made only a mere show of interference.

When the committee ceased its work for the time there was an apparent decrease in crime, but a few years later, with the incoming of new rascals who had not sufficiently learned the lesson taught to the older ones, or who regarded the tale of the vigilantes as an idle tradition, there came need of another rising of the citizenry.

A new form of roguery, among the many others then practiced, was the forging of city warrants. This led to the repudiation by the city of nearly \$1,800,000 worth of the warrants, which was considered by many as an appalling confession of official corruption. The effect of this repudiation was a period of financial depression. One banker, who had lost large sums of money through this and other corrupt official acts, undertook to punish the offenders. This man was James King, "of William," as he styled himself by way of distinction from other Kings, who had been a member of the Vigilance Committee of 1851.

There were plenty of newspapers in San Francisco, but King saw none that seemed to be working consistently for the public weal as opposed

to official knavery. So he began the publication of a small paper called *The Bulletin*, in October, 1855, which soon became recognized as the whip and mentor of the town. He was a keen, forceful writer and he wrote most of the editorials himself. He accused city officials with the ownership of brothels maintained among reputable residences, and threatened to print the names of the owners and lessors of every disreputable house unless the nuisance were immediately abated. Such morality at such a period—for the social evil was not taken very seriously in those days—seemed uncalled for in the minds of many; but the attacks were interesting and greatly increased the circulation of the *Bulletin* as well as its size, so that the paper became the most prominent one of the time.

It was a victory for the *Bulletin* when the aldermen, some of them very reluctantly, appointed a committee to investigate the conditions pointed out by King. The committee reported a sad state of affairs, indeed. It said there was no sort of privacy in carrying on prostitution in the city; it was scattered about promiscuously and there was no large neighborhood in which respectable families could live and be safe from contiguity to houses of ill-fame. Only by a reorganization of the police force could anything be effected that would smack of reform. An attempt was made along these lines and a better condition of affairs resulted, though it was still far from satisfactory.

King next turned his attention to the gamblers. He declared that public opinion in California never really had approved of gambling, but had tolerated it because of a lack of laws to punish gamblers. Professional gamblers, he maintained, were always criminals. The gamblers, among whom were men of high education and keen minds, replied to King in numerous communications, many of which he published in the *Bulletin*, all decrying his attempt to put down gambling. To each of these letters King retorted in scornful terms, saying in one of his scorching editorials that no man with the fear of God in his heart or any desire whatsoever for public improvement would become and remain a gambler.

King's idea of attacking an evil was not by generalities, but by individual references and wholesale excoriation. Personal journalism never had a more shining representative. It is true that some of his assaults were unjust, but we must credit him with full belief in their fairness; and of one thing there can be no doubt whatever—he had the decent public with him in all his efforts to "clean up the town."

There was in San Francisco official life a man named James F. Casey, who by resort to consummate trickery had gotten himself elected to the office of supervisor. It was charged and proved that while acting as inspector of election in the twelfth ward, he had stuffed the ballot box with tickets bearing his own name and had declared himself elected. In

attacking this man and his methods King made no mistake, unless, indeed, he valued his own life above public service; but the assault was a most severe one, including the statement that Casey had been an inmate of Sing Sing. This was true, but to the high-handed, ruffianly Casey, it was not a truth that he cared to have paraded in public print. He had committed many lawless acts in San Francisco for which he never had been punished, and he now thought he could add to their number the slaying of an editor so unpopular in officialdom and so hated by the gamblers.

While on his way home at five in the afternoon of May 14, 1856, about two hours after the Bulletin containing the expose was off the press, King was stopped at the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets by Casey, who called out from a few paces distant, "Draw and defend yourself!" But King had no opportunity to draw, for a second after this warning was given, Casey fired and the bullet struck King in the left breast. Staggering into a near-by office, King sank to the floor. He did not die until six days later, but in the meantime public indignation ran high against Casey who had been arrested and confined to the none-too-secure county jail, which was immediately surrounded by a mad and muttering multitude. The mayor harangued the crowd in favor of law and order, but they hooted him, and if a leader had then arisen they would have stormed the jail and hanged the cowering Casey who was frantically appealing to the sheriff to protect him. No leader came and the crowd disappeared late in the night.

Now came a general demand for the reorganization of the old Vigilance Committee of 1851. On the very night of the shooting a meeting was held in Cunningham's warehouse, on Battery Street near Union, but no action was taken, as the composition of the meeting was such that the better class of citizens was suspicious of it and fearful that exact justice would not be meted out.

On the following evening another and more select meeting was held in a house on Sacramento Street, below Battery. William T. Coleman was elected chairman as he had served so well as leader of the first vigilantes. The new committee showed much prudence as well as administrative ability. Having at hand the men, the machinery and the experience of the former committee, the work was comparatively easy. So many new members joined the body during the next day that a larger room was taken, this time the Turn-Verein Hall, on Bush Street, near Powell. More and more men joined the vigilantes who were organized as military companies and arming and drilling began immediately. Soon there were 6,000 men under arms and with something more than a mere semblance of military discipline. Indeed, there were among them many

who were trained soldiers, for several of the militia companies of the city, after disbanding as such, joined the committee for active service, bringing their muskets with them. Companies were stationed in the streets near headquarters to prevent any interruption of the punitive proceedings. All over town there was a general suspension of business, so that merchants and others could take up arms for the common good.

"Revenge," as Bacon truly has observed, "is a wild kind of justice;" but it was not mere vengeance that these people in the most remarkable uprising of its kind ever known, invoked or desired. They were not a howling, disorderly, irrational and fickle-minded mob, but a peaceful, orderly and much-to-be-respected group of citizens whose fervent and repeated appeals to the regularly constituted authorities had been all in vain and who knew that unless they took the law into their own hands nothing would be done to punish this latest crime or others that had been or would be committed. It was not that they all loved King of William. Indeed, not a few of them had disliked him and his methods of journalism, but he and his paper had for the time become consecrated in the hearts of the greater part of the multitude by the ruthless act of a man of known criminal antecedents and predilections—a convict, and one still given to such corrupt practices as ballot-box stuffing and general political and official chicanery.

A series of lofts in a brick block on Sacramento Street near Front, were occupied as the headquarters and citadel of the vigilantes. A fortress made of gunnybags filled with sand protected the entire front of the building and ship cannon were placed at the embrasures of the fort, so that if necessary they could rake the streets; guards were mounted, companies were drilled and were patrolling up and down. In every way possible full evidence was given that the edicts of the Vigilance Committee would be backed by an invincible military force, probably the strongest, and certainly the most determined, of any in the state.

The fortress was called Fort Gunnybags. It was in readiness for use on the Friday following the Wednesday on which Casey had shot King, which in itself shows remarkably swift action on the part of the members of the committee, though the arming and drilling of the new military force at its command—numbering about 6,000 men—evinces a still greater effort to expedite the movement and to give wings to poor, blind, bleeding Justice.

But what were the city officials doing all this time? What were the governor and the regular military forces doing? The answers to these questions are to be found in Gen. W. T. Sherman's "Memoirs." General Sherman, who just before that time had been appointed major-general of the state militia, had conferred with the governor on a plan

of action. This plan was for both of them to go to the chief officers of the committee and undertake to persuade them to desist from any overt or unlawful acts. It had been understood that Governor Johnson, for political reasons, was not averse to the proposed action of the committee. In fact there were those men who said they had heard him say he would not interfere with its work, so long as it was conducted in an orderly manner—a remarkable concession for one holding such an office to make in the premises. Yet when it came to the interview with Mr. Coleman, the recognized head of the vigilantes, the governor urged him and his associates to support the law, saying that if they did so Casey's legal trial would be as speedy and effective as possible.

According to General Sherman's account of the interview, Mr. Coleman assented to this stipulation, but Mr. Coleman, in a statement written by himself, says positively that he did nothing of the sort, the only concession made by him and his colleagues being that no action would be taken by them to remove Casey from the jail until Governor Johnson had received one hour's written notice. The governor, Mr. Coleman says in his statement, misunderstood this agreement, interpreting it as an armistice, and the committee felt much aggrieved when it discovered the fact on the following day.

On the Sunday following the slaying of King the military force of the committee, after due notice had been given to the governor, moved upon the county jail which was guarded only by a few militiamen who had been commanded to appear there and assist Sheriff David Scannell. This same Scannell was a quiet, valiant man who, with distinguished gallantry had stormed the heights of Chapultepec during the Mexican war, and it was feared that he would take his position so seriously as to resist the threatened attack. The sheriff saw, however, that this would result in an unnecessary loss of life, as his little force would in the end be overcome; and there are those who say that he felt not a little sympathy with the vigilantes and their honest efforts to bring about a better state of things in San Francisco, which he himself was unable to do, being hampered at every step by political corruptionists.

There were in the jail, "morally" supporting the sheriff, a number of Law and Order men, a small organization opposed to the committee; and after a brief consultation with them, he concluded that the prison was hardly to be defended against such a large militant body; so he admitted a deputation of the vigilantes. These went at once to Casey's cell, took him out and placed him in a closed carriage.

There was another notorious criminal confined in the jail, one Cora by name, who had a few months previously shot down in the street United States Marshal Richardson for making some remark disparaging

to the character of Cora's mistress. In the carrying out of the popular idea of justice for the moment, the committee felt justified in seizing this criminal as well, which was immediately done. Cora was taken from the jail and placed in the same carriage with Casey. Then the committee formed in regular column and marched back to Fort Gunnybags with its prisoners. Along the line of march as well as about the prison all the houses were covered with spectators and the faces at the windows were full of tragic interest in the proceeding.

There were twenty-four companies in line, all with bristling bayonets. They marched without music, without noisy demonstration and with no confusion whatever. It was as if the whole affair had been carefully rehearsed. They had with them a brass cannon which had been part of their show of hostility at the door of the jail, but neither this piece nor any of the muskets was brought into play.

Before being dragged out of the jail Casey had begged leave to speak for ten minutes in his own behalf, fearing evidently that he would be executed without delay. The men having him directly in charge told him that he would be given a full hearing and that he would have a perfectly fair and deliberate trial.

All this was on Sunday, and while Casey and Cora were confined under a strong guard in a room of the committee, at its headquarters, on the following day, Casey was informed that King was dead. He did not show any great concern, though under the circumstances he must have wished fervently that his victim had survived his cold-blooded attack.

On Tuesday, the executive committee of the vigilantes, acting as a jury, tried the culprits. Every opportunity was given to the two men to offer any defense they might have. The witnesses examined made it plain that the prisoners had committed the crimes charged against them. So they were each convicted. The time selected for their hanging was that at which the funeral procession of King would be passing through the streets. The pageant was a long and solemn one. The whole city was draped in mourning, including the Unitarian Church where several clergymen had joined to honor the dead editor.

The prisoners were told of their doom. They were shrived by priests of their professed faith and were then led out to be hanged in front of the vigilance headquarters. When they were pronounced dead their bodies were handed over to their friends for burial.

I have stood by the side of the grave of James P. Casey in the old Mission Dolores graveyard, with its leaning and weathered headstones and have read the inscription, "May the Lord have mercy upon my persecutors." And I have wondered who beside a wife, brother, sister, father or mother, could have had enough feeling for him and enough

concordance with his character as thus inferentially to condone his acts. It is only at this late day that I have learned that at the time he shot down James King of William he was the foreman of a volunteer fire company who erected the monument and ordered the engraving of the strange words upon it. What a credit to San Francisco was such a fire company!

Having disposed of Casey and Cora, the executive committee of the vigilantes set to work to correct political abuses, having first set up a kitchen and dining room in their building and maintaining a strong guard there at all times. Several men were arrested by them for ballot-box stuffing, and others hastened to absent themselves from the city to which not a few never returned. It was characteristic of the viewpoint of the criminal element at the time and the abject terror into which the doings of the vigilantes had thrown them that when James Sullivan, a refugee from Australia whither he had been transported from England as a convicted felon, had been arrested for ballot-box stuffing, he became stricken with such fright that nothing could convince him that he would not soon share the fate of Casey. He confessed his crimes, retracted the confession and then in frenzied terror slew himself by cutting an artery in his arm with a table knife.

It was the *Bulletin*, now edited by Thomas S. King, a brother of James, that had suggested the punishment of the ballot-box stuffers. "It appears to us," said the editor, "that to insure the future purity of elections, an example should be made. It may be there are other means [beside those employed by the vigilantes], but if not, let the men who have insulted our community, disgraced our state and sown the seeds of which we have been lately reaping the fruits, meet their due fate—death by hanging—the words must be spoken—not in revenge for the past, but as a warning to all who might be inclined to emulate their example in the future. Hang one ballot-box stuffer and we shall have no more of them."

During all the popular agitation that had resulted in the formation of the vigilance committee and during all the time that it was employing its punitive measures the so-called Law and Order party, of which the *Herald* was the mouthpiece, was trying in every way possible to hamper the vigilantes in their work. As has been noted, the governor had selected W. T. Sherman, who had been in the United States army and was later its leading general, as major-general in command of the militia. This had been done because of Sherman's well-known efficiency as a military officer, and the governor fully expected that he would be able to put down the vigilantes, even after they had hanged Casey and Cora.

Great zeal and earnestness marked the efforts of Sherman to effect this end, and he was aided throughout by the Law and Order party. But there was not sufficient public sentiment on their side to make their efforts successful. There was a schism in the Law and Order party and it found great difficulty in raising money to carry on its campaign, and some of its meetings were failures because of lack of harmony.

As showing how unpopular was any sort of opposition to the vigilantes, it may be noted here that the Herald, of which John Nugent was proprietor, was sorely punished for its advocacy of the Law and Order party. The paper, which had been one of the most prosperous journals in San Francisco, was boycotted by the business community. In one day it collapsed to a little four-page sheet, whereas it had formerly been a large and flourishing newspaper, filled with advertisements, and its subscription list fell off in proportion. But in spite of this loss of prestige and of profits, it continued to assail the vigilantes. It blazed with powerful philippics against them and upheld Governor Johnson and General Sherman in their attempts to suppress "the rioters."

Governor Johnson did his utmost to enlist the federal authorities on his side in the campaign, but they refused to take any active measures. This was not because they sympathized with Coleman and his fraters in arms, but because they were far outnumbered and did not wish to attempt the impossible.

Some of the leaders of the Law and Order movement mustered a force at the armory of the San Francisco Blues, at Jackson and Kearny streets, but recruits came in very slowly and unwillingly.

By this time also the vigilantes had secured nearly all the arms in the city, and Sherman, finding that he could not procure them in sufficient number to make an effective show of resistance and also finding that he could not agree with Governor Johnson in his programme for suppressing the vigilantes, resigned his office as major-general of state militia. Volney E. Howard, who was appointed to succeed him, did nothing worthy of note.

Without noise or bluster, the vigilance committee continued its work. It examined the cases of a number of rough and lawless characters, and some of them were served with notices to leave the state. If they did not do so at the expiration of the time allotted them they were forcibly deported. This mode of treatment had excellent results and there were fewer and fewer cases to try as time went on.

We now come to the consideration of a strange, strong character who, while the leading exponent and upholder of the law in California stood always in readiness to violate its most stringent statutes, including those relating to the taking of human life, of which he seemed always to

have a very slight regard. Reference is had to David S. Terry, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California and later a very well-known attorney. This man I often met in the 'eighties. He was of large, powerful frame, a keen, resolute eye—one who would not brook anything that even savored of insult, always ready to avenge any slight upon his dignity. I am told that he never went anywhere without being well armed; sometimes he carried a bowie-knife, sometimes a revolver and not infrequently both of those ugly weapons.

Judge Terry, after consultation with the governor, went from Sacramento to San Francisco to meet with the Law and Order men and plan with them for the suppression of the vigilantes. Everywhere he went he was dogged by sleuths sent out by the Coleman men who knew him as the most powerful and persistent of their foes. Terry had advocated open war upon the vigilantes whom he characterized as "damned pork merchants." The judge was from Texas and represented the ultra-southern element in California, which was anxious to see the state lined up with the South in the impending struggle against slavery. He was what was popularly known in later times as a Southern fire-eater.

It was on June 21st, 1856, that Terry committed the act which warranted Coleman's characterization of him as the committee's "white elephant." Terry was sitting in the office of Doctor Ashe, United States Marshal, talking with Ashe and Reuben Maloney, when one of the vigilantes' police, a man named Hopkins, came into the room and attempted to arrest a malefactor who was listening to Terry's talk.

"Take your hands off that man!" demanded Terry in his most violent tones.

"Sorry, Judge," came the reply, "but my orders are to arrest him."

Terry sprang at the policeman, who ward off his blow. There was a scuffle, and a moment later Hopkins sank to the floor, with Terry's knife in his neck.

At once the room was cleared. Everybody cried, "To the armory!" and soon they were ensconced behind its strong walls.

The alarm bell was sounded and the whole general committee was called out, fully armed and prepared for a fight if necessary. All the vigilantes rushed to the armory. They made such a tremendous showing that the Law and Order men were terrified and were ready at once to capitulate. They gave Terry up to the vigilantes and he was immediately taken to Fort Gunnybags amid tremendous excitement on the part of the populace. A large number of the Law and Order men were arrested on this occasion and all the arms that remained in their possession were seized.

Terry was kept a prisoner at the fortress, awaiting the outcome of

his assault upon Hopkins who for weeks hovered between life and death. Had he died the committee would have found Judge Terry a "white elephant," indeed, for it would have been under the obvious and uncomfortable necessity—from its own viewpoint—of hanging the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California. It must have been an immense relief to all concerned when it was learned that Hopkins was on the way to recovery. There were a few committeemen who were for hanging Terry anyway, but after he had been detained at Fort Gunnybags for seven weeks he was released.

It is hardly necessary to go into the details of the further acts of the committee, of its hanging of Brace and Hetherington, two infamous murderers, its unfruitful interference with the investigation of the city land questions, its clever avoidance of all open contests with the regular authorities and its final parade and disbandment on August 18th.

For years afterward it exerted a tremendous influence over the affairs of the young city. It filled all the municipal offices with men whom the public could trust, for it had created the powerful People's Party whose candidates were for a long time invincible at the polls. At the name "vigilantes" rascals would shudder, for they knew that if they were again to ply their tricks and again to gain the ascendancy there would doubtless be a revival of the spirit of 'fifty-six and another series of "hanging matches" and deportations.

XXIII

RISE OF BRODERICK

HOW HE SECURED HIS POLITICAL HOLD ON SAN FRANCISCO BY TAMMANY METHODS IN WHICH HE WAS WELL VERSED—HE RUNS AFOUL OF THE VIGILANTES—HIS FUTILE FIRST ATTEMPTS TO GRAB THE UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP—ESPOUSES CAUSE OF NORTHERN DEMOCRACY—THE FAMOUS GWIN LETTER AND HOW BRODERICK USED IT.

Hamlet defined a politician as one who would circumvent God. Could he have been previsioning the noble order of politicians who so ably misrepresented official California in the early 'fifties and for years afterward? Could he have been foreseeing the advent, the rise and the decline of such men as Fremont, Gwin and Broderick, all full of that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself—self-seeking demagogues and political tricksters, imposing themselves and their aims upon an easily gullible public?

As we have seen, California became a state in 1850 and its first Legislature convened at San Jose in that year and elected to the United States Senate John C. Fremont and William M. Gwin. Fremont was from Missouri and was a son-in-law of Senator Thomas H. Benton. Gwin was from Tennessee and his father was a close friend of General Jackson. David C. Broderick, who later represented California in the Senate, was from New York City. He was a politician of the old Tammany school and like Fremont was a very positive and aggressive man. Gwin was probably the most refined of the three early senatorial representatives of the state, though that is not as much to say of him as one might wish. Being a Southron he naturally desired that California might line itself up with the slavery cause. Fremont held his office but three weeks, having drawn the short term, and during that time distinguished himself only by coming to blows with Foote of Mississippi over the subject of Mexican and Spanish land grants.

Broderick, who had by Tammany methods, managed to ingratiate himself with the "boy" element of politics in San Francisco and who was a wonderful organizer, had gained his ascendancy through the Fire Department, just as he had done in New York. With the little bundle

of tricks he had learned in Gotham, it was an easy matter for him to make himself popular with "the boys" in and out of the department. Although politically unscrupulous and aggressive and autocratic to a degree, he was otherwise a man of irreproachable character. Farish, who knew him well, says that "he was a man of Puritanic morals, never used intoxicating liquors or tobacco, indulged in no kind of dissipation or gaming, yet most strange to relate, he held the 'boy' or saloon element of San Francisco under a remarkable control in all political matters." He soon became a potent and prominent candidate for the Senate as opposed to Gwin. Being a Northerner, Broderick was bitterly opposed to the air of supremacy assumed by the Southern Democracy, and was for the time the acknowledged leader of the northern wing of that party in California.

In the spring of 'fifty-three the democrats held a state convention. Broderick controlled most of the delegates and it was by his use of the party lash that John Bigler was renominated for governor. Bigler won at the fall election, though it was the common and probably correct belief that had a fair count been made he would have been defeated by at least 5,000 votes. Broderick was suspected of being the instigator and manager of serious election frauds in San Francisco. He was said to have been the employer and protector of the hoodlums who stuffed the ballot boxes; and yet by his opposition to the Southern wing of the party, then in the minority, he became the hero of the Northern men, who winked at his methods. Indeed, he stood so high politically that, as Hittell points out, he could have discarded his base supporters, conciliated the leaders of the adverse faction of his party and strengthened his influence in many ways. But he knew on which side his bread was buttered and he did not care to give offense to the ruffianly manipulators of the ballot boxes.

Ayres, who knew Gwin and saw in him "an astute politician, a very polished gentleman and one who endeared himself to his followers by a personality which was at once winning and courteous," says of him that "he strictly carried out all his promises and never lost a partisan friend by deceptive or ambiguous courses." The same annalist found Broderick "a man of strong and rugged make-up, implacable as an enemy, but unswervingly true to his principles and his friendships. He was the idol of the rougher classes and controlled them to his iron will by a supremacy that brooked no question." It seems, too, that his straightforward, indomitable course rallied to his support that strong and respectable element of his party which was impatient of the arrogance of "the chivs," as they were denominated. So that Broderick, on his northern side of the party line, and Gwin on the southern, were in

themselves typical embodiments of the "irrepressible conflict," destined to terminate in the greatest civil war the world has ever known.

What Hittell terms "a grab for the senatorship" was made by Broderick in the Legislature of 1854. He proposed to the legislators that they elect a federal senator without delay, although it was a year before the time fixed by custom for such election. Although he strenuously urged this plan upon the members of the Legislature and many were for it, the opposition—largely composed of the "chivs,"—triumphed and his ambitions received a temporary set-back.

He planned and plotted to such good purpose for himself that the next convention divided into two conventions, each claiming to be the fair representative of the party organization. That year the only officers to be elected were two congressmen, and the Broderick wing of the party was defeated by the chivalry democrats by over three to one. But though this looked to many as the permanent political effacement of Broderick, he was not a man to succumb by such a defeat. He set to work to mend his political fences and was singularly favored by fortune in the shape of the formation of the Know-Nothing party in 1854.

The rise of this party, whose main purposes were to exclude all foreign-born citizens from office and to discourage immigration, created discord in the combination opposed to Broderick.

Senator Gwin was accused of giving the best offices in his control to southern men and none to those of northern birth, so that the federal spoils in California all went to the "chivs." This greatly displeased many Californians, and when the Know-Nothings, with all their chivalric support, rallied around Henry S. Foote who had come to California from Alabama to secure the senatorial prize, they found many malcontents, particularly the Germans and the Irish, to whom their platform had given great offense, and were unable to gain control. But though this was all to the good for Broderick, he had to reckon with still another faction, and these were no less than the vigilantes. The rise of the vigilance committee was a severe rebuke to Broderick, for it was out for retribution to the ballot-box stuffers whom he had been known to employ and protect. Broderick had captured most of the county organizations before the vigilantes began to clean up San Francisco, and for a time it looked as though he might lose them; but by most vigorous and untiring efforts, he kept them to his side.

In this he was favored by the fact that a presidential election would be held in 1856 and the people were called upon to choose between the democratic and republican candidates. The know-nothing party had gone by the board, as such independent and narrow-minded organizations generally do in a presidential year. Broderick foresaw that the

people of California would not accept the principles of the new republican party. It was badly defeated at the polls, and that defeat meant victory for Broderick. In the subsequent democratic caucus two men were nominated, Gwin and Broderick. This should have satisfied the man who had at last won an almost certain chance for the senatorship, but it was not enough for the ex-Tammany politician. "The boys" were clamoring for the spoils, and he was bent upon their distribution to them.

During the course of the campaign Gwin deigned to treat his colleague on the ticket with what seems more than due consideration under the circumstances. When Broderick exacted from him a promise that he would turn over to him his former political patronage, Gwin acceded in a letter which relinquished to his colleague all of the federal spoils in California. This was in return for Broderick's support in the campaign. Both men were elected and took their seats. In spite of his promise as contained in the letter, Gwin managed to ingratiate himself into the counsels of Buchanan, who was in the White House at the time, and the appointments made to federal offices in California were all made at the suggestion of the forgetful senator.

This action on the part of Gwin infuriated Broderick and in 1859 he was still so bitterly antagonistic to him that he returned to California from Washington and prepared to take the platform and denounce him in every place where he could get a hearing. He was not a graceful public speaker, but was rather skilled in the art of vituperation, and those who heard him excoriate Gwin had "a run for their money," as the saying is. He opened his campaign of denunciation in Sacramento to a large audience, and in the course of his address he referred to Gwin's letter, which, he said, had been in the hands of several of his friends and carried about by them from time to time. He spoke of it as "the scarlet letter," and observed that a fatality had overtaken every man that had it in his possession for a considerable time. W. I. Ferguson who had been its custodian for a while, had been slain in a duel with George P. Johnston. Another man who had kept it for a season was James Estill, who met a sudden and unexpected death. John O'Meara had been possessed of it for a short time, and he too had passed quickly away.

"But," said Broderick, in his most truculent tones, "I am now going to dissolve the fatal spell that hangs about the 'scarlet letter' by letting the public know its full contents." He then read Gwin's letter, which was in part as follows:

"While in the Senate I will not recommend a single individual to appointment for office in this state. Provided I am elected, you shall have the exclusive control of this patronage so far as I am concerned, and in

its distribution I shall only ask that it be used with magnanimity and not for the advantage of those who have been our mutual enemies and unwearied in their exertions to destroy us. This determination is unalterable."

Broderick went from town to town all over California denouncing Gwin and reading "the scarlet letter." In politics he had been pursuing an erratic course, and by this time he almost had ceased to be a democrat, though still nominally of that party. Nor did he care to be termed an abolitionist. In fact he had boldly arraigned President Buchanan and referred to him in a speech as "a man of petulant passion and trembling dotage, on the verge of the grave," because Buchanan had favored the aims of the Lecompton convention which had tried to force slavery upon the Kansans. The democrats were hopelessly divided over the Lecompton measure. Horace Greely, who paid a visit to San Francisco in 1859 tried to bring about a fusion of the Broderick men with the republicans. However, the relations of Broderick with Col. E. D. Baker, later the hero of Ball's Bluff, who was the republican candidate for Congress, were very intimate—further proof of the erratic character of Broderick's politics.

On the 13th of September of the same year the strange, aggressive career of Broderick was cut short of a sudden by a bullet fired by Chief Justice David S. Terry, whose violent nature was not unlike that of the senator. Terry slew Broderick in what has been termed a duel—and we may as well regard it as such, though there were eye-witnesses who gave it a much less polite and dignified name and assert that Broderick was the victim of a trick. But many affairs fought upon the field of dishonor have been characterized by the friends of the victim as foully won and had Terry fallen instead of Broderick we may be sure that there would have arisen a question as to the fairness of the fight, for friendship is but another name for prejudice.

XXIV

A WORLD-FAMOUS DUEL

THE TERRY-BRODERICK AFFAIR AND WHAT GAVE RISE TO IT—A CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA FIGHTS A UNITED STATES SENATOR UPON THE "FIELD OF HONOR" AND SLAYS HIM—ANALYSIS OF THE CHARACTERS OF THE TWO MEN—TERRY'S TRAGIC DEMISE AND HIS WIFE'S DEATH IN A MADHOUSE.

Sitting at breakfast in his hotel one morning while his aggressive campaign against Gwin was in full swing, Broderick picked up a newspaper and in it found a telegram from Sacramento which immediately aroused all his fighting spirit. The dispatch gave a report of a political meeting held in the capital city the night before in which Judge Terry, a strong partisan of Gwin's, alluded to Broderick in very uncomplimentary terms.

Glancing over at a near-by table, the Senator observed an attorney named Perley whom he knew to be a friend of Terry. In his rage, Broderick bellowed out some strong invectives against the Chief Justice. Perley immediately took umbrage at these remarks, said he would not submit to such an outrage upon his friend and declared that Broderick would be made to eat his words.

Broderick retorted by telling Terry's champion that he considered him beneath his notice, but that he could send his master, Terry, to him for satisfaction.

This greatly enraged Perley, who left the table and at once wrote to Terry, telling him of the public insult that had been heaped upon him. As soon as Terry received the letter he immediately resigned his position as Justice of the Supreme Court, went to San Francisco and challenged Broderick to a duel. The Senator accepted the challenge with apparent coolness. Duelling was the order of the day on such occasions, and though he never had fought one before he was ready to save his honor in the manner proposed.

Seconds were selected and considerable correspondence passed between them. It was sought by the seconds to reach a basis of conciliation, as the two principals had been friends during the vigilante days. In fact, Broderick, who was opposed to the Vigilance Committee, had laid claim to having saved Terry from its hands after he stabbed Hopkins. But

nothing came of the peaceful overtures, and the time and place of the encounter were set. Chief of Police Burke, getting wind of the affair, appeared on the scene and arrested both principals. They promised to be in court that afternoon and answer the charge against them, but secretly contrived to fix another date and place. At the hearing in court the judge dismissed the charge, as no law was found upon which to hold the duelists.

"It was known that night," says Col. James J. Ayres, an eye-witness of the tragic affair, "that the duel was to take place next morning somewhere near Lake Merced. After having driven most of the night, I reached the field shortly after daylight on the morning of the 13th of September. The place selected was a little valley shut in by hills near the ocean and about two miles from Lake Merced. By count there were seventy-three spectators present, and these were divided about equally as friends of the principals to the duel. When the ground was measured off and marked the distance seemed murderously short. Broderick's seconds were Joseph C. McKibben and David Colton; Terry's were Calhoun Benham and Col. Thomas Hayes. Samuel H. Brooks appeared on the field as general adviser of Terry. Broderick had none, unless Leonidas Haskell might have been considered such, for he was in close conversation with him nearly up to the time the word was given. Doctor Loehr, editor of the German Democrat, was there as surgeon for Broderick, and Doctor Hammond acted in the same capacity for Terry. Doctor Aylette held himself within call.

"Two pairs of pistols were produced. One pair belonged to Doctor Aylette, but had been for several months in the possession of Judge Terry. The other had been brought to the field by a French gunsmith, Broderick's armorer. McKibben and Benham tossed up for choice of weapons, and the latter having won, selected the Aylette pistols. Broderick's armorer protested against using these pistols on the score of the peculiar conformation of the handles and because the triggers were set to too fine a hair; but nothing came of the protest. The pistols were placed in the hands of the principals by their respective seconds. Broderick, when he received his, examined it anxiously and then held it by his side. Terry at first held his weapon behind him, but afterward rested it across his breast on his left arm. Colton was to give the word. He explained that it would be given by saying, 'Gentlemen, are you ready?' and upon receiving an affirmative reply he would say, 'Fire—one—two,' with a pause between each word, the principals to deliver their fire between the first and last words. Hayes repeated the instruction, and there was a moment of deep silence and intense anxiety as the two men faced each other with pale but determined faces. Just before the word was given Brooks walked over to Terry and whis-

pered something in his ear. Terry, who wore a slouch hat with a wide brim, raised the brim and a cloud passed over the field and obscured the rising sun. It was then seen that Colton was about to give the word, and the crowd held its breath. In clear, measured tones Colton pronounced the words. The word 'fire' was hardly ended when Broderick commenced to raise his pistol. He had got it but partly raised when the charge went off and the bullet entered the ground about five feet in front of him. Terry, instead of raising his pistol from his side upward, had so held it that he brought it over his shoulder and down, and before the word 'two' had been pronounced, fired.

"It was seen at once that Broderick was hit. He made an effort as if to brace up and stand his ground, but the effort was unsuccessful. He put his hands, still holding the pistol, to his right breast and gradually sank to the ground. His seconds and surgeon ran up to him. The bullet had entered his right breast above the nipple. Doctor Aylette offered his services and they were accepted. Terry remained in his place till he was told by Benham that the affair was ended. He entered a carriage and was driven off. The crowd dispersed. A litter was prepared and Broderick was placed in a wagon and driven to the residence of Leonidas Haskell, at Black Point, where he lingered in great agony for four days, and died."

In a different and somewhat contradictory account of the affair, J. S. Hittell says that the words in Terry's Sacramento speech which incensed Broderick had reference to Broderick's claim that he had been following the lead of Stephen A. Douglas. Terry declared that this was untrue, and that instead of following the statesman, Broderick had been following Frederick Douglass, the mulatto.

When Broderick read the newspaper account of the speech he was, according to Hittell, at breakfast in the International Hotel, and, speaking to a friend so loudly that others could hear him, he said he had spoken of Terry as the only honest man on the bench, but now he took it back. D. W. Perley, a friend of Terry, happening to be present, spoke up, showing his intention to take Broderick's remark seriously, left the table and soon afterward sent a challenge. Broderick refused to accept it, and in a note to the challenger, said he could not fight with an alien—Perley was a British subject—who had no political rights to be affected by taking part in a duel, and then added that if he were to accept Perley's challenge there were probably many other gentlemen who would seek similar opportunities for hostile meetings for the purpose of accomplishing a political object or to obtain public notoriety.

Broderick was a dead shot. His object in writing in this manner to Perley was to achieve a purpose he had had for some time in mind, which was "to kill old Gwin," as he freely expressed it in conversation. He

thought that Gwin would take the matter up, for Terry could hardly be expected to do so, because of his holding the high office of Chief Justice. But Broderick was caught in his own trap, for Terry was not the man to abandon his friend Perley nor to let Gwin assume his quarrel. As he could not fight a duel while on the bench because of his oath of office, he resigned and immediately sent his challenge. But Broderick knew Terry to be an expert with all kinds of weapons, and he did not want to fight him. Instead of accepting the challenge, he explained that when commenting on Terry's speech he had said that "during Judge Terry's incarceration by the vigilance committee, I paid two hundred dollars a week to support a newspaper in his defense." This was plainly an attempt to conciliate Terry, but it failed. The duel, according to Hittell, was fought in San Mateo County at a distance of ten yards. Broderick was suffering from intestinal trouble and was nervous, while Terry was cool. When the signal was given both began instantly to raise their pistols, but before Broderick had brought his near to a level his finger pressed the trigger and his bullet struck the ground near the feet of his enemy, who fired a second later, the ball striking Broderick's right breast and passing into the left lung, where it lodged. Terry was so cool that he saw the dust fly and the cloth bend under the bullet. He immediately said, "The shot is not mortal. I have struck two inches to the right." Broderick lingered for five days, much of the time under the influence of narcotics, given to protect him against the acute pain of his wound.

Calhoun Benham, a second of Terry, is said to have remarked afterward that when Broderick met Terry's eye it seemed to have unnerved him before the fight began.

There have been many statements to the effect that Broderick was under a distinct disadvantage in the matter of the weapons used, for while Terry was familiar with them, Broderick was not, and that his pistol went off accidentally because of having too fine a trigger.

On the other hand, Joseph McKibben, one of Broderick's seconds, is said to have asserted that a fairer duel never was fought.

Benham is reported to have said that when he handed Terry his pistol he remarked to him:

"Judge, I hope you will be successful."

"I don't know," replied Terry; "Broderick fires quick. If he doesn't kill me, I shall hurt him."

The word was given, and according to Benham, both pistols were fired almost simultaneously, Broderick's, perhaps, a second ahead of Terry's. Broderick's bullet ploughed the ground beneath the feet of Terry. Had the weapon been leveled an eighth of an inch higher it prob-

ably would have gone through Terry's body. With Terry's fire Broderick reeled and fell. Benham says that he approached Terry and said:

"Judge, you have killed him."

"No, I have not," was the reply. "I did not wish to kill him. I aimed four or five inches below the left nipple."

It is the history of most political leaders who have been slain by the hands of other men that not only they but their policies and their acts are thus consecrated to a certain order of minds. In Broderick's case that order was a large one. During his lifetime he was generally regarded as an unscrupulous politician; after his death he was praised as the greatest of Californians.

Looked at through the cool distance of sixty years following the event, it would seem that the affair and the interests that involved it were such that the victim, whether it were Terry or Broderick, would have been lauded as a hero. For the mob has no guide so potent as its sympathies. Markham, the least prejudiced of all California's historians—and the one who makes the best choice of words—says: "Not essentially great nor noble, Broderick was made heroic by his tragic death."

In marked contrast to this apt characterization, we have the assurance of Gertrude Atherton that Broderick was "the ablest man in California's political history." Mrs. Atherton records herself as an admirer of "this remarkable and unhappy man." And yet she admits that he "employed base tools" and that "his methods were too often devious and without scruple." The fair annalist also repeats the famous fiction in regard to Broderick's utterances on his deathbed, "They have killed me because I was opposed to a corrupt administration—a corrupt administration and the extension of slavery." Hittell declares positively that Broderick said nothing of the kind. Then, too, the dying Senator is said to have murmured as he sank into unconsciousness, "I die! Protect my honor!" This he may or may not have said. When one is in the business of hero-making one does not hesitate to put appropriate words into the mouth of one's hero, even on his deathbed. They look well in print and the hero-maker knows that a thousand years hence they will hurt nobody.

What helped greatly to heroize Broderick was the general sentiment in California which was bitterly adverse to Buchanan's administration, and a political purpose was to be gained by treating the dead Senator as a martyr.

His funeral pageant was a sort of triumphal progress for the abolitionists. His tomb was given the best place in Lone Mountain Cemetery, where a splendid monument was erected to his memory. The State of California contributed funds toward the creation of this fine memorial, and the governor participated in the laying of the corner-stone. Col. E. D.

Baker, a born orator, excelled himself in his funeral eulogy of his dead friend, which was delivered in a clear, resonant voice, with surpassing dramatic intensity and soul-stirring pathos. To this day it is quoted in anthologies as an example of lofty and impassioned funeral panegyrics.

The death of Broderick made the hoped-for reconciliation of the northern and southern wings of the Democracy impossible. Terry had stood for southern chivalry, Broderick stood for free labor and progressive politics. Broderick's tragic death ennobled him in the minds of the abolitionists. During the Civil war he became a colossal figure—far greater in death than in life—and his anti-slavery sentiments rang through all the State of California—"a slogan and a cleaving sword for freedom and the North."

As for Terry, he became a political pariah. He never was elected to office again. He continued to practise law in California and he still had his coterie of friends. But for his fighting mania he would have enjoyed a fine career, but as it was, he lapsed into the category of the second-rate. During the period when I knew him he was a prosperous attorney—a man of rather pompous manner and large fees. This was in the eighties. A celebrated case in which he was employed was that of William Sharon, a San Francisco millionaire, who was being made the victim of an adventuress named Sarah Althea Hill, who claimed to have made a contract marriage with Sharon and hired Terry to prosecute her case. Sarah Althea lost her suit eventually, but gained a husband, for Terry married her. When she appeared before Stephen J. Field, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the judge ruled unfavorably to her. At once she sprang to her feet and screamed forth anathemas upon the head of the venerable jurist. He ordered her removal from the courtroom and the bailiff started to carry out the command. Terry leaped forward, drew his knife and attacked the officer, but he was overpowered. Both he and Mrs. Terry were confined to jail for a short time, and when they were released Terry vowed vengeance upon Judge Field, who, knowing that he was a man who never forgave one whom he considered an enemy, always had with him a guard, employed by the government, whenever he traveled in the West. This guard was William Neagle, a dead shot with a pistol.

Judge Field and Neagle were on their way by train from Los Angeles to San Francisco on the 15th of August, 1889, and Terry and his wife were on the same train. The Judge and his guard went into a wayside restaurant at Lathrop where the train had stopped for luncheon. Terry went into the restaurant and saw Field sitting at a table. At once he fell into a fever of rage, approached the Judge from behind, and, reaching about, slapped him in the face. Neagle pulled his revolver and shot Terry dead.

Mrs. Terry was so terribly affected by the tragic sight that she became insane and died in an asylum.

Up to the time of the Sarah Althea Hill suit against Sharon it may be said that the public had lost sight of Terry, but during the trial the newspapers had much to report as to his conduct in court, of much of which I was a witness, as I was then a reporter for the Chronicle. Terry carried his belligerent tactics into court, and actually tried to win the case by intimidating Judge Sullivan, before whom it was being tried. He was violent in his hostility to the opposing attorneys, and they all went armed in order to be prepared for him. On one occasion it became necessary to disarm the fair plaintiff. At all times during the trial Terry displayed his truculent nature, but the opposition was not to be coerced by his swashbuckling. Fines for contempt of court had to be imposed because of the noisy and frequent recriminations, and there was much intriguing in and out of the courtroom.

Altogether it was as turbulent a period of legal controversy as I ever have seen, and we reporters were kept busy chronicling the proceedings in many columns for many days.

Journalists in those days generally regarded Terry as a sort of intellectual "bad man." And there were beginning to be unpleasant comments on the character of Broderick whenever his name happened to be mentioned, for the glamor that had surrounded him immediately after his tragic death had begun to disappear. Old newspaper men who knew Broderick well told me he had hardly a grace of manner, was extremely autocratic in politics, brooking no opposition. For a long time he went about wearing a blue flannel shirt and with his trousers tucked into his boots, while on his head, pushed far back, was a high silk hat—a make-up as incongruous as his character, which by some was said to have been generous to a fault, which virtue, together with his abstemious habits and his studious ways—for he was a great reader—atoned for many of his political sins.

Terry, too, had his virtues. They say he was always as true to a friend as he was implacable to a foe, that he was a model husband, and that he gave largely to charity. The historian should not judge these two men by the standards of his own day. Let him remember what California was in the early '50s, a period the manners and morals of which set the seal upon the character of many a man who, living in a more civilized era, possibly would have been less sinful, or, at least, less frank in the exhibition of his misdoings. For God knows we still have in California, as elsewhere, men who are really culpable enough in some or many ways, but who screen themselves behind a mantle of

respectability and work well within the law when they go forth seeking whom they may devour.

But the good as well as the bad reside in all of these, and if we recognize this fact we shall not sit in the seats of the scornful. As a great Californian poet has sung:

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men declare divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I do not care to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not.

XXV

THE SILVER CRAZE

DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT COMSTOCK LODGE TURNS THE HEADS OF THE COOLEST MEN IN CALIFORNIA—EVERYBODY INVESTS IN SILVER STOCKS, MANY TO THEIR SORROW, BUT THE MINES TURN IMMENSE WEALTH INTO SAN FRANCISCO COFFERS AND GREATLY AID THE MATERIAL GROWTH OF THE CITY.

The Washoe mines of Nevada, rich with silver and richer still with adventure, drew the attention of San Francisco capitalists in 1859, but not until 1860 did it become firmly rooted in the minds of men of wealth and others that the Comstock lode might not be depleted for decades to come.

Many companies were organized and incorporated in San Francisco to burrow into the earth for the white metal. Operations were begun and carried out on a colossal scale and in most cases were fully justified by the results which poured into the world's treasure vaults millions upon millions of wealth. Much of this naturally found its way to San Francisco and was expended there in many ways. For eight years the Washoe district continued to send forth vast quantities of bullion, and the yield from them was reported to be constantly increasing. If one of the older mines fell off in production for a while it would soon come up again, as new dips, spurs and angles of the great ledge would be developed.

The silver fever raged from year to year until it found its climax in the '70s, when the Bonanza mines turned the heads of the coolest men in California. Tremendously rich ore deposits were discovered in the Crown Point and Belcher mines in 1872, setting the mining stock market of San Francisco crazy. At about the same time there was a big strike in the Raymond & Ely mine at Pioche. Soon the silver stocks on the local market reached the unprecedented value of eighty-one millions, or a gain of sixty-four millions in five months—a considerable augmentation of the wealth of a city of not quite a quarter of a million inhabitants. The Bonanza mines yielded over eighty millions of dollars in silver and Pioche about eight millions in 1872.

Silver stocks for the year increased to two hundred millions, or double those of 1871 and four times those of 1870.

But while a group of men became enormously wealthy by this silver speculation there were many others that were impoverished by it. It was the old story of the fortunate insider and the unlucky outsider; for suddenly came the unwelcome information that some of the mines upon which the speculators had pinned their faith were "petering out." In a period of only ten days there was a decline of sixty millions in stock sales.

Rich men, working "on the inside" were accused of fraud in the cases of some of the mines that had been advertised as turning out enormous quantities of silver or which had plenty of rich ore "in sight," and it is believed that many of the wildcat concerns made far more money out of stock sales than ever was produced by the mines themselves.

Some of these wily manipulators, however, were caught at their own game in the latter part of 1872 when there was foisted upon them as huge a swindle as ever was known in the West. Clever schemers sent abroad the report that rich diamond fields had been discovered in Colorado. Much mystery surrounded the great find, and the newspapers were full of speculation as to its precise location. The secret was held by certain diamond mining experts who had come to the coast from the South African fields. They selected San Francisco as the scene of their operations, because there was more ready money and more easy-going inclination to make wildcat investments in that city than in any other in the country. The affair was staged most elaborately with due regard to diverting suspicion from any angle of it. The promoters took a large quantity of rough diamonds to certain very wealthy men in Pine Street and in a frank, open manner that would have done justice to an oil field faker of later times, proceeded to lay a most alluring plan before them. This was to organize a highly capitalized company to work the mines and to sell stock to the public, though this was not to be done until the federal mining law could be amended so that it would recognize the validity of mining claims as to diamonds.

It was this proposed legislation that caused the capitalists to bite at the hook, though the suggested amendment to the law was a mere camouflage to divert attention from the real game. There was no great difficulty in securing the proposed legislation nor was there any trouble in getting the highly excited victims to go to Colorado or send their representatives there in company with the schemers, to look over the field and examine the "prospect." Surely enough, there were the diamonds, plenty of them, and nobody caught a glimmer of the nature of the deception from the fact, afterward discovered, that in every case

the rough baubles were found about large stones that served as marking places.

As the victims were not experts in this sort of mining and had to rely upon "mining engineers" who had come from South Africa to aid in the fraud, they were readily induced to invest their money. They were about to form a stock company to sell shares in the great diamond fields to the public when a very disconcerting report was sent to them by Clarence King, who by order of the government had previously made a rough geological survey of the country along the fortieth parallel of latitude which ran through the diamond field. King had found no diamonds there and he was convinced that there were none, but to assure himself on this point he went to the place again. He found a few diamonds about the stone marks, but could find none elsewhere in the region. So he gave it as his expert opinion that the field had been "salted." This, on still closer examination, proved to be the case. But the sad part of the story is that the schemers escaped with their victims' gold. If their plans had worked out the general public would have been prettily fleeced, as the company was about to place its diamond stock on the market and would have done so had King not pricked the bubble.

But the silver stock manipulators continued their operations and doubtless most of them who had thrown their money into the diamond pool were able to make light of their losses in their enormous increment from watered stock and other means of deceiving the public.

While there were periods of depression now and then, San Francisco prospered enormously for the most part. She had become the great port of entry for the Pacific Coast, and other places, in California and elsewhere, which had loomed up as rivals from time to time were now negligible factors in her calculations. Gold, of which there was a vast store in San Francisco, appreciated rapidly during the civil war, and this was all to the good for her merchants and financiers. The accessions of wealth from the Comstock silver mines came in a very good season and greatly stimulated trade and increased population. As for Pine Street, it was probably the scene of the wildest stock gambling that had been known up to that time. Among the operators were a number of women. These were known as "mudhens." Some of them cleaned up hundreds of thousands of dollars. Others, haunting the Exchange, sad-eyed, hectic, nervous to a degree, dressed in out-of-fashion clothes, suffered loss after loss.

Everybody bought silver stocks. It was proposed to a local school-mistress that if she would invest \$500 in certain shares that she would be guaranteed \$1,000 profit in four months, but she must keep the matter a dead secret. At the end of the stated period she received the profit

as promised and thanked the operator very kindly. A few weeks later a brother broker was told the story by the elated schemer.

"But how could you afford to guarantee that woman a gain of \$1,000 on her investment?" asked the other man.

"Because I knew she would tell all the other teachers," replied the sharper, "and that they would be crazy to invest with me."

"Did they do so?"

"You bet they did! Why, not only the teachers handed me their money, but the fathers and mothers of the school children. I'm afraid some of them will wait a long time for an advance in those shares. They were pretty well watered, and so is the mine. I don't think it would pay to pump it out."

Alvinza Hayward was the operator who developed the great Crown Point silver mine. Hayward had formerly been a man of limited means, but managed to locate a rich gold claim in Amador County, California. At one time, so the story goes, he found himself almost penniless, but an old sporting friend put him on his financial feet by lending him \$5,000 with which he developed his mine until it became a big paying property. In 1864 he sold it for \$1,000,000. Then he went to the Comstock and entered the list of operators in that wonderfully fertile field of wealth. It is said that his sporting friend never saw a poor day after that. Hayward not only returned the money he had borrowed, but gave him thousands more.

William Sharon and William C. Ralston, both of San Francisco, were among the big silver men of those days. Sharon, who was supposed to have the Bank of California behind him, became the leading figure in Nevada mining. He formed a corporation known as the United Mill and Mining Company which took over nearly all the mills of the Comstock lode and secured a practical monopoly of the ore-crushing, the water supply and the railroad used in hauling timbers to the mines.

Ralston had come to California as the agent for Garrison & Morgan of New York and had made lucky investments that enabled him to go into the banking business on a small scale. He displayed such remarkable financial ability that he was invited by D. O. Mills and other capitalists to join them in founding the Bank of California. When Mills retired as president of the bank Ralston was given the place. Ralston is said to have provided Sharon with money to extend his operations on the Comstock lode. Much of his financial dealing was of an irregular nature, but it is not known that there was anything culpable in it or in his affairs with Sharon.

At the zenith of his prosperity in 1874, Ralston was one of the great financial figures of San Francisco. He built a gorgeous country mansion

in San Mateo County which he called Belmont, and there he entertained most lavishly. In nearly all that he did there was an extravagance of display that rivaled that of Lucullus. The few that questioned his ability to maintain it were smiled at by those who felt assured that Ralston's resources were unbounded. But alack! there came a fateful day in August, 1875, when the Bank of California, presided over by the prodigal Ralston, closed its doors.

The reasons for Ralston's failure never have been satisfactorily explained, but it has been told that Flood & O'Brien, who had become leaders in the stock market, were anxious to crush Sharon and Ralston and gain control of the bank. Sharon had given a selling order which has been described as one which, by comparison, "dwarfed any ever before given on the board." This was at the morning session of the Stock Exchange on the day the Bank of California failed. The selling order was given by Sharon in order to cripple Flood & O'Brien, but though the stocks they had controlled greatly decreased in price, they managed to hold their own, and at the end of the battle they were still masters of the field and Sharon lost millions.

Although it never has been clearly established, it would seem that there must have been some connection between the Bank of California and the Sharon deal. Many think that the bank was financing it throughout, but one thing became plain enough and that was that Ralston was ruined. On the day after the bank closed its doors he was obliged to resign. He immediately disappeared and the next seen of him was when he was found in the bay by some boatmen. He was taken ashore and was believed to be still alive, but none of the efforts made to restore him was successful. To many, Ralston always has remained a hero. It has been believed that he was crushed by the controllers of the stock market, who set out deliberately to ruin him and the bank.

As for Sharon, though his wings were clipped for the time, he managed afterward to soar to dizzy heights in the financial ether. He rehabilitated the Bank of California five weeks after its closing and it has since remained one of the strongest on the coast. He also gained possession of the Palace Hotel, projected by Ralston in 1871 and opened in 1875. This hotel enjoyed the reputation at the time of its completion of being the largest and finest in the United States. It contained 1,000 rooms and at one time during its history it entertained 2,503 guests in a single day. Its destruction by the great fire of 1906 was considered a distinct individual loss to many of the old-time folk who boasted of it with true Californian pride and volubility. It was replaced after the fire by a splendid structure regarded as fire and quake-proof. But the

new caravansary has had to share honors with the St. Francis and the Fairmount, magnificent hotels not excelled elsewhere in the West.

As a result of the Sharon deal in silver stocks, the Stock Board closed its doors for a time, and there did not follow for some years any great excitement over the Nevada mines until 1879 when the shares of the Sierra Nevada mine rose from \$5 to \$200 in a few days. This was based on reports of splendid indications in the mine, but as a matter of fact it was simply the result of an unscrupulous deal on the part of shrewd speculators who made millions while their victims were left to mourn their losses.

After this last depredation there was an occasional flurry in mining stocks, but the public by this time had had its fill of this sort of investment and turned its attention to more stable and profitable affairs.

As illustrating how rapidly fortunes were made in the days of the silver craze it may be said that Lucky Baldwin was the keeper of a small place of business in the early '70s, and over its door was the sign, "E. J. Baldwin, Livery Stable." Lucky was not so very lucky in his first ventures on the Comstock. He speculated in mining stocks for some time before he was fortunate enough to get hold of a large number of shares in the Ophir and Mexican mines just before the opening of the Consolidated Virginia Bonanza in 1873. He sold at the right time and made millions. Going to San Francisco he built the great Baldwin Hotel and Theater which were immensely profitable for years. He was in a position to loan money at high rates of interest, but always saw to it that he had excellent real estate security. With money loaned by him some of the finest buildings in San Francisco were erected. Whenever any big promoter was in need of large sums of money he went to Baldwin or Michael Reese or Daniel Meyer. The Southern Pacific borrowed enormous sums from these men for the construction of main and branch lines.

Baldwin was secretive about his financial affairs and generally tried to cloak his transactions so that the public would not be apprised of them until he was ready to let them be known. Once while reporting for the Chronicle I heard that he was about to loan \$750,000 to a local company for the construction of a skyscraper on Market Street. In reply to my question as to the truth of the report he said, affecting great surprise:

"How in the world did you hear about that? I thought I told those d—d fools that if they wanted the money they would have to keep their mouths shut. They don't get it now, that's all."

"Then the story is true, Mr. Baldwin?" queried the interviewer.

"Have a cigar," was the noncommittal reply.

And I can still see the silver-haired old capitalist, his eyes screwed up

quizzically, a smile on his furrowed face, and a cloud of tobacco smoke issuing from his mouth, as he said:

"Didn't I tell you they wouldn't get it? People that deal with me have got to wait until I tell 'em they can talk. These fellows will wait until doomsday—they won't get anything from me."

Baldwin was shrewd. Few of the San Francisco banks or private capitalists would make loans on what was called outside property, but Baldwin knew that this was only the result of prejudice. When the Temple & Workman Bank of Los Angeles closed its doors and business in the southern town was paralyzed, Lucky Baldwin saved the day by advancing \$200,000 to the bank, though F. P. F. Temple had tried in vain all over San Francisco to secure a loan that would enable the institution to resume business. No other capitalist save Baldwin would listen to him. Of course the security, which consisted of valuable ranches and other property, was ample; but the bank, being an outside affair and Los Angeles being a small town at the time, everybody voted Baldwin a lunatic for loaning so much money to it. And when after a short time the bank again closed its doors, never to reopen them, and William Workman blew out his brains, Pine Street laughed at Lucky Baldwin and said that this time his luck had deserted him. Not so. The hypothecated property rose in value to such an extent and in such a short time that Baldwin realized large interest in the end and added still further to his enormous fortune. He also came into possession of the Santa Anita Ranch, one of the finest in California, bequeathed to his daughter, Anita Baldwin, at his death. This ranch is near Lamanda Park, in Los Angeles County, and lies along the famous Foothill Boulevard.

James R. Keene, another man who became rich on the Comstock and who afterward cut such a great figure in Wall Street, sold milk as a young man in Shasta County. Then he went to San Francisco and suffered many vicissitudes of fortune as a curbstome broker. Catching the tide of fortune at its flood in the silver days, he soon acquired millions, most of which were spent in later years in New York.

From a very small beginning, John P. Jones amassed great wealth in the Bonanza mines. He bought thousands of shares of Crown Point when they were selling at three dollars a share and held tenaciously to them through good and evil report until he was able to unload them at a hundred times what he had paid for them.

It is said that John W. Mackay, later of the Mackay-Bennett cables, appeared on the Comstock as a day laborer and that James G. Fair occupied the same humble station in life. Flood & O'Brien kept a small cafe on Washington Street, San Francisco, until they began to dabble in mining stocks out of which came their immense fortunes. It was their

big deal in stocks, in which they gained control of the market, that wrecked William C. Ralston and closed the doors of the Bank of California, though William Sharon, the man whom they set out to ruin, remained practically unscathed. Sharon had lived fifteen years in San Francisco and was possessed of only small wealth when Ralston made him the agent of the Bank of California at Virginia City. Some of the directors of the bank had objected to the appointment of Sharon because he was a poker player.

"What kind of a game does he play?" inquired Ralston.

"Oh, he always wins," was the reply of one of the directors. "He's the best player on the coast."

"Then," said Ralston decisively, "he's the very man we want for our agent."

Sharon went to Virginia City a comparatively poor man, but within a few years after he became agent for the Bank of California he was reputed to be worth \$25,000,000. This was doubtless true, for he hardly could have achieved what he did in after years with less capital. He went through the financial flames lit by Flood & O'Brien for his destruction as easily as though they were a paper balloon, rehabilitated the wrecked bank in a few weeks and laid out vast sums in the improvement of San Francisco real estate.

"Sharon is like a cat thrown out of a window," said an old miner of him. "He always lights on his feet."

XXVI

A MARIN MEMORY

THE ANNALIST PAUSES TO PORTRAY THE CHARACTER AND DOINGS OF A DEBONNAIRE POLITICIAN AND MAN ABOUT TOWN—"LORD" CHARLES FAIRFAX WHO PLAYED QUEER POLITICAL PRANKS IN EARLY CALIFORNIAN DAYS—HIS POPULARITY—HIS FIGHT WITH HARVEY LEE, WHOSE LIFE HE SPARED.

Motoring northward along the smooth highway that winds over the Corte Madera hills, in Marin County, past the pretty village of Larkspur, lying at the base of Mount Tamalpais, you will glide by Escalle, Kentfield, Ross and San Anselmo, each with its neat chalets and bungalows half-hidden among the trees, and will enter the little valley of Lagunitas. Leaving to the east of you the main roadway that runs on to San Rafael, the principal town of Marin and one of the most charming suburbs of San Francisco, you will come to Fairfax, a village of homes much resorted to during the summer months when the whole of Marin County, which is one great natural park, is swarming with people who love the great outdoors and who, as a matter of fact, could hardly find anywhere on this planet a more delightful region in which to "loaf and invite the soul."

Fairfax was named for an Englishman who was among the early settlers of Marin. He had a large estate in the Lagunitas Valley and on the hillsides overlooking it. There are old-time residents still living in Marin who will tell you tales of Charles S. Fairfax, and everyone who speaks of him will say that he was a gentleman.

It is said of this man that he was the last lineal descendant of Lord Fairfax of England. They say that he was repeatedly urged to return to the land of his fathers, assume the title of a peer of the realm and restore the prestige of his noble family. But Charley, as he was called by his American friends, who had tasted of the freedom of the West, had, as he said, fallen in love with California, and could not be persuaded to go back and be trammelled by the conventionalities of a life beside which the one he was living was preferable in so many novel and delightful ways. He was not one of those dubious characters so often to be found in Anglo-Californian colonies and in isolated places—a remittance man.

Always he seemed to be affluent, blithe, debonnaire and was tremendously liked by the worth-while people of the earlier days.

There may have been a little romance as to his antecedents. Americans, and particularly Californians, are wont to throw a halo about those of noble blood who visit their country or who remain in it for an extended period. Society ladies of the early times were not greatly different from those of today who will go far out of their way to greet a "real, live lord," and it was with this not very democratic spirit that they received Charley Fairfax, though he himself seemed prouder of his new American citizenship than of aught else.

During that part of his history when he lived in Marin County he was known as a great sportsman. San Franciscans who were invited over to spend a holiday with him were highly pleased by some of his oddities in the way of entertainment and never tired of telling of them. For example Fairfax would take them trout fishing. If the day were a very warm one and the fishermen were getting weary after their long hard scramble through the underbrush along the stream, Fairfax would halt them at a certain stage of their jaunt, and saying, "Well, I think it's about here that we shall find it," would uncover a cache of champagne. Then the necks of the bottles would be broken and the hot, tired sportsmen would be refreshed by the sparkling wine. On going a little farther, the pleasant performance would be repeated in another place, and so on until as many trout and as much champagne as the party could conveniently carry had been taken, when the fishermen would return home with something more than fish stories to tell to their friends. So that Charley's fishing parties became quite popular, and it was a happy angler who received an invitation to one of them.

Never would this noble Britisher permit anybody to call him "Lord Fairfax." If he were introduced in that way at a social gathering he would deny the charge in his amiable manner and say that the proudest title he bore was that of an American citizen.

In his latter years Fairfax, who previously had been in robust health, was not a well man. His ill health was the result of a fight with one Harvey Lee. At the time of the altercation Fairfax was clerk of the Supreme Court, a position which was worth, with all its incidental fees, not less than \$40,000 a year. An all too common weapon in those days, when everybody went armed, was the sword cane, the long, rapier-like blade of which was something to be feared when in the hands of an alert antagonist. In the fight Lee ran Fairfax through the body with one of these ugly weapons. Still impaled upon the sword, Fairfax drew and aimed his pistol straight at the head of his assailant, who flinched in the expectation of being dispatched on the instant; but it was proof

of the nobility of Fairfax's nature that he hesitated to pull the trigger and that he said, after due reflection:

"You deserve to be killed, Lee, but you have a wife and little children; so I shall spare you."

Lee drew back in amaze, pulling the blade from Fairfax's body. A friend who had rushed to the scene supported Fairfax in his arms. Though weak and pale from the effects of his terrible wound, the stricken man, rallying for a moment, pointed his finger at Lee and said very solemnly:

"Remember, Lee, I have spared your life; but it was not on your account, but because of your family."

It is said that Lee was overcome by this wonderful display of magnanimity, that he did all that he could to assist in saving the life of his former enemy and that he afterward became a friend and political supporter of the man who had spared his life.

There is no certainty that Fairfax's days really were shortened by his wound, but that would seem to have been the fact, although he lived nearly ten years after the bloody encounter.

Fairfax liked to dabble in politics, and nearly always was successful. He held several offices to which he was elected because of his great popularity. The democrats who nominated him, liked to vote for "Lord Charley," and he generally led his ticket whenever he appeared before the people as a political candidate. He was not an orator, but was a successful platform humorist and kept his hearers in a roar by his many jests, some of them, of an Anglified order, being novel to the ears of his American hearers.

On one occasion he proved himself a very clever wag. A certain Major Powell, so the story goes, who opposed him for office of State Assemblyman in his district, had undertaken to disguise his elderly state by having his white hair and beard dyed jet black. There had appeared to be a preference for younger men for office in that time and Powell, who was rather a vain man, had tried to rejuvenate himself by these artificial means. There was to be a joint debate between Powell and Fairfax on the issues of the campaign at Yreka. In sporting parlance, Powell was first at the bat. He was quite an orator, and his speech was impassioned and impressive. Fairfax's friends were much concerned at the outcome of the debate, particularly because, after listening to a few yards of the major's eloquence, Charley had left the hall and gone over to a neighboring barroom where he had become absorbed in a game of billiards.

At the close of Powell's initial speech, one of the partisans of Fairfax rushed over to the billiard hall and urged the delinquent debater to come to the platform at once, or all would be lost. There were also loud calls from the meeting for "Fairfax! Fairfax! Charley Fairfax!"

At last the belated speaker walked over to the hall and stepped upon the rostrum. For a time he stood and stared at Powell very critically. Then he turned to the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am glad to be with you this evening, but at the same time I am greatly disappointed. I had fully expected to meet my worthy competitor, Major Powell, and to debate with him on the issues of this campaign; but I am sorry to note that he is not here. Of course in his absence it would hardly be fair for me to address you."

"There's Powell right behind you!" shouted a voice from the crowd.

Fairfax turned and again gazed closely at the major. Then he said to the audience in loud, clear tones:

"My friends, you surely do not ask me to believe that the gentleman behind me is Major Powell whom I was to meet in debate here and who is running against me for the same office. Pardon me, but I know the major very well. He is a man well advanced in years, and has white hair and a white beard, while this gentlemen whom you have mistaken for Major Powell has a youthful appearance, and his hair and whiskers, as you see, are perfectly black."

A great laugh went up at Powell's expense. Fairfax, as if the debate were ended and there was nothing more to say, then descended from the platform and the meeting broke up amid cheers for Charley. He was elected by a large majority.

XXVII

CALIFORNIA'S "BIG FOUR"

HOW THEY BUILT THE FIRST OVERLAND RAILROAD TO PROMONTORY, NEVADA, TO JOIN THE UNION PACIFIC—THE RISE OF HUNTINGTON, STANFORD, CROCKER AND HOPKINS—DRIVING OF THE LAST SPIKE—SEVERE CRITICISM OF THE RAILROAD KINGS—SUBSEQUENT RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION.

What meant more to California than all its gold was the building of the first transcontinental railroad. Of course it would not have been built at such an early period save for that gold, but it and its competing lines have been the means of marketing enormous stores of wealth in the form of fruit and grain products and of manufactures, and these have helped the state far more than the mines ever have done.

The Federal Government began the surveys for a transcontinental railroad in 1853. It was first intended to construct the line far to the north along the headwaters of the Missouri River and through Oregon into California; but immigration to the Golden State was so tremendous during the '50s that Oregon did not get the first road, and the whole project was abandoned by the government on the breaking out of the civil war.

But while the government did not actually build the line, as planned at first, it greatly aided in its construction by promises of lands and bonds, and in 1862 it chartered the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the Central Pacific Railroad Company, with the result that work was actually begun on the California end of the line at Sacramento in 1863 and at Omaha a year and a half later.

The leaders in this vast enterprise were Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker and Mark Hopkins, afterward known as "the Big Four;" but to this list should be added the name of Theodore P. Judah who was employed as engineer for the earlier short line from Sacramento to Folsom. Judah's enthusiasm and tremendous activity inspired confidence in his colleagues who might not have undertaken the enterprise but for him. It was Judah who discovered the most practical pass through the Sierra Nevada. He was an indefatigable worker and his early death was proof of the old adage that "the sword wears out the

scabbard." Huntington and Hopkins were dealers in hardware in Sacramento, Crocker kept a dry goods store and Stanford sold groceries and provisions. None had had any experience in railroad matters. It was Judah that "coached" them up to the idea and that kept alive their enthusiasm whenever it showed signs of waning. "The Big Four" were not rich men, but they were fairly good organizers. They could not interest the public in their plan, as it had no faith in their ability to see it through to a successful termination. But they did contrive to interest



CHARLES CROCKER

several senators and representatives in Congress in their campaign for government aid in the form of land grants and bonds, and it was this aid that insured the construction of the road. Huntington and his colleagues were, as will be seen, opportunists of the first order. They, or rather Judah, had the idea, and Congress had the disposal of the land and bonds. Here lay the opportunity, and they seized upon it with avidity and held on with tenacity, even though the public in general and the municipalities which had been asked to contribute to the construction of the line fought shy of it at the start.

The Legislature of 1863 had authorized San Francisco to give \$600,000 of her bonds for a like amount of the stock of the Central Pacific, and the voters had approved of the plan, but the companies were not under the

control of San Francisco capitalists and there was a general belief, fostered by some of the newspapers, that the Central Pacific never would be built. As its stock, in that event, would be worthless, the supervisors of the city and county urged that the exchange of bonds for stock might result in great pecuniary loss to San Francisco. They considered Sacramento a provincial town, and that nothing great in a financial or industrial way could come out of it; so they proceeded to prove their own provinciality by refusing to issue the bonds in compliance with the act of the Legislature. Huntington and his colleagues could not afford to wait until they changed their views and besides they feared they would have the act annulled by the next Legislature, so they craftily urged a compromise, and it was agreed that the city and county would give \$450,000 to the Central Pacific and receive no stock or other compensation! Afterward, when stock in the Central Pacific was worth four times what they could have gotten it for, these same supervisors must have seen that they were by no means financial seers.

There were mighty natural obstacles to the construction of the Central Pacific, but the Union Pacific, running along the smooth valley of the Platte, had no great difficulties to encounter until it reached the Rockies. Nearly all the machinery and supplies needed by the Central had to be brought around by the way of Cape Horn or Panama.

It was titanic work. Thousands of Chinese were imported to ply the pick and heave the shovel for the Central Pacific while an army of Europeans delved for the Union Pacific. At one time there were over 25,000 workmen employed on the great transcontinental line. The graders kept about a hundred miles ahead of the tracklayers for most of the time. The ties were thrown down roughly on the roadbed, then afterward adjusted, gauged and leveled. At times as many as eight miles of track would be laid in one day. Every means by which the work might be expedited were employed. Charles Crocker was in the field at all hours and proved himself a master of expedition. At one time a bridge was washed out by a spring freshet. Unless another were in place in a few days the work at the end of the line would have to stop. The engineer having the rebuilding of the bridge in charge did not get busy fast enough to suit Crocker, who demanded that trains be running over the canyon within five days.

"I don't believe it can be done," said the engineer, "but I'll try it."

"I don't want anybody to try it," roared Crocker, testily. "I can get plenty of men to try it. What I want is a man who will go and do it."

"Well, I'll get the old plans and time sheets and study them out," was all the engineer would promise.

So Crocker went out and addressed a crowd of tracklayers who had been salvaging material from the wrecked bridge.

"Look here!" he cried. "Is there a man among you that can rebuild this bridge in five days?"

"I can," promptly spoke up a young man in a gray flannel shirt, coming forward.

"All right!" assented Crocker. "Go ahead and do it. You can have all the men you want."

The young man went ahead and threw up a bridge on corn-crib piers and the trains were running across it in the specified time, which pleased Crocker so much that he gave him permanent employment on the road at a good salary. In the course of time the young fellow, whose name was William Hood, was made chief engineer of the whole system of roads controlled by Crocker and his colleagues.

The great hurry on the part of the Central Pacific men was due to the fact that the more road built the more land would be granted to each company by the government. So that though they were to be connecting lines, the Central and Union Pacific were great rivals at the time of their construction. This rivalry became more and more intense as the gap between the two roads became less and less. Working under Charles Crocker, the Central Pacific forces laid 10 miles and 180 feet of track between daylight and dark, thus establishing a world's record in the building of railroads. This was done near Promontory, Nevada, on April 29, 1869, and on May 10th the last spike was driven not far from that place with a great and memorable celebration.

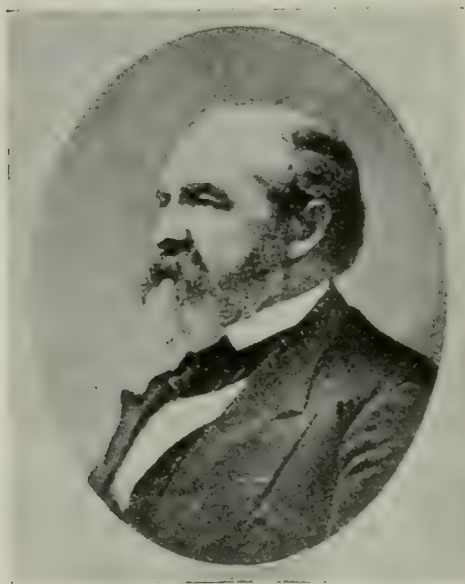
It was telegraphically arranged so that each blow of the sledge hammer upon the golden spike could be accompanied by a corresponding blow on the bell of the City Hall in San Francisco. With the last stroke of the hammer a cannon was fired at the Presidio. The golden spike, presented by the State of California in an appropriate speech by Doctor Harkness, was struck by President Stanford and Vice President Durant of the Central Pacific. When the spike was driven home shouts went up from 600 throats and the locomotive whistles blared forth long and noisily. These sounds, together with the blatant music of a brass band, found hearty echoes far and wide, for the whole country was awake to the importance of the event which linked the East with the West by bands of steel.

The last spike was driven between the opposing pilots of two locomotives that had drawn excursion trains to the spot. When the ceremony was over and the cheers had been given, the Central Pacific train backed away and the Union Pacific train passed over the point of junction and back again; after which the Central Pacific train made the same movements.

Meantime the telegraph had announced to the world the completion of the transcontinental line in the following message:

The last rail is laid, the last spike is driven! The Pacific Railroad is completed! The point of junction is 1,086 miles west of the Missouri River and 690 miles east of Sacramento City.

What a motion picture the scene just described would have made! But there was not even a good photograph taken of it, and the best representation, largely composed, was that of Hill's "Last Spike," arranged



COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON

more for purposes of portraiture than for fidelity to fact, and yet having value as an historic work of art.

San Francisco's celebration of the event surpassed anything of the kind ever witnessed in the city before. There was a great procession, flag-waving and speech-making. When the signal gun announced the driving of the last spike Sacramento went wild. It was Sacramento men who had projected and built the Central Pacific, and Sacramento set out in a most extravagant manner to do them honor. There were deafening demonstrations of joy, including the blowing of the whistles and the ringing of the bells of a large number of locomotives as well as bells and whistles all over the city. The opening of the transcontinental line gave a tremendous impetus to business in Sacramento, and the citizens vainly

hoped that their town might become the metropolis of the state. San Francisco had been fed up on railroad talk for over ten years and it had thought to prosper greatly when the line was finished across the continent; but real estate was not greatly benefited, though during the year of the opening of the road 35,000 immigrants came to California, or more than in any previous year since the early gold rushes.

Many people thought that the railroad was going to prove a greater damage than a benefit to San Francisco. They said that the peninsular position of the city would not admit of its enjoying the advantages of a through line, and that some other town about the bay, Vallejo, Oakland or Sausalito, would be chosen as the railroad terminus, and San Francisco's prestige would vanish.

Vallejo was the town first to step forward as the bay shore terminal. For a time it grew rapidly; real estate sold as fast as lots could be staked off, while in San Francisco everybody wanted to sell, but nobody would buy. Vallejo's boom was due to the construction from that city to Sacramento of the California Pacific Railroad, opened in February, 1869, and the putting on of a fast boat between Vallejo and San Francisco, whose only rail connection was the line running down into the Santa Clara Valley.

Still San Francisco grew, and the census of 1870 showed a population of 150,000, or a gain of over 10,000 for the year. Some of the downtown streets were widened in this year.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company, fearing that the California Pacific, which was extending its lines to Marysville and up the Napa Valley, would carry out its threat of building a competing road to Ogden, quietly absorbed the system and then sought to establish a terminus of its main line as near to San Francisco as possible across the bay. Yerba Buena Island, in the eastern waters of the bay, was a government reservation, but the Central Pacific men, having been so liberally treated by Uncle Sam, thought there would be no trouble in securing it for their terminus. They surveyed a line from the Oakland shore to Yerba Buena, or Goat Island, as it was more often called, but when they applied for the grant of the island so many protests arose from the people that the matter was deferred for a time. When requested to give their opinion as to how a solid causeway or bridge set on piles would affect navigation the coast survey engineers said that such an obstruction would diminish the tidal area, cause a large amount of mud and sand to be deposited along it, besides reducing the volume of tide water flowing into and out of the ocean, thus leading to a shallowing of the harbor bar beyond the Golden Gate.

At this juncture there was projected a line called the Atlantic and

Pacific Railroad, and its promoters, who were all St. Louis men and who had a franchise and land grant from the Federal Government to run a line across the continent in the neighborhood of the thirty-fifth parallel, made application for a subsidy from San Francisco amounting to \$10,000,000. A large committee of citizens listened to the appeal of the representatives of the new line for the subsidy, but only a minority of the body favored it. The majority were for compromising with the Central Pacific on a plan which included the abandonment of the Goat Island project and which called for the building of a bridge at Ravenswood and the construction of a road along the bay shore east of the San Bruno hills to Mission Cove within one and one-half years. The city was to give a subsidy of \$2,500,000 of its bonds to the railroad. This plan did not meet with public favor. In lieu of it a scheme was presented whereby the city would give ten millions for the building of a road to the Colorado River. This plan, after much debate, was also abandoned, which was just as well, for after a few years trains were running to the Colorado without any aid from San Francisco save that which it gave in the way of freight charges and passenger fares. The Atlantic and Pacific project remained dormant for years, but the company now has a line that reaches San Francisco from its rail terminal at Richmond, a lively city across the bay to the north of Berkeley.

Now came a time—1873—when San Francisco no longer remained envious of Sacramento as headquarters of the Central Pacific; for the capitalists who had built the road transferred their residences and main offices to the Bay City. Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker built wonderful mansions on Nob Hill, then the choicest residence district of the city, and in the course of time Huntington owned a beautiful home there.

San Francisco had continued its protest against the grant of Goat Island to the railroad company, so that after its adoption by a bill in the House of Representatives at Washington the Senate did not act favorably toward it, and the scheme was abandoned. Meantime army engineers had made a report on a plan for an artificial harbor in San Antonio Creek, Oakland, this harbor to be 3 miles long, 300 yards wide and about twenty-five feet deep and the project had been adopted. The work was a long and elaborate one, requiring years for its completion.

The Central Pacific built a long and costly mole out into the bay west of Oakland and established termini there for its tracks and later for those of the Southern Pacific, an allied line having the same board of directors. Fast ferryboats connected with the railroads at the west end of the mole, and San Francisco now enjoyed easy and frequent ferry connection with Oakland. When the South Pacific Coast line was built as an independent concern it too had a ferry system across the bay to

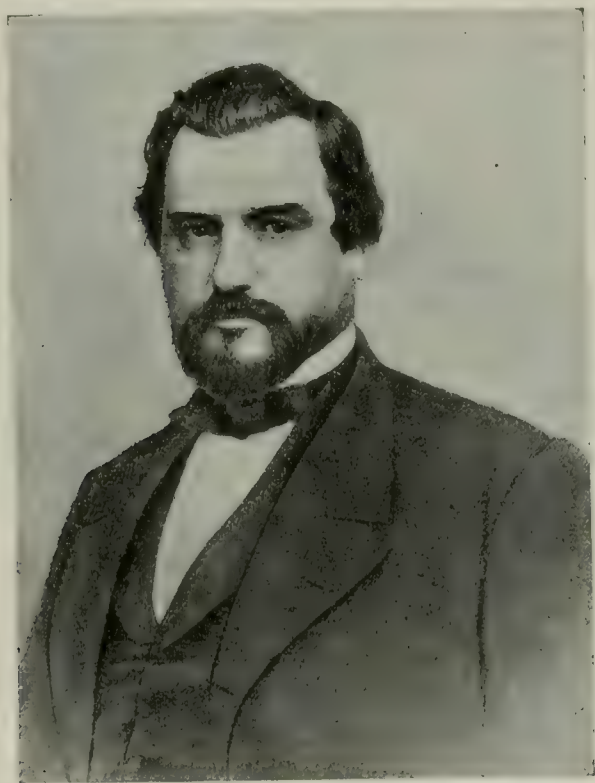
Oakland. Other bay ferries were those of the North Pacific Coast road to Sausalito and the San Francisco and North Pacific, or Donahue line, to Tiburon. All these lines were afterward absorbed by the Southern Pacific Company, organized to control and operate the roads originally owned by Huntington and his colleagues as well as those afterwards acquired by the Central and Southern Pacific companies. But there were others which they did not acquire—the Santa Fe, the Western Pacific and the Key System.

For years the ferry building in San Francisco was a cheap, unstable affair, built of wood and wholly lacking in sufficient accommodations for the public; but in 1896 the State Board of Harbor Commissioners built a large and splendid structure, with a frontage of 659 feet, a depth of 156 feet and surmounted in the center by a great clock tower 240 feet high. The dial of the clock is twenty-two feet in diameter and the numerals are three feet long.

This building has on its second floor a grand nave, said to be the largest passenger waiting room in the country. It runs the full length of the edifice. Great receptions, flower shows and other public affairs are given here. There are maintained in this building permanent exhibits by the State Mining Bureau and the State Development Board, and visitors to California desiring information as to the best locations for certain products as well as for any general knowledge of agriculture, horticulture, mines or oil wells may secure it here. There are also other state offices in the building, including those of the Railroad Commissioners, the Prison Commissioners, the Harbor Commissioners and the State Motor Vehicle Department. On the ground floor an arcaded front leads to the waiting rooms of the different ferry lines. The southern part of the building is occupied by the Southern Pacific ferries running to Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and Overland, while to the north of the central tower are the Key Route, a comparatively new and very efficient ferry and electric road system, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Western Pacific which competes with the Central Pacific's line over the Sierras, and the Tiburon and Sausalito lines. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, or Santa Fe System, as it is called, runs ferryboats to and from Richmond, its western terminus. There is only one steam railway running out of San Francisco that does not have boat connection across the bay out of the Ferry Building and that is the line which runs to San Jose, Monterey and along the coast to Los Angeles. In a general way this road follows the original line built to San Jose—the first railroad in the state, though it has been considerably shortened by building closely along the bay instead of running farther inland as originally constructed and as operated

for many years. The trains of the coast line leave and arrive at a handsome station at Third and Townsend streets.

For years the Southern Pacific lines, as they came ultimately to be called, enjoyed almost a complete monopoly of coast and transcontinental transportation. The men who were operating the lines knew they had a "good thing," and they did not scruple to make the most of it. The



LELAND STANFORD

charges for freight and passenger service were in many cases very high, but the local ferry fares were about as cheap as any to be found anywhere in the country. Certain newspapers found "roasting the railroad" a popular campaign and they kept it up in season and out of season. The Chronicle in particular was always ready to champion the cause of the people in the matter of the excessive charges made by the railroad, upon which it tacked the slogan, "all the traffic will bear," a famous phrase found in certain letters between the heads of the company, which letters were

aired in court when the railroad men had a disagreement with David Colton, one of the directors, on one side, and Huntington and his conferees on the other.

It seemed to most of us living in San Francisco before anything in the way of railroad competition was to be found in California that the Southern Pacific people were extremely shortsighted at the outset, for with a fair schedule of rates they would have developed the interior country far more rapidly and would have discouraged competition. One who reads Frank Norris' "Octopus" will get a glimpse as to how far the company was ready to go in order to carry out its selfish aims.

On the other hand, the officers of the company, with whom I had a fairly close acquaintance during the '80s, were always ready to justify their extortions by quoting the tremendous expense incident to the building and operation of lines that ran through so many miles of desert country, wholly unproductive of traffic. Also they would point with pride to the many towns that had sprung up along their lines, some of them, Fresno, for example, owing their existence to the railroad. If one would retort that these towns had prospered in spite of the railroad and its high rates, and not because of them, they would smile and say they were familiar with that argument, but that it did not touch them. In fact they came in time, so general and long-winded were the criticisms of their practices on this score, to pay little heed to the most caustic criticisms and rebukes which newspapers or public speakers handed out to them.

I doubt that if any of the Big Four, who were originally quite a small four and would never have gotten anywhere but for enormous gifts from the government in what Franklin K. Lane called "the days of princely giving," had the slightest appreciation of what the public, through Congress, had done for them. If they had, there never seemed to enter their heads a single thought as to reciprocity.

Governor Stoneman used to tell a story of Stanford which illustrated this point: Stanford gave a dinner to a select circle, including Justice Field, at his palatial home on Nob Hill. It was one of those houses of our American new rich in which everything glitters. The cost of the rugs on the floor of the dining room would have built a mansion, and there was one vase among a number on a sideboard which had cost over \$100,000. Speech-making followed the dinner and Stanford in the course of his remarks complained very bitterly about the ingratitude of the government and the people toward the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad. He and his colleagues had made many and enormous sacrifices to build the road and yet the government was hounding them as Shylock hounded Antonio for the pound of flesh.

"Yes," said Justice Field, in low tones to those sitting near him, "you have only to look around you to see how shamefully these gentlemen have been treated by an ungrateful and ungenerous government." And with a sweep of his hand he indicated paintings, statuary and other objects of art for which one of the poor hounded men had paid many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"All the traffic will bear" was not a very good policy for the Southern Pacific Company, as it encouraged the construction of competing lines. Many of these were projected, but only a few were built and only two of these ever reached the Southern Pacific's territory directly—the Santa Fe and the Western Pacific, unless we except the Salt Lake line which reached into Southern California through a very unproductive region and has not cut much of a figure as a competitor.

Meantime, before the competing roads came in, the Southern Pacific continued to extend its system all over the coast. In 1889 it completed a road to Portland, Oregon, and a little later the Coast Line was opened to San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. Other roads were built or existing ones absorbed so that, with lines running to Ogden and to New Orleans and into Mexico, the Southern Pacific System became one of the greatest in the country.

When San Francisco finally did receive the benefit of transcontinental competition, it did not last long. For a brief period the Southern Pacific accepted freight at fifty cents a ton from New York to San Francisco, while the passenger fare was cut to \$50, and other lines made corresponding cuts in rates. But soon the Transcontinental Association, as it was called—a railroad pool which included all the cross-country roads—was out with high tariffs, and California had little to show for all the rivalry that had been developed in railroading. There was bitter talk in the papers about the new transcontinental pool, but the organization persisted for years until the Interstate Commerce Commission came into existence. California hailed the new governmental board as its savior in the shipping field, but its enthusiasm, as in the cases of other examples of bureaucracy, did not last long. It was a far better thing for the railroads than for the people, as it stabilized rates, both freight and passenger, and did not make any notable reductions of them. One thing which pleased the railroad people greatly was the fact that free transportation was cut off save in the cases of railroad officers and employees. This applied at first to interstate fares only, but in due time the railroads saw to it that it applied to local transportation as well.

But while the Southern Pacific gained hundreds of thousands of dollars by lopping off free tickets, it did not retain its hold upon a certain class of politicians who had traveled for years on "annuals" and who

resented the idea of having to pay real money for transportation. I have traveled on trains of the Southern Pacific between San Francisco and Sacramento when the Legislature was in session when it seemed to me that nearly every man in the car presented to the conductor a neat card with rounded edges—the well-known form of the annual pass—and it would set me to wondering if the company was not carrying nearly everybody free of charge.

There was a time—in the '80s—when every large shipper of freight in San Francisco—and some of the small ones—carried his annual or could get a free pass for a trip anywhere in the state for the mere asking. This was done to keep the shipper comfortably in line, for at times he would balk at the high rates and order his freight shipped around the Horn or across the Isthmus, and these free-pass favors, which cost the company little, would put him in the humor meekly to bear the burden of extortionate charges. Many of these passes were given out by J. A. Fillmore, the general superintendent of the system. Fillmore was a big, hearty, jovial sort of man, liked by everybody, but sometimes he could be quite severe. A railroad man who was in his office one day when he was not in very good humor told me this little story:

A man from Modesto came in and requested a pass to and from that town to San Francisco.

"I am a freight shipper," he explained, "but I never have had any favors from the railroad—always pay my way. But this time——"

"What are you shipping?" broke in Fillmore.

"Stock—cattle," was the reply.

"Do you ship often?"

"Not very."

"How much of a shipment are you making this time?" inquired Fillmore.

"It ain't a very big one—just one head."

"What'll it weigh?" persisted the Superintendent.

"I dunno—mebbe three hundred."

"Not a very large animal."

"No; jest a calf."

Fillmore threw back his big bald head and gave a gesture of impatience.

"No," he said, with withering sarcasm, "I can't give you any free transportation—don't believe the extent of your business would justify it; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a pass for the calf."

For some years after the Interstate Commerce Commission began its labors the free-pass clause of the act under which it was working was evaded by the railroads in order to favor very particular friends of theirs, by the issuance of what were known as advertising tickets. These

tickets were primarily intended to be given to newspapers in payment for advertising. They were issued in the form of mileage books but as a matter of fact, a strict account of the advertising exchange was rarely kept, and whenever a newspaper man wanted to go anywhere on a railroad, even from San Francisco to New York, he could get one or more of these books and travel free of charge to himself, though his paper was supposed to give a certain amount of advertising as collateral. Soon there were thousands of people traveling on these mileage books, and their number was not confined to newspaper employes—for it was found to be an easy way of evading the free pass law, as the tickets might be handed out to anybody by a railroad officer or agent. But in the course of time the Interstate Commerce Commission became aware of this practice, and put an end to it by a special ruling. It is not at present customary for railroads to pay for their advertising in transportation, and I am sure that all honorable journalists are very glad of it, for it was the old dead-head system over again under a very thin disguise, and no self-respecting newspaper man really cares to be considered a deadhead. Some of the largest newspapers in the country no longer accept free passes of any kind. This gives a new dignity to a profession which often has been regarded as ready to accept favors of every nature, though it fails to please that class of newspaper men—often of temporary tenure, though of unlimited assurance—who are always on the lookout for gratuities, and who never pause to think that this habit places them on a level with waiters and taxicab drivers.

The relations of the Southern Pacific with certain San Francisco newspapers were exposed in the famous Huntington-Colton letters, which showed how journalistic criticism had been overcome by the free use of employment of the yellow coin of the realm.

Today, however, there is a cleaner and better atmosphere surrounding the railroad offices and newspaper offices of San Francisco. Old-time, venal practices are no longer in vogue. For save in negligible cases, the press is no longer subject to sordid bargaining, while as for the legislators of the State it may be said that so far as the Southern Pacific is concerned it is now "hands off." For that railroad is out of politics and is conducting its affairs on strictly business principles. All of the original directors are dead or off the board and their successors have had little thought but that which has related to the railroad business pure and simple.

It is hardly believable that only thirty years ago there existed in California a state of affairs such as is described by W. S. Leake in his "When Mazuma Was King," or by John P. Young who, in his excellently written story of San Francisco, writes of the time when "Stanford sat in the rear of the Assembly chamber and directed the course of corporation members who were hard pushed by the anti-monopolists. It was," con-

tinues Mr. Young, "a remarkable display of indifference to public opinion, but no more startling than C. P. Huntington was making daily in the capitol at Washington, where, with equal boldness, he marshaled the supporters of the corporation in the Senate and House of Representatives."

Those were golden days for the opportunist in many fields. An impecunious and, perhaps, undeserving man would reach out from some hole-in-the-wall of an office, go into business on a "shoestring," transact some miraculous real estate, mining, commercial, industrial or transportation deal, with the enormous proceeds of which he would build a glittering mansion on Nob Hill, fill it up with expensive gewgags and gimcracks, buy himself a seat in the Stock Exchange and another in the United States Senate, become a solid citizen and leave at his death an immense fortune for his heirs to fight over. But those days and those practices are on the decline. Their eventual disappearance will be another proof of the truth contained in Whittier's lines:

And step by step since time began
We see the steady gain of man.

XXVIII

BAY CITY JOURNALISM

SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRST NEWSPAPER—THE STAR—NO LACK OF NEWSPAPERS DURING THE GOLD EXCITEMENT—THE ALTA CALIFORNIA—THE EVENING BULLETIN—THE MORNING CALL—THE CHRONICLE—THE EXAMINER—OTHER JOURNALS OF THE OLD DAYS AND OF THE PRESENT—RISE OF THE DE YOUNGS—CHARACTERS OF FITCH, PICKERING AND OTHER JOURNALISTS.

Some of the more hectic passages of journalism and journalistic life in the Bay City, particularly those of the vigilante period, already have been portrayed in these annals, and allusion has been made to the California Star, San Francisco's first newspaper, which was printed on a Mormon press from Mormon type and published by Samuel Brannan, an apostate from the faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, beginning on January 7, 1847. The Star was a weekly publication and the type space on each of its four pages was only 12x15 inches. It was a tame affair and essentially provincial.

Then came the Californian, the first newspaper issued in the State, which moved up from Monterey after six months' publication in that town during which, as its editors proudly boasted, it had been able to make both ends meet, though it had lost one of its publishers, and Robert Semple, he of the passionate pen who had so eulogized the Bear Flag patriots and their strange adventure in nation-making, was now sole proprietor.

The little Star was printed during a particularly dull period of the existence of the village of Yerba Buena, but during its lifetime—it did not last very long—it saw great changes in the aspect of the port by the Golden Gate, among these being that of the adoption of the name of San Francisco which was urged in order that it might not be seized by any other of the towns springing up around the bay; and it saw the discovery of gold and the tremendous influent and refluent tide of immigration sweeping into the place and on to the mines and back again with true American restiveness.

Most of the news from the great outside came in by steamer, and the San Francisco papers boiled it down from longer accounts contained

in New York and other eastern journals, and there were also columns devoted to correspondence from the East and elsewhere. There was no telegraphic news, and even when the telegraph was established across the continent the California editors could make but sparing use of it owing to the high tolls charged by the company. Before that period there were local telegraphic lines in California, but the papers of those days did not patronize them very freely.

With the establishing of the first overland stage service the San Francisco papers were able to give their readers still later intelligence, and when the Pony Express galloped across the plains and mountains from Missouri there was another shortening of the time of communication from the East.

During the first of the gold excitement there appeared the *Alta California*, the best example of newspaper-making that had been issued thus far in San Francisco. This was followed by the *Pacific News* and then by the *Daily Courier*, after which the *Public Balance* made its bow. When to these were added the *Evening Picayune* and the *San Francisco Herald* it seemed that there was no lack of newspapers in the young and booming city. In fact there were more journals in the early fifties than there are at present, and by the press men of today it is regarded as a miracle that so many of them were able to make a living, particularly as the circulation of each was necessarily quite small while the expenses of publication were relatively larger in some respects than they are at present. For example the men handling the presses and distributing the papers received from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week and compositors received two dollars a thousand ems, or four times the union rate of 1880.

It is remarkable, in looking over the files of those early San Francisco newspapers to note how little crime was stressed by the journalists of that period. Robberies and murders were of frequent occurrence, yet they were hardly noticed by the daily press. Young, in referring to this failure to print what in these times is important news, says that so marked is the absence of crime stories in the files of the papers of those days that it might easily be inferred that the abstention was prompted by the desire to avoid the mention of disagreeable or shocking occurrences; but the occasional departures forbid this conclusion and suggest the true causes, namely, the failure of the early papers to develop the news side, because of limited facilities and the fact that the town was so small that its inhabitants knew all the details of an affair before they could be put into print. There were in 1851 twelve so-called newspapers in the city, but Young does not consider them worthy the name. He characterizes them as "overgrown pamphlets," the principal object of which seemed to be the dissemination of the views of a coterie by a chosen representative. News

and reading matter other than editorial comment were presented in such a haphazard fashion that it is plain that the editor regarded them as of minor consequence. These were the days of personal journalism carried to an extreme never since reached on the coast. The public formed the habit of following the various campaigns against individuals, public and private, with intense and growing interest. Newspapers were eagerly perused, but not so much for intelligence as to see who was being "lambasted." If there is anything reprehensible in this sort of public interest then even the best of us are open to rebuke or admonishment, though it is conceivable that there were newspaper readers in those days who grew just a little weary of such fierce onslaughts upon private character as were featured by the press of that fervid period. What in our day would be termed "roughneck" editorials, full of coarse invective that makes one's hair rise in the reading of them, were daily to be found in almost any paper one might pick up; and when the Bulletin began its career of violent denunciation of everybody whom its editor did not fancy as a desirable citizen the saturnalia of personal journalism reached its height.

The Bulletin, launched by James King of William, as the proprietor pleased to call himself, entered the arena of philippics on the 8th of October, 1855. King, who wrote many of the fiercest editorials for the paper, was slain by James P. Casey, a ballot-box stuffer whom he had excoriated, as related in the chapter on the Vigilance Committee and its doings. King was the foremost of the assailants of David C. Broderick, a political boss of the town who had not scrupled to employ the basest means to gain his ends and yet was a man who, strange to say, commanded the highest respect among citizens who winked at his methods because he represented the anti-slavery element which was very popular in California. Broderick was nicknamed by King as David Catiline Broderick, and accused, among other things, of complicity in the job by which the old Jenny Lind Theatre was unloaded upon the tax-payers to be converted into a City Hall, though utterly unsuitable for the purpose. King also laid many other charges of corruption at Broderick's door, among them election frauds of the most nefarious order.

"We have every confidence," writes King in the Bulletin, "that the people will stand by us in this contest; and if we can only escape David C. Broderick's hired bullies a little longer, we will turn this city inside out but what we will expose the corruption and malfeasance of her officary." King knew that Broderick would not attempt to sue him for libel, as he was too vulnerable to go into court, but he feared, what happened in the sequel, that a "hired bully" would be making a target of him. To be sure, it never was conclusively shown that Casey acted in that capac-

ity, but his connection with Broderick was well known, and they were both violent enemies of King.

As an example of what the San Francisco public not only tolerated but applauded in the editorials of those days, here is the Bulletin's suggestion in reference to what the people should do in the case of Cora after he had killed Richardson: "Look well to the jury. And again what we propose is this: If the jury is packed, either hang the Sheriff or drive him out of town and make him resign. If Billy Mulligan lets his friend Cora escape, hang Billy Mulligan or drive him into banishment."

Imagine a modern newspaper coolly advising the citizens of a modern town to hang the Sheriff if he did this or that! But King was counting upon a state of public irritation with respect to crime and criminals which was beginning to border upon frenzy and which culminated in the organization of the vigilantes and the perpetration of their famous acts of "justice"—and it was justice, only that it began its work at the point of effect and not of causation; for had it used the same amount of energy in purifying politics as it employed in raising an army of six thousand men and defying all recognized State and Federal authority it would have accomplished its aims with more peace of mind and less bloodshed.

But in any event, the citizens stood by the Bulletin and were ready to punish the man who had murdered its editor. They feared that Casey would escape the gallows, as hundreds of other murderers had done because of the weakness of the courts and their known laxity in handling criminal cases. So they took King's slayer out and hanged him and also hanged Cora, the man whom the Bulletin had pointed out as likely to be befriended by the Sheriff in a way to insure his escape from justice.

And it was not enough for the organized citizenry to vent its fierce indignation upon Casey and Cora, but it must needs go still further and punish the newspaper that had severely criticized King for his diatribes against them and against Broderick and other political corruptionists. John Nugent's paper, the Herald, which had sided with the corrupt element, was ruined in a day by the wholesale withdrawal of advertising patronage controlled by the vigilantes, most of whom were influential business men of San Francisco. It may be said, as an example of the ideas of justice held by William T. Coleman, the official head of the Vigilance Committee, that he was strenuously opposed to the boycott of the Herald. Coleman's fine sense of morality and his dislike of anything smacking of an attempt to curb the liberty of the press were not shared by his colleagues of the committee. Liberty of the press be hanged, along with the criminals supported by the unholy Herald! That was their thought, and they did not hesitate to put it into practice. If a newspaper did not meet

with their approval then suppress it by the one effective means within reach—destroy its advertising patronage.

Toward the end of his earthly career I met William T. Coleman several times in the course of my journalistic work on the Chronicle, and once had a long talk with him on newspapers. Often I had seen him in the streets—a grave, erect, impressive figure, tall, dark and conspicuous for a benign, open, likeable face with a full jaw and keen eye—the face of a leader of men. In the course of our conversation on the press he remarked the improvement in its tone since the early days—its growing dignity and the absence of those bitter assaults upon private character which he had deplored in the exciting times through which he had passed while still a young man. Newspaper men remember Coleman as slow to commit himself upon public questions, but when he did grant an extended interview, which was rare, he delivered himself in no uncertain manner. He was criticized by some of his confreres of the Vigilance Committee as too conservative. There was a certain element among them that was for secession from the Union and the formation of a republic on the lines proposed by the Bear Flag men years before; but they found Coleman very much averse to the plan, which he promptly rejected. He was a good citizen, not at all of the type of the mob leader of more recent days. I ventured to speak of the vigilantes and their doings and tried to draw him out on the subject of how he became the head of the committee, but all he would say was that it was a position which he would gladly have seen occupied by another, and that, in fact, he had refused it, but that it had virtually been forced upon him. Under all the circumstances, and with so many hotheads constantly endeavoring to induce the committee to adopt exceedingly strenuous methods, it is well for San Francisco that the vigilantes had for their leader a man of such conservative views—one who would even hesitate to punish a newspaper opposed to the aims of the committee and constantly giving aid and comfort to its enemies.

The Californian was merged with the Star during the gold-rush days and the two were absorbed by the Alta in 1850. The Whig, the Bugle and the Catholic Standard came into existence in 1855, but none was of long tenure. Then there was the Demokrat, a German paper. With the advent of the Bulletin and the expansion of the Alta California in 1855 it may be said that journalism in San Francisco had obtained a fair start. Several other papers of lesser import, among them Town Talk, the Register, the Athenæum, the California Critic, the Pathfinder and a cheap imitation of the Police Gazette came and went.

That there was no close season for editors is evidenced by a study of the files in which it is seen that the vicious personal comments indulged

in by them in those days were occasionally followed by the infliction of a bullet wound or a knife thrust. There seemed to be little balance in the minds of the editors, none of whom appeared to be capable of making due allowance for petty shortcomings on the part of their victims. An editorial of those days was a very positive affair. There was no use whatever of the word "perhaps." It was always a case of the point of view forced throughout. Had the editorial tone been a little less than fulmination it may be that there would have been fewer affairs upon "the field of honor." Editors of rival papers took delight in sweeping denunciations of each other, and the public was supposed to take a keen interest in these journalistic "scraps." But it has seemed to close analysts of what the average reader most demands in a newspaper that these newspaper fights always have been looked upon by the public as rather tiresome unless, indeed, one editor went gunning for another, when the affair took on the aspect of true sport. The intense rivalry of the editors of the 'fifties gives point to Soule's statement in his "Annals of San Francisco" that "they were particularly exposed, not merely to the literary raking fire of antagonists, but to their literal fire as well."

A. C. Russell, editor of the *Picayune*, was challenged by Captain A. J. Folsom of the United States army because Russell had passed some unkindly comments upon the arbitrary way in which the captain had dealt with some squatters on his lots in San Francisco. As Folsom was said to be very handy with the pistol, while Russell was not, the editor went to the duelling field with the gravest apprehensions. In order to present as small a target as possible, Russell wore very tight-fitting clothes and a small skull cap. There was a button on the top of the cap so that altogether it looked something like the headdress of a Mandarin. Folsom whispered to his second that if he could pop that button off the editor's head he would consider that he had full satisfaction. To the astonishment of everybody on the field as well as to that of the quaking Russell, whose bullet went wild, the button disappeared at Folsom's first shot. The captain fired again, but only because Russell had persisted in banging away at him, or rather at the sky, and this time the bullet whistled past Russell's shoulder; after which Folsom threw down his weapon with a laugh and declared that he was satisfied.

Governor John McDougal was the next man to challenge the editor of the *Picayune*. During this encounter a strange thing happened. Russell's pistol was shattered by the Governor's bullet and the hammer was sent through the editor's hand, inflicting a very painful wound.

After these two affairs Russell became satisfied that editing a newspaper in San Francisco was fraught with too many perils to life, limb and

buttons, so he meekly withdrew from the field and went into another business.

Editor Gilbert of the *Alta California* was slain in a duel with Gen. J. W. Denver. Edward Kemble, Gilbert's partner, acted as second to Harry DeCoursey, another editor who fell upon the field of honor at the hand of Samuel Carter, with whom he had had a quarrel on a Sacramento River steamer. DeCoursey's intestines had been perforated by Carter's bullet, but he survived, and, concluding that he had had enough of Californian journalism, sold his paper and went East.

It has not been sought in the previous paragraphs to leave the impression that newspaper men played a recreant part in each of these affairs. As a rule, they were not skilled in the use of firearms, and generally they were challenged by men who, had they not been good shots, probably would not have taken this means to avenge themselves. In nearly every one of the score of duels fought by editors in and about San Francisco in those days as well as in the shooting affrays of a later period, the man who attacked the journalist felt that he had him at his mercy. It was quite remarkable that one newspaper editor of the fifties, a man named Jackson, who was a most vigorous and vindictive writer, went unchallenged, which is said to have been because of his keeping his pistol hand in excellent practice.

The *Herald* was not the only San Francisco newspaper to die because of the withdrawal of public favor during the days of the vigilantes. There was also the *Chronicle*, not related in any way to the present *Chronicle*, which first appeared in 1854 as a formidable rival of the *Alta*. The *Chronicle* was strongly opposed to the Vigilance Committee and its acts, while the *Alta* approved and sustained them, along with the *Bulletin*. At the same time that the *Herald* was being stripped of its advertising and circulation the *Chronicle* was suffering like losses, and each of these papers died sudden deaths. The *Bulletin*, after the slaying of its editor, James King of William, became the most popular paper in the city. It quickly gained what was in those days a large circulation and has enjoyed almost uninterrupted prosperity ever since.

The *Call* was founded on December 1, 1856, and was continued for many years as a morning paper, but is now an afternoon journal, though, like many other papers of its class throughout the country, it prints a forenoon edition. As told by James J. Ryers, one of the editors of the dead and buried *Herald*, the genesis of the *Call* was somewhat theatrical, or at least its name was of histrionic origin. Ryers believed that a cheap newspaper in a town of very high-priced ones might win the favor of the public. So he conferred with some printers who thought his plan a good one and that a paper could be published that could be served to sub-

scribers quite profitably at twelve and a half cents a week. Five men, all printers or former typos, formed a co-partnership and purchased the material necessary to launch the enterprise. The names of the original proprietors were James J. Ayers, George E. Barnes, D. W. Higgins, Llewellyn Zublin and W. L. Carpenter. Aside from Barnes and Ryers, none of these seems to have impressed himself upon his age. Ayers and Barnes were both highly educated men and gifted writers, which is more than can be said of many present-day opportunists in the newspaper profession. Not long after the paper was started some of the original proprietors sold their interests, and for ten years the paper was conducted by Ayers, Barnes, A. M. Jobson and Peter B. Forster under the firm name of J. J. Ayers & Company. The name *Morning Call* was suggested by a theatrical poster advertising a one-act farce by that title under an announcement of the production of "Ingomar," with Julia Dean Hayne as leading lady. Ayers and his confreres were discussing the perplexing question of what to call the child when it should be born.

"There," said Ayers to his friends as soon as his eyes lit upon the title of the afterpiece, "there is the name for our paper—*The Morning Call*." And they all agreed that it would be an appropriate title.

"The whole paper was written and set in type by ourselves," said Ayers, "one of the stipulations of the articles of co-partnership being that when the editor was not employed in gathering news or editing the paper, he should fill out his time at the case."

The paper was conservative in tone. It gave all the news in the most concise shape, its most elaborate articles being limited to about sixty lines. It took especial interest in the working classes and was the first public organ to sound the alarm against the importation of Chinese labor. The paper received a warm welcome from the public at the very start. The circulation increased rapidly and enlargement soon became necessary. It was not long before the *Call* took rank with some of the largest papers of that period.

The *Call*, though conservative on most points of public policy, was always in libel suits. The first of these was brought by the Treasurer of the San Francisco Mint after a charge by the *Call* that in its last annual settlement there had been a shortage of three to four hundred thousand dollars. The case was dismissed, however, when the star witness for the Treasurer, a man from the melters' and refiners' department, broke down on the witness stand and tacitly confessed that one or more large gold bars had been weighed several times in order to swell the apparent amount of gold on hand in the department, the jury holding that the defendants were not guilty of libel.

But in another libel suit against it the *Call* suffered the loss of its

case and was heavily fined. The story is such a peculiar one and so illustrates the tendency of the times in certain quarters that it is worth repeating. The steamer Brother Jonathan was lost with nearly all on board, but among those on the passenger list who did not go down with the vessel was a colored man who was seized by officers acting for his creditors just as the steamer was casting off her lines. The reporter who wrote the item about this occurrence headed it "A Darky in Luck." As there was nothing offensive in the screed, so far as the editors could see, they were greatly astonished when a damage suit was filed in the District Court, presided over by Judge Pratt. The Judge denied a motion to dismiss the case, holding that the title of the article was libelous, for the plaintiff was held up to public scorn and contempt by being designated as a "darky." The jury, taking its cue from the judge's extraordinary view of the matter, found against the Call and placed the damage at five thousand dollars, which was promptly paid.

"Yes," said one of the editors of the paper afterward, "we paid five thousand dollars for calling a darky a darky. I suppose if we had called him a coon, in present-day vernacular, we should have had to pay ten thousand."

What all this fuss over a commonly used term meant was that at that time feeling was running very strongly in California in sympathy with the negroes of the South, and the feeling easily transferred itself to colored people in other places.

The Golden Era, a literary weekly, founded in 1852, has been referred to as the cradle of California literature. Bret Harte was first a compositor and then a contributor to the Era. "M'liss," the "Condensed Novels" and many other stories and sketches first saw the light in its pages. Mark Twain, who had blown in from Virginia City and was a reporter for the Call, was also a contributor to the paper and so were Dan de Quille and Charles Warren Stoddard. Joaquin Miller sent in little immature poems and among other writers were Prentice Mulford, Artemus Ward and Orpheus C. Kerr. The Era lasted thirty years. During its declining days Palmer Cox contributed to it little poems and pictures of the Brownie type which afterward made him so famous.

In 1858 James M. Hutchings founded the Weekly Californian, a little paper advertising the glories of the Yosemite, and in 1864 a paper of the same name was started by Charles Henry Webb and continued for three years. In a sense the Californian was the forerunner and nucleus of the Overland Magazine, of which Bret Harte was editor and Anton Roman publisher. It was in the second number of the Overland that Harte printed "The Luck of Roaring Camp," denounced by the preachers and other moralists to such an extent that nobody would have dreamed of

missing the reading of it. Harte received the kind of advertising which brings immediate fame to an author if his work have intrinsic literary merit, and there is no question on that score in the consideration of "The Luck."

"And hence a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks."

Over there is the East, ever ready to tell the world what a wicked city San Francisco has been and is, and how it has deserved punishment by quakes and fires, and yet here were the moralists of that city of vice condemning—and thus advertising—a tale which, compared with many latter-day stories published in Eastern magazines, was an innocent parable. Indeed, much more risque tales are now read every day in the year and are commented upon without caustic criticism. In fact there are publications wholly devoted to erotic romances that are devoured by the reading public, and, in the Miltonic phrase, "nothing thought." O tempora, O mores! O anything you please!

After the assassination of James King by Casey in 1856 Thomas King, the dead editor's brother succeeded him and the Bulletin continued its fearless attacks upon corruption and crime. The Bulletin passed through the hands of several proprietors until George K. Fitch and Loring Pickering assumed control of it. These gentlemen also bought the Call, so that they owned both a morning and an evening paper. This joint ownership of the two journals by the same men called down upon them much adverse criticism, chiefly ill-natured and particularly directed to the Call, which was deemed to be less outspoken than the Bulletin on the affairs of the day and far less given to controversial discussions. In fact it was slow to censure or to commend anybody, its editorials being written from a viewpoint which is the safest of any in journalism or in politics, that is to say, on the fence. But the Bulletin was more positive in its opinions. It was the chief factor in promoting the fortunes of the People's party. Its editor, Fitch, was well versed in civic affairs and was an economist of the order which believes that to become prosperous a man or a community should avoid the spending of money. There is no doubt that Fitch's advocacy of the consolidation act and the severest sort of retrenchment in municipal expenditures kept San Francisco back several years; for to many citizens, sick of reckless extravagance on the part of the tax-eaters, it seemed good logic that public expenses be reduced to the minimum and that taxes be cut down accordingly. Fitch was opposed to many municipal improvements demanded by the less niggardly element of the young and growing city who wanted large and beautiful parks, concrete sidewalks to replace the shabby wooden ones and asphalt

pavements instead of cobblestones. Fitch ridiculed what he called "plaster pavements" and was particularly averse to tall buildings, though in his day they rarely rose to anything above ten stories; yet these he would scoff at as "chimneys."

There were still a great many of the old Vigilance Committee members who remembered with fondness James King of William, and who still swore by the Bulletin, so that Editor Fitch's parsimonious opinions gained considerable vogue, though, as has been stated, they retarded the growth of the city.

The Bulletin, though prosperous enough, was very poorly housed in a ramshackle building on Clay Street, below Montgomery. The Call was in the same shabby structure. These two papers, due to the economical ideas of their proprietors and their aversion to anything by way of novelty or expansion, were naturally handicapped, and yet they enjoyed great popularity and were money-makers during a long term of years up to the latter eighties, when the more progressive policies of their competitors resulted in a great diminution of the number of their readers and advertisers. In other words, they had become, in the language of the street, "back numbers," and were suffering the consequences of their old-fogeyism.

Chief among the competitors referred to were the Chronicle and the Examiner, which made their advent in the journalistic field in 1865. The Chronicle was started as a sort of theatre house bill and for a time was called the Dramatic Chronicle, and yet it was from its first day a newspaper. It was a very remarkable journal considering the youth of its proprietors, Charles and M. H. de Young, who were aged nineteen and seventeen respectively. It contained advertisements and programmes of playhouses as well as other announcements and was distributed free at theatres, restaurants and other public places. It printed the chief news of the day in concise form, together with dramatic criticisms and miscellany. Its editorials were mainly bits of satire directed at its contemporaries. Though very small, it was so bright and breezy that it soon caught the popular fancy and grew apace. Charles de Young was editor of the paper and M. H. de Young was the business manager. Each of these "de Young boys," as they were called about town, developed extraordinary journalistic ability in a very short time. The Chronicle's home, if it might be called such, was in the corner of a room occupied by Harrison & Co. as a job printing establishment. As in the first writings of Charles Dickens, the joy of youth was evident in all the editorial paragraphs of the Dramatic Chronicle, and there was always to be noted a buoyant tone which bespoke an ardent desire for progress and expansion. The little paper was read with avidity wherever it was circulated, and the demand for it became so great that it grew in size and in advertising patronage. It



CHARLES DE YOUNG

was not considered by the other dailies as a competitor in any sense, nor was it regarded seriously until the assassination of Lincoln, when it was the first to proclaim the tragic event which shook the continent. This was done in an extra which conveyed the sad intelligence to a highly excited populace and was followed by other extras on the same day telling of the sacking of the offices of three San Francisco journals well known for their secessionist proclivities, by a hastily gathered mob anxious to wreak vengeance on all those hostile to Lincoln and the North. Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard and Prentice Mulford were frequent contributors to the *Dramatic Chronicle* and their writings assisted the growth of the paper in public favor.

The word "Dramatic" was dropped from the title of the paper on September 1, 1868, when it appeared as the *Daily Morning Chronicle*. It was now a four-page sheet, with seven columns to the page and included nearly all the features of a regular newspaper, with marine and commercial news and other departments. Bret Harte had a poem in the second number of the newly organized daily and was thereafter for several years a frequent contributor. Joaquin Miller wrote for it later, and in fact whatever of good literature was produced in San Francisco found a representation in the *Chronicle*, so that people of literary taste as well as those who loved the drama and were devotees of music and culture generally formed the habit of looking to its pages. In less than two months after it made its bow as a full-fledged newspaper the *Chronicle* distanced all the other dailies in recording in an extra the details of destruction caused by the severest earthquake that had occurred in California in civilized times. It is to be observed that while full details of the seismic disturbance were printed with numerous illustrations, the editors artfully conveyed the impression that though San Francisco, along with the rest of California was subject to earthquakes, they were by no means as destructive as the cyclones, floods and other disastrous phenomena to which residents of the eastern country were accustomed. At the same time it was admitted that "the recent severe earthquake shock has caused a temporary dullness but no depression of values" in real estate.

Up to 1870 the *Alta* maintained the prestige it had gained during the preceding ten years, but both it and the *Call* had now to look to their laurels, for the new *Richmond* in the journalistic field was growing in public favor day by day and threatened to make great inroads on their advertising patronage as well as their circulation.

Henry George, later known as the author of "Progress and Poverty," in which book he advocates the single tax system, was an editorial writer on the *Chronicle* for over two years, but though he attacked land monopoly in its columns, he did not suggest the idea which he later conceived, of



M. H. DE YOUNG

making the entire burden of taxation fall upon the land. George, who later acted as editor of the *Evening Post*, was a man of broad sympathies, as was also his son, Henry George, Jr., with whom I have frequently conversed and from whom I received a better idea of the single tax theory than from the reading of his father's famous book. While with the *Post* the senior George took up the case of some sailors that had been brutally treated by the master and other officers of the ship *Sunrise*. George, with the assistance of W. H. L. Barnes, an attorney of San Francisco, prosecuted the case so vigorously that it resulted in the conviction and punishment of the offenders. The people took an intense interest in the affair and applauded George most heartily, while Barnes received a decoration in recognition of his efforts on behalf of the mistreated mariners.

The *Chronicle* made a successful fight for the constitution of 1879, though its opponents were many and strongly entrenched behind wealth and official position. All the large corporations, including the railroads, were against it, and it had only the support of the people, which it would never have received but for the strenuous efforts of the *Chronicle* to enlighten them as to the benefits to be derived from the new instrument. It is readily understood that with so much wealth opposed to them in their fight for the constitution, Charles and M. H. de Young were taking big business risks in advocating the measure. A great but unsuccessful effort was made on the part of "the interests" to muzzle the *Chronicle*. The chief argument against it was that it was in league with Denis Kearney, the sand-lot orator, whose slogan, "The Chinese must go!" had so aroused the laboring element. Kearney naturally advocated the constitution, as it was framed to benefit the poorer classes, those who could look afar and see that their hopes of ever gaining a foothold upon the land were day by day growing less because of the colossal grabs of agrarian opportunists. The constitution voiced the demand of the people for a system of taxation which would destroy the tendency to hold immense tracts of land in the ownership of single individuals and corporations and responded to the urgent need of regulating transportation affairs and militant corporations which had set their heel upon California. Over \$750,000 was spent by the corporations to defeat the adoption of the constitution. They hired nearly every available hall in San Francisco to keep out the orators and the meetings of the proponents of the new document, but M. H. de Young managed to secure the Mechanics' Pavilion and the biggest indoor meeting that had ever been held on the coast listened to speeches in favor of the constitution. On the night of election day, May 7, 1879, the de Youngs set off their fireworks, and bombs, sky rockets and red fire told the people of San Francisco that the new constitution had been adopted by a large majority.

And now the Chronicle began to branch out in an expansive way. It was printing the largest daily paper west of Chicago and a Sunday magazine the like of which never had been seen on the Coast. It had engaged as its managing editor John P. Young, a man well-fitted for the position. Mr. Young had begun his newspaper career on the San Diego Union and afterward had been city editor of the Washington Chronicle and had been Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times. He was a vigorous writer, a man well versed in political economy, a deep student of affairs and with a good nose for news. He was retained in his position on the Chronicle for over forty years or until April 23, 1921, when he passed out of this life, mourned by many friends.

The Chronicle, which had been rather poorly and crampedly housed on Clay street, moved into fine new quarters in a commodious building especially constructed for its use on September 29, 1879. The new Chronicle Building was at the northeast corner of Bush and Kearny streets, both hustling thoroughfares in those days, as now, though the center of the business district has moved farther west, and Market street is at present its chief artery. It was considered a great feat for the two young men who had begun their newspaper career in so modest a manner to have been able to erect this building with the earnings of a paper that in its childhood had been only a little play bill; but the Chronicle was now looked upon everywhere as the great newspaper of the Pacific Coast, and it has held its own and progressed wonderfully under competition which in later years threatened greatly to reduce its prestige. Even in the seventies, when telegraph tolls were enormous, it did not hesitate to order long special dispatches from the East and elsewhere. It gave four columns of its space to telegrams announcing the news of the great fire in Chicago, and gave three columns of special to the Custer tragedy. It considered the rejoinder of Henry Ward Beecher to the charges made against him by Theodore Tilton interesting enough to justify having the whole of it telegraphed from New York.

In June, 1879, the Workingmen's party, of which Denis Kearney was the putative leader, nominated Isaac S. Kalloch, a local popular preacher, whose pulpit was in Metropolitan Hall, for Mayor of the city. Kalloch had an unenviable reputation in the East and had been warned that it might be used against him in his campaign, so he should have been well prepared for what followed. The Chronicle reproduced an article from a Boston paper describing the proceedings of an ecclesiastical body which had expelled him from his pulpit in that city. Kalloch made no reply to this publication save to denounce Charles de Young in a public speech and to asperse the character of his mother. Charles retaliated on the following morning by attempting to kill the traducer of his mother, but he

only slightly wounded him. Kalloch was elected Mayor, and it was thought by many that his shooting by de Young had assisted him in his campaign, but this may not have been the case, for the workingmen were at that time in the ascendancy. De Young made no further assaults upon Kalloch and calmly awaited his trial for the attempt upon the Mayor's life. But Kalloch's son, hearing that the Chronicle had been making investigations into the reasons why his father had been unfrocked in Boston, and fearful that further charges against him would be published by that journal, entered the business office of the paper and shot down Charles de Young without warning. I was in the Chronicle building, at work on an upper floor, at the moment of the tragedy and heard the shots that slew my employer, one of the most amiable of men, a born journalist of the type that is not to be awed by threats, however menacing, or to be bought by any man's money, and I saw his body borne out to the morgue wagon through the immense and highly excited crowd that had gathered in Bush and Kearny streets.

As a Mayor, Isaac S. Kalloch did not shine. There was trouble from the moment he took office. He was a demagogue of the most virulent order and was continually haranguing mobs and using the most incendiary language. The merchants and all the better class of citizens were opposed to him, and the Board of Supervisors tried to impeach him for threatening certain men opposed to him with mob violence. Five judges of the city heard the charges against him, which were the use of incendiary language, corrupt procurement of places in city offices and accepting free passes on railroads. Because of the endorsement of the Mayor by the sand lotters, the judges became fearful of their political tenure and four of the five concurred in the dismissal of the charges on the ground that the language of the statute was to be confined to the neglect of official duties. Judge Latimer, in dissenting, said he held that the provision of the constitution relating to the acceptance of free passes by public officials was in itself sufficient cause for the removal of the Mayor, as the law automatically worked forfeiture of office in such a case.

After the assassination of his brother M. H. de Young took entire charge of the Chronicle, which became so prosperous that the proprietor decided to build a larger and better office building. He therefore erected in 1890 an enormous structure on the northeast corner of Kearny and Market streets. This was the first steel skyscraper in San Francisco and it attracted much attention. It advertised the growth and importance of the paper, which still dominated the Coast field and was making large gains in circulation and advertising, though by this time W. R. Hearst, with his newly purchased Examiner, was expending huge sums of money to gain a foothold in journalism.

In 1891 the *Alta California* ceased publication. The newspaper men of San Francisco were sorry to see it pass away, as it had been so long in the field—a pioneer paper, the lineal descendant of the *Star* and *Californian*, which began publication before the gold rush of 1849. Walter Turnbull, its last editor, was a dignified and liberal man who endeavored to make the *Alta* a true competitor of the other newspapers; but he made one mistake—he would not permit illustrations in his journal, and this, together with Turnbull's maintenance of other ideas that belonged to a former age, militated against the prosperity of the paper. The writer of these annals has in his heart a warm corner for the old *Alta*, as it was the first paper in San Francisco on which he was employed and because there was an atmosphere about it, albeit of *mañana*, that was delightful. Will Harte and some of the other better-known journalists of San Francisco, were graduates from the *Alta* school, and there was this observable about them that they were all sticklers for accuracy of report and were little given to scandal, qualities that were foremost among those for which the paper was famous on the Coast. It was the *Alta* which Robert Louis Stevenson had in mind when he referred to the "one sane newspaper in San Francisco." But an individual or a newspaper may be sane and yet dull, and I am afraid that the general public, so well fed up on the livelier literature provided by other papers, were ready to desert the *Alta* long before it ceased publication, leaving only a few old-school readers to enjoy its sanity.

In another chapter we shall again take up San Francisco journalism, leaving it now for the consideration of a great figure in American literature—perhaps the greatest—that emerged from it to entertain and to delight the whole world.

XXIX

MARK TWAIN AND HIS FRIENDS

HOW SAMUEL L. CLEMENS BEGAN HIS LITERARY CAREER—HIS SAGE-BRUSH DAYS—"THE JUMPING FROG"—A LECTURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS AND HOW BRET HARTE AND OTHER SAN FRANCISCO LITTERATEURS "ASSISTED"—ENTERPRISE OF THE ALTA FOR WHICH MARK WROTE "INNOCENTS ABROAD"—HIS LUCKY MARRIAGE.

George E. Barnes, one of the founders of the Morning Call and managing editor of that paper in the '70s, was full of stories about Mark Twain and told me some of them while I was city editor of the same journal at a later day. Mark made his advent into San Francisco journalism very suddenly, for he had had to leave Virginia City "between two days," as the western saying is, on account of his participation in a near-duel.

How Mark Twain began his newspaper career was told to me by Joseph T. Goodman, who was at the time managing editor of the Virginia City Enterprise and was later a well-known Californian litterateur. There had come from time to time to the desk of the Enterprise editor from Aurora, Nevada, items of news signed "S. L. Clemens." There was generally a smile or two in these paragraphs and sometimes a laugh. As nothing went so well with the miners as humor, Goodman wrote to this obscure nobody of a newswriter, offering him a small salary to come over to Virginia City and work on his paper as a reporter. Clemens came. Goodman said that at the first sight of this lanky, awkward young man he repented of his bargain. Clemens was the picture of indolence and when he spoke he expressed himself in an intolerable drawl that made the busy editor wonder whether he were ever going to finish his sentence; but nevertheless he set him to work.

Some young fellows are born newspaper men. Clemens was not. When sent out to write up a big murder story he turned in a ten-line account of the tragic affair and then calmly sat down in a corner, put his feet up on a desk, closed his eyes and began to evolve a funny sketch. Now while the editor valued humor in its own place and proportion, this kind of thing exasperated him. But by and by Clemens came to have

things pretty much his own way in the office, for his quaint little sketches found favor among the readers of the paper.

So off to Carson the funny man was sent to report what promised to be a lively session of the Legislature. Clemens made such rare sport of the lawmakers that it was a rare morning when one or more of them did not rise to a question of privilege and denounce the *Enterprise* and its correspondent in unmeasured terms. This was good advertising for the *Enterprise* and swelled its receipts; also it was dangerous. To a weekly letter bristling with personalities and summing up the shortcomings of the legislators for the previous six days, the audacious lampooner signed the name of "Mark Twain" for the first time. But the pseudonym did not conceal his identity, for the victims of his pointed pen recognized his language at a glance and they kept on clamoring against the "mendacious correspondent of the *Enterprise*."

Clemens prodded everybody with that pen of his. One Laird, whilom editor of the *Virginia City Union* he jabbed so fiercely that the incensed victim challenged him to a duel. Although he could not have hit the broad side of a barn, Clemens chose pistols. While he was practicing at a target, which he missed every time, a friend of Laird's happened along near the sandy hollow where the amateur duelist and his second were standing. At that moment a shot rang out and a bird fell to the feet of Laird's friend, 200 feet away. Clemens' second had shot the bird, but the intruder, not observing this, went back to Laird, told him what he had seen and attributed the wonderful shot to Clemens. Forthwith an apology was sent to the editor's antagonist, but the fame of that shot and incidentally the talk of the proposed duel reached the ears of the police, so that, under a new law making it a grave offense to send or to accept a challenge to fight a duel, warrants were issued for both principals in the affair. They left town very suddenly, Clemens taking the trail over the Sierras into California and going to San Francisco, where he was practically unknown.

Editor Barnes of the *Call* told me how the slim, awkward, hawk-eyed, unkempt Twain appeared one day in his office and asked to be given a trial as a reporter, his first attempt at metropolitan newspaper work. The refugee from Nevada justice told a hard-luck story about being out of money and out of work in a strange city. Barnes lent him five dollars, gave him some assignments and after a brief season during which he manifested real ability as a writer he was tried out as assistant city editor. The work was too arduous for the funny man, the routine of the local room being too irksome for his restless spirit. He heard that they were making fortunes from pocket mining in Calaveras County, so he suddenly left the *Call* office and went up there to try his luck. He pros-

pected for gold for about three months, but found none, so, penniless and discouraged, he returned to San Francisco, where he wrote for the *Chronicle* and the *Golden Era* little sketches, one of them being his famous "Jumping Frog of Calaveras."

But always he remembered his old Nevada friend, "Joe" Goodman of the *Enterprise*, and sometimes he sent him little skits on the people and things he saw during his wanderings. He met Goodman occasionally in after years in California and elsewhere, and for forty years personal letters were exchanged by them. It was to this same Goodman that the great humorist wrote not long before his death, "I want to see you before we get too old to swear at each other."

"The Jumping Frog" was widely copied in newspapers all over the country and it created a demand for more of Twain's sketches. So he bundled a lot of them into a little volume, bearing the title, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," sent out by a San Francisco publisher, and this was Mark Twain's first book. He was hailed in Bohemian circles as a man that could write funny things in a highly original way, and the whole town laughed over his stories. It mattered not that Sam Seabough, who edited a San Joaquin county paper and was afterward an editorial writer for the *Chronicle*, declared that Mark Twain had stolen the "Jumping Frog" from him. Mark's was a funnier frog, and his readers didn't care whether he had stolen it or not.

Mark fell in with Bret Harte and Charles Warren Stoddard as well as with other young men who were writing for the *Golden Era* and for the newspapers. Many a night they made of it at old-time Bohemian cafes. The prices paid to writers in those days were small, and Mark made but little money, but of friends he made many, and these afterward meant gold to him.

The *Sacramento Union* engaged the humorist to go down to Honolulu to write some descriptive matter about the sugar plantations. From that tropic town he sent the *Union* an account of the burning of the *Hornet*, a clipper ship of the old Cape Horn line, which piece of news, gleaned from the survivors of the lost vessel, turned out to be a big scoop. This occasion was really the only one on which Mark Twain distinguished himself as a newsgatherer, and some of the old-timers are still wondering how he did it.

He liked the South Seas so well that he remained six months down there. Then he returned to San Francisco and prepared a lecture giving a most extravagant account of what he had seen among the islands. When Bret Harte and some of his other friends were apprised of his platform intentions, they agreed to go in a body to the old Mechanics' Hall, where Twain was to deliver himself, and form a claue that would

insure the success of the affair. Mark wrote his own handbills which set the town agog with anticipation. One particularly inviting phrase, printed at the bottom of the announcement was that "The Trouble Will Begin at 8 p. m."

The hall was crowded and the claque was uproarious when Clemens appeared upon the platform. The lecture, which was the speaker's first, was delivered with manifest effort, in a slow, deliberate, drawling manner, and the lecturer paid no heed whatever to the inconsiderate demands of "Faster, faster!" and reminders like "We can't stay here all night!" together with other urgent calls. Harte tried to steer the claquers, but they wildly insisted on applauding and laughing in the wrong places, which may or may not have been intended as a joke at Twain's expense. But at last the audience, which began to "catch on" to the unique style of the man and to appreciate his quaintly whimsical utterances, overwhelmed the claque and had things its own way. Barnes, who attended the lecture, said of it: "His slow drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences and above all the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages were unlike anything of the kind they ever had known. The lecture was a great success."

In the spring of 1867 Twain read a circular describing a proposed excursion voyage from New York to Genoa and other Mediterranean ports. The promoters announced that "the very beautiful and substantial sidewheel steamer Quaker City had been chartered for the occasion," and they set forth the delights of the trip in such alluring language that it fired the imagination of the young newspaper man. But the fare for the round trip was \$1,250, and he had no money. So he did something unheard-of up to that time in San Francisco newspaper offices. He went to Noah Brooks, editor of the *Alta California*, showed him the circular and said:

"If you will pay my expenses, Mr. Brooks, I will make this voyage and send you letters from the various ports along the way."

Brooks shook his head.

"Oh, we can't afford to do that, Mr. Clemens!" he replied. "Of course we should like the letters, but they would be too expensive a luxury."

So Twain went to the proprietors of the paper and they also shook their heads.

"Think of it!" exclaimed one of them. "Why, there's the fare across the continent, the hotel bills, the passage money on the steamer, and all. It's impossible."

"But, gentlemen," persisted Twain, "the plan is very simple. All you've got to do is to stay at home and pay the expenses. I do all the traveling."

This point was admitted by the proprietors, but they remained unconvinced as to the expediency of the project. At last John McComb, an editorial writer, got into the argument. He was a friend and admirer of Clemens, and he said the proposed trip would be a great enterprise for the paper. McComb made such a strong plea on behalf of the young writer, and so, with many misgivings as to the outcome—misgivings fully justified by the known erratic nature of the humorist—the *Alta* folk submitted and Clemens started on his long journey, sailing from New York on June 8th of that year.

It was a long time before he was heard from, but just as the *Alta* people were on the point of giving him up, they received a letter from Twain en route and mailed at the Azores. Then from Tangiers, from Marseilles, from Genoa, from Venice, from Florence, the letters came flooding in. Altogether there were over one hundred thousand words of the story of the humorist's travels. They were great fun in the *Alta* office. Editor Brooks laughed himself hoarse when he read of the Italian guide's discomforture over Twain's lack of knowledge of what "the great Cristoforo Colombo" had done for the world, and he laughed again when he came to the description of his emotions while standing by "the tomb of Adam."

"I read them all through," said Brooks, speaking of the letters, "and enjoyed them hugely. There was a big pigeonhole full of them, and I used to take out a letter each week and prepare it for publication in the Sunday edition. They made a great hit with our readers."

The proprietors of the *Alta* were never weary of talking about the "tremendous outlay" represented by these letters, the first pretentious literary effort of Mark Twain, and yet they cost them only about two cents a word. They thought to make a good profit out of the book publication of the correspondence, by publishing it in a cheap paper-covered edition, but before this could be done they learned that Twain had arranged with a New York publisher to bring out the letters in a volume to be called "Innocents Abroad." Enraged, they sent such a fierce telegraphic protest to the author, who was then in New York, that he hurried back to San Francisco to plead his rights in the matter. The *Alta* men declared that under the terms of the original agreement they had purchased the manuscript outright, and that no one could publish it without their permission, which they would certainly withhold.

On consulting an attorney Clemens found that as nothing had been said about book publication when the agreement was made and that, as the letters were not copyrighted, he was at perfect liberty to publish them.

So the Alta folk were reluctantly persuaded to let the author have his book, and it was soon afterward published. Nearly one hundred thousand copies of "Innocents Abroad" were sold by the end of its first year, and hundreds of thousands in the years immediately following. Of these many were bought and read on the Coast, the old miners who had delighted in the "Jumping Frog" all wanted copies of the new book, and they helped its sale wonderfully. So that this first distinctive literary performance of Mark Twain was a splendid success.

Bret Harte in the meantime had begun his editorship of the Overland Monthly and had engaged Mark Twain to write for him. Harte counted upon the humorist's contributions as a great card for his magazine, but when the first article came—a little sketch called, "By Rail Through France"—it seemed to the editor exceedingly flat. So disappointed was he that he would have tossed it into the waste basket but for the gentle protest of his associate, who reminded him that anything written by Mark Twain would have plenty of readers.

"Perhaps," assented Harte, "but this thing hasn't a gleam of humor in it; and what people look for in Clemens' writings is humor."

"Well, why not print it as serious literature, then?" suggested the assistant.

So as serious literature it was printed. But Harte was right—the public did not care for the article nor for any of the next three or four that followed. All were sedate and dignified in tone, and to Overland readers Mark Twain in such a vein was not Mark Twain at all.

Then Harte received from the humorist a quaintly written sketch entitled "A Mediæval Romance," which he liked immensely, declaring that it suggested elements of greatness. That he was altogether right in his appraisal was afterward shown by the success of "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," a book that had its genesis in the Overland article, and was, in fact, founded upon it.

Arthur McEwen, a very well-known newspaper writer in San Francisco during the 'eighties and 'nineties, who had known Mark Twain quite intimately, said of him that not many people liked him, as he was not considered a liberal man, and when he would join in revels he did not pay his share of the bill; but McEwen adds that his salary was not large while he worked for the Coast press, and that he sent a goodly part of it back to his people in Missouri, where it was needed. The same writer said: "Clemens was sloth-like in movement, had an intolerable drawl, and punished those who offended him by long-drawn sneering speech." And he also refers to the fact that it was at the Comstock mines of Nevada that Twain got his point of view, though he was by no means carried away by the rough-and-tumble, devil-may-care life of the place—the point of

view—"that shrewd, graceless, good-humored, cynical way of looking at things as they in fact are, unbullied by authority and indifferent to traditions—that has made the world laugh."

This I believe to be the truth, and yet Mark Twain did not put forth a single finished literary product while living in the sagebrush country. Nearly all his contemporaries in Nevada, including Joseph T. Goodman, Arthur McEwen, Dan De Quille and Sam Davis, did better literary work and more interesting work than he did at the time of his residence there. He had gotten his point of view, which was almost identical with theirs, but he had to go to San Francisco to develop his literary skill, just as so many other famous literary men and women have done. It can be said without fear of dispute that San Francisco, in proportion to its population, has sent forth more writers of international name and distinction than any other urban district in the country, and far more than many others of twice or thrice the census totals. Just to note a few of these, whose work is read everywhere, we have Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Edwin Markham, Joaquin Miller, Jack London, John Muir, Gertrude Atherton, Ina Coolbrith, Will and Wallace Irwin, Frank Norris, Ambrose Bierce, George Sterling, Herbert Bashford, Peter B. Kyne, Charles Warren Stoddard, David Starr Jordan, Clarence Urmey, Herman Whitaker, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and Gelett Burgess. These are names taken from memory, and there is a host of others many of whom are equally famous to several of those just enumerated.

There is a something in San Francisco and the bay region which makes largely for literature. Stevenson recognized it and so did Kipling. San Francisco is the home of the Muse and as it grows in knowledge and tradition there is no reason why it will ever be otherwise. Literature is in the air of the bay country, and so are music and art. Publishers may tempt our literary artists away from their habitat and the source of their inspiration, but none of them has done better work in Manhattan or any other city of many people and many presses than he has done within sight of San Francisco Bay.

And it was to San Francisco more than to any other place in which he lived that Mark Twain owed his wonderful success. In the essentially romantic and literary atmosphere of San Francisco that unique city, surrounded by persons of literary taste, who encouraged him to higher and higher effort, he made his real literary beginning. To be sure, genius was innate in Mark Twain and genius is hard to stifle. But suppose he had remained in Virginia City and his hopes of a larger literary life, if he had any, during his stay there, had faded with the fortunes of the town, his name by this time probably would be as inconsequent and as negligible

as those of the old abandoned mines about which the sagebrush flutters and the gray coyotes prowl.

Mark Twain won and lost and won again several fortunes during the course of his long literary career. Before he married Miss Langdon in 1870 he had been given to understand that the father of his betrothed, who was very wealthy, would do nothing for him and his bride in the way of dowry. This was because Mark was not approved by Langdon as a son-in-law. On returning from the wedding journey the newlyweds were met at the station by friends and driven in a handsome carriage, with coachman and livery, to a fine, large house, beautifully furnished and delightfully situated. There they were met by the parents of the bride, who informed them that this was to be their future home. Mark was overcome with emotion. Tears came to his eyes, and all he could say was, "Well, this is a first-class swindle!"

XXX

HEARST AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

HE BUYS THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, HIS FIRST NEWSPAPER—
BECOMES TREMENDOUSLY SUCCESSFUL AS A JAZZ JOURNALIST—IMI-
TATED BY OTHER BAY CITY EDITORS—GOES TO NEW YORK AND
ESTABLISHES PAPERS THERE AND IN OTHER CITIES—GROWTH OF THE
JOURNALS OF THE BAY REGION—DEATH OF THE ALTA.

The development of journalism in San Francisco and the bay region was greatly affected and its course was considerably influenced by the advent into that important field of William Randolph Hearst, who became the proprietor of the Examiner in 1887. Previous to its purchase by Hearst the Examiner was one of the minor newspapers of the city and had but a small circulation and a small voice. It had been a sort of campaign sheet, never thriving save when some office-seeker was willing to help it along by his patronage. It had promoted the political aspirations of George Hearst, the father of William Randolph, who had become a United States Senator, and it was ready to assist other millionaires in their efforts to become high public servants.

W. R. Hearst was born in San Francisco in 1863, and was only twenty-four years old when he bought the Examiner, the first of the now numerous Hearst publications. Having abundant resources at his command, he employed a large number of bright newspaper men and himself directed them in the presentation of news after the manner of the New York World and the vivacious French journals. Hearst proceeded to do what is now known as "news stunts" of a very conspicuous character and his paper grew rapidly in size and circulation. There were those decorous and sedate journalists in California who held that the Examiner, reflecting the whimsies of its rich young proprietor, bore about the same relation to serious journalism that the "act" of a high-kicking vaudeville girl bears to a performance by Mrs. Fiske or Margaret Anglin.

In the course of time I came to be employed on the Examiner as city editor and afterward in higher capacities. Hearst would work for months with his staff, his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, and then would be off to Mexico or to Europe, but always he would keep in close touch with the publication office by telegraph, cable or telephone. He would carry on

telegraphic conversations with his editors from New York or Florida or wherever he happened to be. He was in those days the keenest and severest of critics, and though liberal enough in the matter of salaries, he was exceedingly captious and exacting. Everybody in the San Francisco office was afraid of him. He would spread a copy of his morning paper



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

down upon the floor and sit with his elbows on his knees, with an air of grotesque gravity, while he criticized the sheet in terms that would have made a contemporary journalist of the old school laugh. And, indeed, so droll and piquant were his comments that some of his old editors would be moved to tears of joy could they hear them now, but at the time they seemed to them anything but mirth-provoking, for they were invariably mixed with the most cutting sarcasm as to the work of the staff. Perhaps he would want to know who wrote "that fool head" or why the pictures

were "so rotten." Or perhaps he would blurt out with an air of great impatience:

"This paper looks like Market Street on a windy day. Can't I get any idea of make-up into the skulls of you fellows? Please remember what I've been telling you. I haven't resigned from the Examiner."

He sent up balloons to advertise his paper and once, to give the affair a romantic touch, had a young couple "married" in one of them by a "fake" minister, after which they went sailing high over the city on a "honeymoon" trip. He had a girl reporter fall off a ferryboat into the bay in a so-called test of the life-saving service of the ferry managers. He did not a few really meritorious, though always spectacular acts. One of these was to rescue a couple of fishermen from a rock in the Golden Gate, where their lives were in great danger from the rising tide. Another was the sending of a special train loaded with fire-extinguishing apparatus when the town of Santa Cruz was burning. Every act of public service, and there were many of them, was vaunted in the pages of the Examiner as an example of "the journalism that acts." There was nothing Hearst would not undertake. Some of the more dignified journalists in his employ soon became weary of being ordered about on impossible assignments by an employer whom they regarded as a mere boy, but the younger element of the staff did not mind these vagaries and took them as all in the day's work. In fact, after the other newspapers had dubbed the Examiner a "yellow journal," a term that has stuck to the Hearst publications through all the years, they professed to be proud of the appellation. Hearst himself said that to be a yellow journalist was to be highly distinguished, for the national flower, the golden rod, was yellow.

Before he began to realize that he could not afford to ridicule religious people Hearst's paper bristled with sly satires of this or that prominent church member or preacher. Once he permitted one of his writers to refer to an argumentative member of the local priesthood as "an ass in orders." No other newspaper on the coast would have risked the publication of such contumely with respect to a Roman Catholic prelate, but Hearst risked it and survived the consequences. It was considered a pretty good dig at the church folk when the tenor singer of a leading house of worship levanted with some of his employer's cash that the report of the man's misdoing should be headed in large type, "Sang Loudly in the Choir." Such a headline on such an article would not be tolerated in any paper in San Francisco today, but it was a fair example of Examiner smartness in those times.

In 1890 the Examiner planned and executed a bit of pleasantry at the expense of nearly all the churches of San Francisco. A reporter dressed like a tramp was sent around to the churches during Sunday services to

see how he would be treated by the ushers and other folk of the houses of worship. He was so well made up for the part and his actions were so offensive that he would not have been admitted to any meeting place of ladies and gentlemen anywhere. So, of course, he was not in any case conducted to a front pew, and in not a few places he was given the cold shoulder. Because of his treatment he managed to make out a very pretty story of how the meek and lowly were frowned down upon or rejected by the San Francisco church folk who affected to be followers of Christ.

These and other articles caused much indignation among church members, and the Examiner proprietor learned his lesson. In after years he was very careful how he trod on churchly toes. He caused two whole editions of one of his papers to be destroyed because they contained articles that would have given umbrage to religious people, and he gave warning of the instant dismissal of writer or copyreader in the case of a repetition of the offence. In many other ways he grew more careful of public opinion, but in the publication of risque pictures and writings of morbid sex interest he never made much pretense of toning down a drawing or an article. But as other papers found this sort of thing popular and profitable he came, in a way, to gain an excuse for it. In fact, as the years went by the Hearst model of a "jazz" newspaper was widely copied in many American cities, though for a time even gay and frivolous New York threatened to place the ban upon the papers he established there in the 'nineties.

The Morning Call, which had been an influential journal in San Francisco for years, had lost prestige because of the brisk competition of the Chronicle and the Examiner, and it was purchased in the 'eighties by John D. Spreckels, son of Claus Spreckels, the millionaire sugar manufacturer. No great amount of interest was taken in the Call by its new proprietor, but as it was liberally supplied with funds it made a good showing and its rivalry was felt by the other papers. After a checkered career, the old Alta was purchased by James G. Fair, but he failed to make of it a popular newspaper and in 1891 it ceased publication.

After the death of Loring Pickering, one of its proprietors, the Bulletin passed into the hands of R. A. Crothers and Loring Pickering, Jr. It was ably edited for years by Fremont Older, who, though rather radical and erratic, made a very popular paper of it. In 1918, after W. R. Hearst secured control of the Call, he made Older editor of that paper, which had been changed from a morning to an afternoon journal. Other evening papers in San Francisco in the past few decades were the Post and the Report, both of which struggled hard for existence and finally perished. The Evening News is a small paper subscribed to quite largely by labor unionists whom it has supported at times, though not in a conspicuous way of late

years. The News was the only paper in San Francisco that was being published during the first day of the great earthquake and fire. It appeared as a small sheet on that day and gave meager accounts of the disaster which had overtaken the city.

The San Francisco Journal of Commerce had existed for years as a market report and trade paper, but in 1919 it was purchased by Andrew M. Lawrence, who has made of it an excellent newspaper, reporting all current events. The Journal, as it is now called, has been a strong exponent of the open shop, and for this reason has aroused the antagonism of the laboring element of the city, but nevertheless it has prospered. Lawrence is also the proprietor of the Chicago Journal of Commerce. He was formerly managing editor of the San Francisco Examiner and later of the Chicago Examiner. The San Francisco Journal is very conservative in tone, not catering to those who prefer sensationalism in their newspapers. It is modeled after the New York Times in certain respects and is read by staid merchants and other quiet citizens.

The San Francisco Herald, a small but lively newspaper, was established in the latter part of 1923 by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Among the newspaper men in what may be called the formative period of present-day San Francisco journalism were Thomas J. Vivian, John Bonner, Edward F. Cahill, Samuel S. Chamberlain, Edward H. Hamilton, Samuel E. Moffett, Wells Drury, Charles Dryden, Horace R. Hudson, John P. Young, Earle Ashley Walcott, Thomas J. Flynn, Fremont Older, Charles Michelson, Drury Wells, Al Murphy, Franklin K. Lane, Hugh Hume, John O'Hara Cosgrave, Arthur L. Clarke, Thomas Nunan, John Lathrop, Samuel Ewing, Charles S. Aiken and James Tufts. These men were all working journalists, editors and writers. Some of them have passed from earth. Others are still in harness in San Francisco newspaper offices and others have graduated into other fields of usefulness.

Among the newspaper women were: Eleanor Gates, Helen Dare, Winifred Black, Marie Lister, Alice Rix, Pauline Jacobson, and Miriam Michelson. Eleanor Gates became famous as the author of the popular play "The Poor Little Rich Girl" as well as other plays and stories. Miriam Michelson, whose newspaper work was confined to an occasional special article, made a name for herself as a novelist, her "In the Bishop's Carriage" being among the best sellers of 1904. She is the sister of Charles Michelson, newspaper editor and correspondent. Alice Rix and Winifred Black were probably the highest paid of these lady journalists, and their articles were read all over the coast.

Thomas Vivian went to New York in the 'nineties and became one of the editors of the Journal, as did also Samuel Chamberlain. Samuel Moffett, who was for years an editorial writer on the Examiner, was a man

well grounded in political economy and world history. He was a satirist whose forceful pen became recognized in New York, where he was invited to become one of Collier's staff. It was while conducting a department in Collier's that he was taken suddenly ill and died, greatly mourned by many friends, among them some of the highest minds in the country.

Edward H. Hamilton is recognized as one of the most discerning of political writers. He has worked for the Hearst papers in San Francisco and New York for over thirty years, and is now featured by the Examiner as its political scribe. Hamilton has a large following, and there are many politicians and others in California who would not dream of missing any of his daily article reports of legislative proceedings or his gossip about men and events about the bay. Wells Drury has of late years been the secretary of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce. Earle Walcott acts in a similar capacity for the Commonwealth Club and holds important offices of other kinds. He has been president of the San Francisco Civil Service Commission since 1912.

John P. Young, now deceased, was born in 1849 and for a long period of years was editor and editorial writer of the Chronicle, was a most industrious journalist as well as an historian and writer on economic subjects. He was a careful and at the same time enterprising editor and helped materially to build the Chronicle under the proprietorship of Charles and M. H. de Young. Arthur L. Clarke is now editor of the paper and Carl Anderson is associate editor. Franklin K. Lane and Fremont Older have received extended mention elsewhere in this history. John O'H. Cosgrave, who was a reporter for the Chronicle in the latter 'eighties, became editor of the San Francisco Wave, and after it ceased publication he went to New York and became editor of Everybody's Magazine. It was he who secured for that publication, after much persuasion, Thomas W. Lawson's famous series of articles, "Frenzied Finance," so widely read during 1904 and 1905. He is at the present writing the editor of the New York World Sunday Magazine.

So many San Francisco newspaper men went to New York in the 'nineties and later that at one time Manhattan seemed to be full of them. Hearst was accused of importing San Francisco journalists by the carload. Others went on their own initiative, and for a time San Francisco was nearly deserted by "the talent." The San Franciscans cut a wide swath in New York. At one time five of the leading magazines there were edited by men from the bay city. So that not only Hearst, but other publishers, recognized the value of their services. The World, the Times, the Sun, as well as the Journal and American, were glad to employ them. They introduced the breezy atmosphere of California into the "effete East," and shook up the dry bones of journalism. The story is told of a reporter of

Manhattan who, after embracing the flagon a little too ardently, was found leaning against a lamppost in Newspaper Square and calling out rather thickly: "Hooray f'r myself! Only s'scessful newspaper man in N' York that didn't come f'rm California!"

Many journalists who went from San Francisco to New York returned to their old home town in the course of time. They missed a flavor of life that was to be found only in the bay city, and as a rule compensation was as high there as in the news offices of the eastern metropolis. Nearly all those who still remain in New York confess to a yearning to return to "God's country," as they call California.

If you listen to a San Francisco journalist you will gain the belief that his city covers the whole coast so far as circulation and advertising patronage are concerned, and that there is little worth considering in the way of newspapers about the bay except those that come from Market Street. However, there are excellent daily journals in Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and San Jose. In the latter city the Hayes brothers conduct the enterprising and successful Mercury-Herald. One of these men, Everis A. Hayes, has become quite prominent in Californian politics. He was a member of Congress from 1905 to 1919, and was president of the Good Government League of Santa Clara. Despite the competition of the San Francisco papers, the Mercury-Herald is a very profitable and as well as influential journal. The same may be said of the Oakland Tribune, of which Joseph Russell Knowland is president and publisher. Mr. Knowland, who was born in Alameda in 1873, is a popular citizen and has been prominent in Alameda County politics for years. He was elected a member of Congress in 1904 to fill the unexpired term of Victor Metcalf, who resigned to become Secretary of Commerce at Washington. He was reelected to Congress after the expiration of his term and served from 1905 to 1915 in the fifty-ninth to the sixty-third Congresses. The Tribune has been quite successful under Mr. Knowland's direction. It is a large paper, full of news and bright editorials, together with fine special articles. It is not as sensational as some of the San Francisco newspapers, but for years has enjoyed a wide and constantly increasing circulation.

In July, 1886, Frank A. Leach purchased a little advertising sheet called the Oakland Enquirer from Frank J. Moffitt, interested A. B. Nye, an able San Francisco journalist, in the concern, and began to publish a lively evening newspaper. In 1898 Mr. Leach withdrew from the Enquirer to become Superintendent of the San Francisco Mint, and the paper was continued under the management of Mr. Nye.

There have been several experiments in starting new papers about the bay, but it generally has been found that the field was too well covered by the existing sheets to admit of further competition. It has been thought

that San Francisco could support a dozen newspapers, and doubtless this is true, but the half-dozen now conducted there seem to be all that the people are willing to support.

Having worked in various editorial capacities on all the newspapers of San Francisco except two minor ones, I may say that while I never have been fully satisfied with the tone or the policies of any of them, I think I can say without prejudice that the Chronicle, which for the greater part has been the most sane and conservative, probably has exerted the most powerful influence upon the public mind. The old-time journalist is bound to resent the growing tendency toward the rule of commercialism over the press in San Francisco, as in many other cities. Of course, it may be answered that this is a commercial age and that there is little room for the idealist in any line of endeavor. This may be true, but one might wish that the business office of the newspaper had less influence in the formation of its policies, less supervision over its opinions and less to say about what should or should not be published in the way of news and editorial matter.

XXXI

MEN OF THE LAW

JUSTICE AS ADMINISTERED IN THE EARLY DAYS—A JUDICIAL FIREBRAND
—COL. E. D. BAKER, ORATOR, LAWYER AND HERO OF THE CIVIL
WAR—BRODERICK, DELMAS, McALLISTER AND OTHERS—INTERESTING
PHASES OF THE LIVES OF FRANKLIN K. LANE, JOURNALIST, LAWYER
AND STATESMAN, AND OF GAVIN McNAB, REFORMER.

Beginning in 1850 and passing through the decades to 1860, 1870 and 1880, the bay region was the home of many notable members of the legal and judicial fraternity, and from the days when leading attorneys fought for or against the claims of Dr. Peter Smith, whose judgments and executions threatened at one time to wipe out the city's title to all its property, famous causes have been pleaded and decided with more or less regard to justice or equity. In the middle 'fifties, however, there was so little of these divine qualities manifested in the administration of affairs in San Francisco that the people took the law into their own hands and established the famous Vigilance Committee, which tried and hanged murderers and deported disreputable characters.

David S. Terry, chief justice of the Supreme Court of California, who found himself at loggerheads with the vigilantes and barely escaped their punitive hands, was one of the most prominent of attorneys and jurists of the early days of San Francisco. It was Terry who fought the famous duel with D. C. Broderick, reviewed in another place in this history, and it was Terry who fell before the pistol fire of a United States marshal who guarded Justice Field of the Supreme Court of the United States against the insults and attacks of the southern firebrand.

But it was only in the 'fifties that there arose such irrepressibles as Terry, and it was only from him that justices of the United States Supreme Court had to be protected by armed guards. For the most part the bar of San Francisco has been dignified and orderly enough, and its reputation throughout the nation has stood high, though occasionally one hears a story that illustrates the eccentricities and irregularities of some of its members, as for example those of Abraham Ruef, who undertook to run the whole municipality and landed in San Quentin after having been disbarred and wholly repudiated by his brother attorneys.

The scope of these annals does not admit of an extended biography of each distinguished member of the San Francisco bar, but a few names will be mentioned, among these that of Col. E. D. Baker, nationally known as an orator and soldier, who fell at Ball's Bluff in one of the first battles of the Civil war and was known as one of the heroes of the great Rebellion. Baker practiced law in San Francisco from 1852 to 1859.

John B. Felton and Hall McAllister were also among the pioneer attorneys. McAllister, whose statue stands in front of the City Hall, began his legal career here in 1849 and amassed a fortune from his fees and his speculations. He ranked high as an analyst of legal cases and his jury work was most impressive and convincing. He was employed by Adolph Spreckels to extricate him from the meshes of the law after he had shot down and nearly slain M. H. deYoung of the Chronicle.

Samuel M. Wilson and Joseph P. Hoge were lawyers of the 'fifties and later. Wilson had many millionaire clients and became very wealthy. His specialty was mining law. Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of California, was a well-known attorney of pioneer days, as were also John T. Doyle and Alexander Campbell. Campbell, who antagonized the vigilantes, and gained no popularity by that action, was a man well versed in English common law and the law of libel, so that he was often engaged by newspaper proprietors to get them out of trouble, which he generally did. It was because of his work for the newspapers that I came to know Campbell very well in the 'eighties. He was then an old man but a very astute lawyer. He was an man of fine physique and lived to be ninety-one.

Stephen J. Field, who was a brother of Cyrus Field, who laid the first Atlantic cable in 1858, was a brilliant local attorney and jurist and his work so attracted the attention of Lincoln that he appointed him to the position of Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court in 1863. Field distinguished himself at an earlier period by challenging B. F. Moore of Tuolumne to a duel, to which challenge Moore replied that as he was running for Congress he could not take part in such an illegal encounter. Field was never very popular in California, being charged with rendering decisions favorable to the Southern Pacific and other corporations whenever an opportunity was presented, though public sympathy was on his side when he was attacked by David S. Terry, who lost his life by the belligerent interference of Field's bodyguard.

Other attorneys of note were Henry E. Highton, who spent forty years of his life in San Francisco and became very favorably known as a legal specialist; James A. Waymire, who was appointed a Superior Judge by Governor Perkins in 1881; S. C. Hastings, California's first Chief Justice, who in time became attorney-general of the state; Rufus A. Lockwood, whose eccentric character is set forth in another chapter, though not the

story that he once went to work for Horace Hawes on a contract under which he was to be paid ten dollars a day daily for his services as a clerk; Reuben H. Lloyd, a most brilliant attorney who stood high in fraternal organizations, notably the Knights Templar, and made a goodly fortune in fees and salaries drawn from various estates; Milton S. Latham, who became governor of the state; James A. McDougall, Charles H. Williams, E. W. McInstry, Eugene Casserly, Garret W. McEnerney, D. M. Delmas, Gavin McNab and Franklin K. Lane.

The careers of any of these men would make interesting reading, particularly that of Delmas, who was admitted to the bar in 1866 and first practiced in San Jose, afterward going to San Francisco, where he was a luminous figure in the 'eighties and later. Then he went to practice law in New York, successfully defending Harry K. Thaw who slew Stanford White. But I shall select, as representative, the life stories of Gavin McNab and Franklin K. Lane, each of whom I have known very well, and who have made high names for themselves, locally and nationally.

In the early 'eighties McNab was cashier of the old Occident Hotel. He was a tall, slim young man with eyes that looked into the depths of things—a straightforward, truthful man, much interested in politics, which he entered, not for any office or emoluments, but for the pure love of the game and the good that he might do. He was and still is a Democrat; and from that humble beginning behind the hotel desk he advanced step by step until he is now the leading political power in the democracy of California. As a young man he studied political economy and wrote much on that subject for the *Alta California*, a sane and worthy newspaper. He set out to fight the political bosses of San Francisco, and more than any other man, he helped to eliminate them.

When the primary law came in, Boss Buckley and his associate, Sam Rainey, charged that McNab could manipulate elections but could not command the people, and they tried to raise a hue and cry against him, but the Democratic voters realized that all of McNab's work had been along the line of clean politics, and so they stood by him in the fight. His aim from first to last has been toward political purity. It was for this reason that at the request of Wilson in his last presidential campaign he was given charge of all the territory west of Colorado. His twelve pamphlets, among them his notable one on "A Western Man's View of Wilson and Hughes," and another on woman suffrage, were conceded to be telling campaign documents, and he was given much credit by eastern Democratic leaders for the results of the election on the Pacific Coast which placed Wilson again in the presidential chair.

To Gavin McNab has rightly been given the credit for the development of the system by which ten million dollars was raised for the Panama-

Pacific Exposition. During the fight between New Orleans and San Francisco as to which should be chosen as the place for the fair, it came to the question of which city could raise the most money to insure the success of the enterprise. San Francisco had done its level best, but that was far from enough. Governor Gillett would not call the Legislature together to tax the people of the state, stoutly asserting that he had no right to do so. McNab proposed to the directors of the fair that if they would give him a committee he would take it to Sacramento and try to make the governor see the matter in a different light. The directors assented and McNab and the committeemen went to Sacramento and called on the governor in his office at the capitol. McNab announced that they had come to request him to call a special session of the Legislature to submit to a vote of the people whether there should be an exposition tax.

The governor became very angry. He said it was an insult to him, after his first refusal, to ask him again to call the Legislature, which had been elected when the matter was not an issue, and to tax the people.

"Governor," replied McNab, "we meet your objection. We only ask that you call the Legislature together to submit to the people whether they shall tax themselves. Surely it is an insult to the people to assert that they are not capable of deciding this matter for themselves."

"But the expense of the session," objected the governor. "Who'll pay that?"

"I will—for the exposition," calmly replied McNab.

"But I shall not let the people of California be taxed in that way," insisted Gillett.

"I don't ask you to do that," said McNab. "But you can arrange to let the people tax themselves at the next election."

Finally the governor consented. The extra session was called and the people of the state taxed themselves five million dollars for the fair. At the same session San Francisco was enabled by an amendment to the constitution to raise five millions more.

Gavin McNab drew all of the acts and worked to have them passed. That is why those who know these things—and not everybody knows them—call him the Father of the Fair.

McNab has been sneered at by unthinking persons as a "corporation lawyer." He is a man of high fees and has a wealthy clientele, but just how far he permits his fees to color his views upon important questions of public policy I had an opportunity to observe during my newspaper campaign against the big landholders, one of the results of which was the legislative enactment by which the state of California buys land in large tracts and sells it in small ones on the amortization plan, in a way similar to the Australian colonization system. McNab threw himself into the land

fight with characteristic fervor, and gave me the slogan "Unite the people and divide the land!" At that time he was the attorney for some of the largest land corporations in California.

Franklin K. Lane, who might have been President of the United States but for the fact that he was born on Canadian soil, first saw the light in July, 1864, and passed away from earth on May 18, 1921. He was one of the keenest attorneys ever known in California, graduating into that field from newspaper work. In 1895 he went from San Francisco to Tacoma after over ten years' experience in the bay city, and became the managing editor of the *News*, a paper owned by Henry Villard. He retained the position only a few years, however, and then returned to California. He had been studying law and now he began the practice of it, making his way to the front in an incredibly short time. He became city attorney of San Francisco and afterward entertained gubernatorial ambitions, which, however, were not realized.

President Roosevelt made him a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and in that office he shone resplendently, soon becoming chairman of the board. He had studied the interstate commerce law closely and analytically, and was insistent upon its enforcement, which had been sadly neglected. Before Lane's advent the commissioners had seemed to have only a confused idea of their authority and their duties and had leaned toward the corporations rather than toward the people. Lane became the unrelenting foe of monopoly and soon brought a majority of the commission around to his point of view. There were those people and newspapers who charged that not only had Lane become chairman of the board, but that he was the board. His written opinions and rulings on freight rebates, terminal charges, through passenger fares and other matters were not only violent departures from the old laissez-faire order of commission transactions, but they were bomb-proof, and the railroad companies found there was no appeal from them.

When Wilson was first elected President it was learned by Lane that he was looking about for a strong Western man to take the Interior portfolio. So he wrote a most elaborate and illuminating letter to a democratic politician who stood high with Wilson, giving his ideas of what the qualifications of such a cabinet officer should be and urgently recommending James D. Phelan of San Francisco for the position. The letter was taken to Wilson, who read it carefully and in it recognized Lane's thorough familiarity with Western affairs, the need of development in certain quarters and how this development might be effected.

"Would you favorably consider the gentleman recommended?" asked the politician of the President.

"Oh, he is a good man—a very good man," remarked Wilson; "but

for Secretary of the Interior the man I want is the one that wrote that letter."

When a few months later I visited Lane in his new office at Washington and saw him seated at a big desk piled up with papers bearing red seals and wound up with pink tape, I asked him how he liked his new job.

"Oh, it's a good job and it is full of wonderful opportunities, but"—and he dropped his old smile and sighed.

"But what?" I asked.

"Well, you know I was terribly interested in that interstate commerce work, and I'm just a little sorry that I left it. To be sure this is a bigger thing and there's a couple of thousand more a year in it; but that was a life job and I loved it."

There is not a discerning man of affairs in this country who will deny the fact that Franklin K. Lane made good as Secretary of the Interior. Some of them are ready to say that he was the best officer who ever held the position. His annual reports, unlike the old cut-and-dried affairs, with their rubber stamp phrases, were pure literature, and the President, being a scholar, recognized the fact and admired it. Aside from that, the reports were big in vision, forceful in presentation and as practical as a deep study of every subject under consideration could make them. Through them all you will see the earmarks of the journalist. And here the annalist is reminded of something that he often has heard and has come thoroughly to believe—that if you want to put anything through with dispatch, despite all obstacles, get a good newspaper man to do it.

Lane had a very good opinion of his own ability, and was inclined to force his point of view upon his associates in whatever position he found himself. This was particularly true of him as a cabinet officer. When Wilson fell ill after his League of Nations campaign in 1919, Lane, together with other members of the cabinet, was charged with usurping the presidential prerogative in national affairs as well as foreign, and on becoming aware of the state of things Wilson was not slow to resent this usurpation. This caused a coolness between Wilson and Lane which extended throughout the rest of his term of office.

Before his death in 1921 Lane expressed a wish which showed his love for California. He requested that his ashes be scattered to the wind from the summit of El Capitan in the Yosemite. This request has not been complied with, but it would seem an appropriate disposition of the honored dust of a man who was proud to call himself a Californian and who did so much for the state of his adoption.

The courts of San Francisco have witnessed some strange proceedings. For a time the testimony of Chinese was held to be worthless and would not be accepted by certain judges. Afterward, when it was found that the

white man's oath did not bind the Mongolian, his own peculiar form was adopted for him. This consisted in the sacrifice of a chicken, over which rite the Celestial gave his sacred word that he would testify truly. But even in such cases it was found that he would often bear false testimony, his excuse being that a rite administered by an American court of justice did not bind him.

The courts of San Francisco and Oakland have given frequent evidence of the fact that their dignity was not to be trifled with, and persons found in contempt were often severely punished. Such scenes as the shooting of Francis J. Heney in the graft prosecution and the threatened assaults in the Sharon-Hill case have been few and far between.

There has been of late years a decided movement to overcome "the law's delays" in the bay region and it may be said that this agitation has been in a degree successful, though there is probably as much room for improvement in this respect as there is in many another American community.

The large and handsome new state building facing the Civic Center is the present home of the California State Supreme Court, which removed to this place in the spring of 1923, after having remained a long time in the Wells-Fargo building down town. It occupied a building on the same site as that of the new one over twenty-five years ago. In 1890 the State Supreme Court was composed of the following members: Chief Justice W. H. Beatty and Judges J. R. Sharpstein, C. N. Fox, J. D. Works, J. C. Thornton, Van R. Paterson and T. B. McFarland. At the present writing its personnel is as follows: Chief Justice Curtis D. Wilbur and Judges Emmet Seawall, William H. Waste, William P. Lawlor, Thomas J. Lennon, Frank J. Kerrigan and Louis W. Myers.

XXXII

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

WHAT IT HAD TO CONTEND WITH IN SAN FRANCISCO IN PIONEER TIMES
—LACK OF SANITATION IN OLD YERBA BUENA—DR. PETER SMITH
AND HOW HE CARED FOR THE INDIGENT SICK AT TREMENDOUS COST
TO THE CITY—A BRIEF HISTORY OF MEDICINE IN THE BAY CITY
BY DR. W. F. McNUTT, A POPULAR PRACTITIONER.

In all the settlements about the bay of San Francisco in the days of gold, when men were rushing in from every quarter of the earth to the new El Dorado, no attention whatever was paid to sanitation either by town authorities or by private citizens. Nobody troubled himself to remove any rubbish from the streets. The miserable apologies for houses in San Francisco in 1849 and for some years later were surrounded by filth, mud and stagnant water. Lodging houses were mere hovels where tenants slept in tiers of bunks or on the floor, all crowded in and upon each other in unspeakable proximity and promiscuity. Large fat rats infested all the dwellings and stores and there were swarms of fleas and other vermin. A horrible stench pervaded every quarter of the town.

A straggling attempt had been made to convert the cove of Yerba Buena into land for business structures. The filling in was done with whatever garbage or other rubbish that came to hand. Under many of the houses remained pools of stagnating water, into which refuse was thrown to save the trouble of removing it.

And yet San Francisco and the other bay towns were not so unhealthy as this condition of affairs would seem to indicate. The salubrious air sweeping in from the sea seemed to offset what would have been the natural effects of this utter lack of sanitation. To be sure, in none of these settlements was it a case of where one had to kill a man to start a graveyard, as has been said of some of the Arizona mining camps; but as for San Francisco, even when it was visited by cholera in 1852, the number of deaths was comparatively small. The city was due for affliction from all manner of plagues, and yet even the visitation of cholera did not cause as much illness as it would have done under like conditions of sanitation in many other places in America.

But while the air was healthful and the newcomers, eager for gold, did

not have time to give themselves up to the idea of possessing this or that human malady, there was nevertheless work for physicians and surgeons. There were people who had landed with scurvy and other diseases which their long voyages and hardships had produced. Doctors were paid high fees by those who could afford them, but for a time much of the medical work was performed without pay. Then the city woke up to the fact that it must care for its indigent sick. It employed Dr. Peter Smith, who contracted with the municipality to attend each poor patient for four dollars a day. This would seem to be a high sum, but the cost of medicines, food and other necessities was great in 1850 when the contract was made. Doctor Smith was paid by the city in scrip which bore a monthly interest of three per cent until redeemable in cash. Smith's accounts were regularly audited and in the course of time the amount of city indebtedness to him under the contract was sixty-four thousand dollars. In the winter of 1851 he sued the city for the amount due him, and on February 25th he recovered judgment for nineteen thousand two hundred dollars, or less than a third of his claim. The judgment was not satisfied, as the city was very short of funds, but Doctor Smith insisted upon his rights in the matter, and so on the 8th of July following the sheriff proceeded to sell city property to liquidate the claim. The city hospital, the city hall lot, wharves and other property went under the hammer, but as prospective purchasers had been told that their titles would be contested, they made few and small bids. Smith obtained another judgment, this time for forty-five thousand dollars, and to satisfy this more than two millions of dollars of city property, chiefly in lots, were sold. An attempt was made to stay the proceedings by the offer of some public-spirited citizens to make up a fund to repay Smith, but he refused to consider the tender, and the sale went on. The matter was contested, but the Supreme Court decided for Smith, and it was only on the last moment allowed by law for the redemption of the property that enough money was provided through the public spirit of Theodore Payne & Co., but this was again refused by Smith and those who had bought the property.

For many years large tracts of San Francisco real estate rested under the cloud of the Peter Smith titles, and it was not until 1871, when bonds which had been given by a funding commission in lieu of the scrip had been redeemed, that the matter was settled.

Doctors have not generally gone to such lengths to secure payment for their services, and though many of the medical profession were in sympathy with Doctor Smith in the pursuance of his claim, there were others who sided with the newspapers, which declared that the whole affair, so far as Smith was concerned, was a huge piece of jobbery.

This Smith affair was the outstanding feature of the medical history

of San Francisco up to the latter 'fifties. From that period we shall consider the annals of medicine in that city from the viewpoint of Dr. W. F. McNutt, one of the most efficient of California's practitioners. Doctor McNutt has written the following monograph especially for "The History of the San Francisco Bay Region:"

In the histories of cities, states or nations, the historian relates the story of its warriors, philosophers, scientists, statesmen, lawyers, clergymen, bankers, merchants, its schools and universities, with educational advantages, dilates on the part that each plays in building up and in the progress of the commonwealth. Seldom is the medical profession even mentioned, yet of all the professions the most unselfish, always ready to sacrifice their own interest to the interest of others, rich or poor, or to the health and hygiene of city, state or nation.

"The historian would seem to think that the medical profession—the health and hygiene of a community—plays but a small part in its prosperity. It is possible that the heretofore deficiency is in part owing to the fact of the many departments of our Government, no department of health and hygiene has been thought necessary.

"California, now one of the most important states in the Union, owes its first great influx of population to the craze for gold. Men sacrificed home, health, happiness and pleasure—God's most precious gift to man—for gold. It was only with the coming of the physician, the health of the individual, or the community, received a thought. It was to their influence that San Francisco has a board of health, a health officer, sewers, hospitals, public and private, emergency and contagious; homes for the old and unfortunate, who failed in the battle of life, medical colleges, medical libraries, laboratories, parks, etc.

"To the influence of the medical profession and to its salubrious climate are due the fact that San Francisco is the paradise that it is for health, happiness and pleasure.

"The first medical school west of the Rocky Mountains was established in San Francisco by Dr. Chas. Samuel Cooper in 1858. Unfortunately Doctor Cooper died in 1862 and the school soon closed. Dr. H. H. Toland founded the Toland Medical College in 1864. The students of the Cooper school resumed their studies in the college. In 1870 Dr. L. C. Lane and Dr. Henry Gibbons, Sr., who were prominent teachers in the Toland Medical School, resigned and reorganized the medical school of which Doctor Cooper was the founder, to be known as the medical department of the Pacific University. In 1895 the Pacific Medical School became the Cooper Medical College. In 1908 the Cooper Medical College became the medical department of Stanford University. On the relation of the University to medicine, Pres. David Starr Jordan said: 'There is no work of

the University more worthy or needed than medical instruction and medical research, the training of men who shall help their fellows in all their bodily ills, on the bases of the best and fullest knowledge. There is no branch of knowledge which is moving more rapidly, and there is none which contributes equally to the aggregate of human welfare.' According to the wishes of the late L. C. Lane, the medical department of Stanford University consists of the medical college, the Lane Hospital, the new addition to the hospital of 180 beds, a large and commodious building for nurses and the beautiful library building with its valuable books. Dr. L. C. Lane and Mrs. Lane in building and equipping the medical library did a great work for San Francisco's medical students, for the profession, and for the much needed medical information among the laity.

"In 1896 Dr. L. C. Lane founded the Lane lectures, a biennial course on medical subjects for medical students and physicians, also a course of medical lectures given annually, free, in Lane Hall, public invited; the object of the lectures is to dispel the twin sisters ignorance and disease. Many and valuable donations have been made to the Lane Medical College and Hospital by prominent citizens, also to the medical department of Stanford University, and the good work continues. The new president of Stanford University, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, is very active in the good cause and evidently is the right man in the right place.

"In 1864 Dr. H. H. Toland founded the Toland Medical College, and housed it in a substantial brick building which he had built for the purpose. In 1872 the Toland School became affiliated with the University of California. In 1898 the medical school was moved to its present location, Adolph Suttro having donated thirteen and one-half acres to the university for the medical school. The Legislature appropriated funds for the buildings. The regents of the university established the necessary laboratories.

"In 1902 the Toland Medical School became an integral department of the University of California. In 1915 the Children's Hospital and the Hahnemann Hospital Medical College, with its laboratories, became a department of the University of California. In 1920 the St. Luke's Hospital was affiliated with the medical department of the University of California for clinical purposes. Mrs. Hooper, widow of George William Hooper, donated a medical research laboratory, which was dedicated in 1914. Adjoining the medical school a new, large hospital of 280 beds is finished and occupied, also a commodious and well-equipped home for nurses. The adjoining hospital is solely for teaching purposes. In addition to the clinics of this hospital, the medical school has the clinical advantages at the Children's Hospital, the Hahnemann Hospital, St. Luke's Hospital and a large number of beds in the City and County Hospital.

"These two 'Class A' medical schools with their excellent medical

libraries (the store of all the ages of the best medical minds), well-equipped laboratories as integral part of the two first-class universities, make for San Francisco the mecca of medical education for the West Coast of the United States.

"In addition to these two 'Class A' medical schools, there is a post graduate school and clinic where the older physicians are taught all the newer and latest phases in medicine. About 200 physicians and surgeons from city and county avail themselves of this clinic yearly. This school was organized in 1888 as a clinic. Physicians who wish to practice in this state can prepare to pass the board of examiners from this clinic.

"Many of the graduates of these two 'Class A' schools are located in the practice of medicine and surgery in cities and towns about the bay, and are among the most distinguished medical men of the state. Some are in the army and navy, some are professors and teachers in their Alma Mater, many are interested in health and hygiene, in education, in county societies, in the growth and welfare of their respective locations, while some are more particularly interested in research in medical laboratories in the science of medicine.

"The Stanford Medical School registered medical students as follows:

First year	51
Second year	39
Third year	24
Fourth year	22
Fifth year (interne).....	29

in all, 170, June, 1922. The Stanford University conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on 29.

"The University of California Medical School registered medical students, June, 1922:

First year	58
Second year	52
Third year	44
Fourth year	42
Fifth year	42

in all, 240. The University of California conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on 42.

"In the early history of San Francisco there were a great variety engaged in the practice of medicine from every nation, good, bad and indifferent, some without diplomas, some with fraudulent diplomas, some who never were in a medical school or hospital. There were, however, many very distinguished, first-class medical men, some from the army

and navy of the United States and from the army and navy of other nations, and many from civil life.

"This condition of things existed until 1876, when the Legislature passed a law requiring all who possessed a diploma to register, making it illegal for those without diplomas to practice medicine.

"Medical education is now at least equal to that of any other country. It is now no longer necessary for medical men to go abroad to qualify as first-class physicians and surgeons or specialists."

In the foregoing interesting history of medical advance in San Francisco Doctor McNutt modestly refrains from reference to his own contributions to the public health in hospital and private home. As a matter of fact, however, he has been one of the wheelhorses of the medical profession of the city and has made a high name for himself among his fellows as well as among the sick and suffering to whom he has so efficiently and successfully ministered.

Due to its many efficient medical practitioners and to its superior climate, San Francisco has for years enjoyed a greater immunity from infectious and contagious diseases than many other great urban centers. According to health statistics reported from all over the country, San Francisco has had for the three years preceding 1923 the lowest infant mortality rate of all American cities with a population over two hundred and fifty thousand. All about the bay this happy condition prevails. Oakland during the same period had the lowest infant mortality rate of cities having populations of one hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand, while Berkeley shared with Long Beach and San Diego the lowest rates for cities of fifty thousand to one hundred thousand. Richmond and Santa Cruz have the lowest rates for American cities of ten thousand to twenty-five thousand.

An event of importance in medical annals in the bay region during the year 1923, when this history closes, was the convention of the American Medical Association in San Francisco, in June. At this very important meeting many interesting papers were read and serious attention was given to the claims made for a new serum for the treatment of criminals, by the use of which they are supposed to be compelled to tell the truth. It is to be hoped that the same treatment might result successfully in the cases of journalists, lawyers and realtors, though its employment by the medical profession on its own members is, of course, obviously unnecessary.

XXXIII

THE WRITER FOLK

A BRIEF CONSIDERATION OF SOME OF THE LITERARY MEN AND WOMEN THAT HAVE MADE CALIFORNIA FAMOUS IN FICTION, IN HISTORY AND IN POETRY—NEARLY ALL OF THEM HAVE LIVED AND LABORED IN THE BAY REGION—OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THEIR INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN WORK.

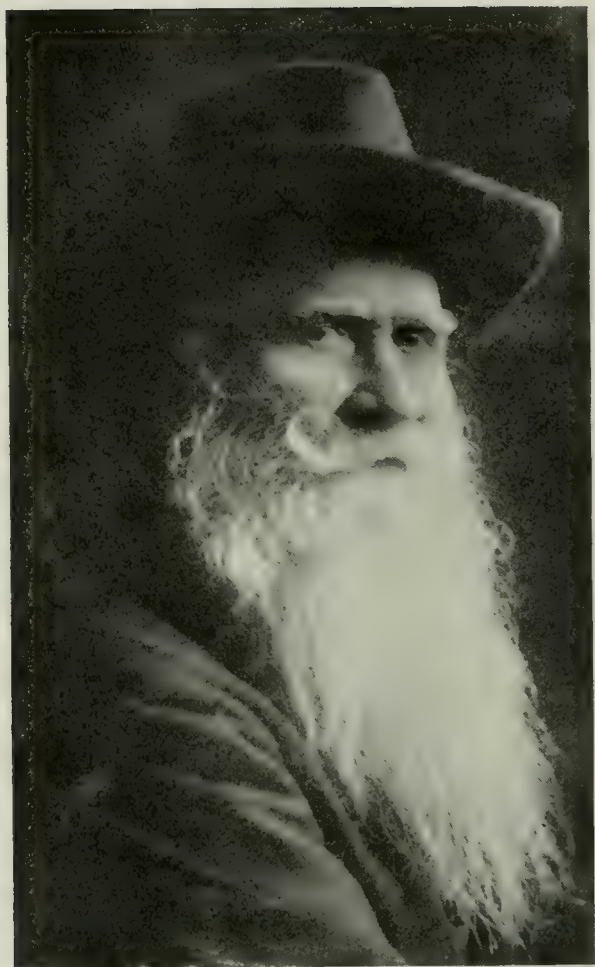
In this chapter I wish to disclaim at the outset any intention of attempting to cover the entire field of literary performance by the writers of the bay region. San Francisco and its immediate environs have produced more literary men and women to the square mile than any other part of the country, and if one considers the proportion of these to the population of only a million of people, the number, if fully recounted, would be amazing. Many of these writers have achieved national fame, and not a few of them are known the world over. Elsewhere in this history we have discussed the work of Mark Twain, Edwin Markham, Jack London, Edward Robeson Taylor and others, and the limitations set for these annals will not permit of an extended review of the life and labor of each author and poet living about the bay. Nor can I include in this record a roll call of the literati, but must refer the reader to such literary histories and anthologies as may be found in any well-appointed library and particularly to "The Story of the Files" and "Literary California," both compiled by Ella Sterling Mighels, formerly Cummings.

Frequent mention has been made in former chapters of Bret Harte, whose fragrant fiction of California is counted among the classics. Harte came to California in 1853, when about eighteen, and remained until 1871, during which time he was express messenger, school-teacher, printer, author and editor. His most famous short story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was printed in an early number of the *Overland Monthly* in July, 1868. In 1870 he published his equally well-known "Heathen Chinee," a loosely worded bit of doggerel which soon became very popular. Harte afterward wrote some very fine poems, among them the one on San Francisco which begins with the lines so severely criticized by Rudyard Kipling as not representative of what he deemed the feverish nature of the city's population:

"Serene, indifferent of fate,
Thou sittest at the Golden Gate."

Bret Harte's acknowledged master was Dickens, and he took the Dickens view of the life about him—that is to say, he saw most things and most people in caricature, but he seems to have held with Dickens that to present virtue, villainy or other human characteristics forcibly they must be presented extravagantly. His descriptions of localities and events are always picturesque in the extreme, and he painted a California that while it never really existed, made wonderful settings of stage scenery, more wonderful, indeed, than is witnessed in Belasco's glorified "Girl of the Golden West," presented primarily for New Yorkers, who greatly enjoy New York cowboys and New York Indians and can appreciate no other variety.

Like Dickens again, Harte was a writer of "few jokes but much humor." There is a relishable cropping-up of the humorous in nearly every chapter he ever wrote, and it is good, wholesome humor, too. And as for pathos, with Little Nell well in mind, he always could produce plenty of that. His story of how "The Luck" came near to being lost to the world is interesting as revealing the prudery of his time—a prudery not in evidence in many a magazine office of the present day. He says: "It was written for the *Overland Monthly*, of which I was the editor. I had not received the proof-sheets when I was suddenly summoned to the office of the publisher, whom I found standing, the picture of dismay and anxiety, with the proof before him. My indignation and stupefaction may well be imagined when I was told that the printer, instead of returning the proofs to me, had submitted them to the publisher, with the emphatic declaration that the matter thereof was so indecent, irreligious and improper that his proof-reader, a young lady, had with difficulty been induced to continue its perusal, and that he, as a friend of the publisher and a wellwisher of the magazine, was impelled to present to him personally this shameless evidence of the manner in which the editor was imperiling the future of the enterprise." Finally the story was submitted to three men of culture and experience, friends of the publisher and the author, who were unable to come to a decision in the matter. Harte, as editor of the magazine, insisted that it should be published without any pruning. And so for the same reason that "The Scarlet Letter" always has been considered the greatest work of Hawthorne, "The Luck," when finally published, had a very wide acceptance, wider, in fact, than any other of Harte's productions. "Gabriel Conroy," "Colonel Starbottle's Client" and "A Sappho of Green Springs" are among the novels by this author that have helped materially to give him fame, while of his shorter tales, "M'liss," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and "Tennessee's Partner" have been great favorites.



JOAQUIN MILLER

It was the success of his "Heathen Chinees" which made the New York magazine editors reach out for Harte. It appeared in 1870. About that time he had accepted the chair of current literature in the University of California, but when he heard the East a-calling he resigned his position after a tenure of a year, went to Manhattan and became a regular contributor to the Atlantic. In 1878 he was appointed United States consul to Crefeld, Germany, and in 1880 he was transferred to Glasgow, where he remained as consul until Cleveland's first administration made a change. He remained in Great Britain until his death. Among the British he was one of the few American literary lions and as such cut a wide social swath for a time. His friends complained that California did not do him sufficient honor, but if this be true, it is not strange, for he alienated himself from the land where he got his first literary stride and never returned to it. Joaquin Miller commemorated the passing of Bret Harte in a fine piece of verse the refrain of which is,

"Good night, Bret Harte, good-bye!"

And he has been credited with high art by such men as Howells, Kipling and Markham.

Other Californians of the first literary rank are Joaquin Miller, Gertrude Atherton, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, Frank Norris, Peter B. Kyne and John Muir. The work of Miller, Norris and Muir is given extended notice in other chapters. As for Gertrude Atherton it may be said that her short stories, in a book called "The Splendid Idle Forties," perhaps give a truer picture of the California of the old Spanish pastoral days than is to be found elsewhere in fiction, though Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" is considered by some critics the high-water mark of literature of that class. Gertrude Atherton is a true Californian, though she has spent much of her time abroad. She was born in California in 1857 and is a great grand niece of Benjamin Franklin. She has written many novels of Californian life as well as others. Her style is intense, fervid and she makes a strong impression upon the lover of dramatic and romantic stories. Among her notable books, some of them among the "best-sellers" in their day, are "Patience Sparhawk," "American Wives and English Husbands," "The Doomswoman," "The Californians," "The Avalanche," "Sisters-in-Law" and "Black Oxen."

Peter B. Kyne was born in San Francisco in 1880. He began life as a clerk in a general merchandise store and afterward worked in wholesale lumber and shipping offices and was also a newspaper man for a time. He was a soldier in the Spanish American war and served in the Philippines, and was also a captain of artillery in the World war. He is a club man and one of many friendships. His varied experience in a

wide field gave him excellent material for fiction and being a keen observer and a fine appraiser of character, as well as a facile and really capable writer, he has been able to give us books of fiction that outclass by far the general run of novels. His greatest character is "Cappy Ricks," an old shipping man, owner of many bottoms, a despot in his way, but likeable for his human qualities. Other fine character delineations



JACK LONDON

tions are found in "The Kindred of the Dust," "The Green Pea Pirates" and "The Pride of Palomar." Some of his stories have been filmed and have been very well received by the lovers of motion pictures. "The Pride of Palomar" is a splendid study of California ranch life, and "The Kindred of the Dust" is an absorbing story of a waterside lumber camp in which a poor betrayed girl and a stout old mill magnate, "The Laird," play leading parts. Peter Kyne has written many short stories for the magazines and they are always conspicuous for their

unique qualities, their fidelity to their locale and their pervasive humor. California has reason to expect much from this promising author and it will not be disappointed.

We find in Jack London one of the most popular of western writers. He wrote a long line of stories from "The Son of the Wolf" to "Burning Daylight," and is such an outstanding figure in California literature as to entitle him to the special review of his life and work which is to be found elsewhere in this history.

For the same reason Frank Norris, beloved of San Franciscans for his fine character and masterly work, has been given extended consideration elsewhere, as have also the lives and literary labors of Ambrose Bierce, Joaquin Miller, and a few other well-known writers.

Of Herman Whitaker, who died on January 20, 1919, it may be said that he did most excellent work in fiction, his story of "The Planters" being one of intense interest, while his short stories, published in Harper's and other magazines, were widely read and approved.

William C. Morrow, whose mystery stories made something more than a local name for their writer, was a most ingenious plotter and a man with a distinctive style. His "Ape and Idiot" is a marvel of daring originality.

Another writer of strange and eerie short stories is Emma Frances Dawson, whose "Itinerant House" and other odd tales have been highly praised by the critics.

James Hopper, who stands out among the younger writers of California fiction as a facile, conversable and altogether readable author, has made a name for himself with his Saturday Evening Post stories. That he can tell a highly original and fanciful yarn is evidenced by his "Goosie," which holds the interest of the average novel reader from first to last.

Charles K. Field, a fine, strong personality among the writers and editors of San Francisco, is a man dearly beloved for his sterling qualities. He is a scholar and clubman and perhaps one of the best known of these in the city. Mr. Field has shone as the guiding spirit of Sunset Magazine, published in the Bay City, the foremost periodical of its kind in all the West. He is a very gifted writer, being the author of "The Cave Man," and, with Will Irwin, of "Stanford Stories." He has also done very reputable lyrical work, including "Four-Leafed Clover, Stanford Rhymes."

There is a Gilbertian tang in some of the songs of Mr. Field, as witness the following lines in "A Song of Spring," written during the rebuilding of San Francisco after the great fire:

The modest muse is satisfied
With violets blue and daisies pied,

With pallid flags that hide among the grasses delicate,
But to my ear such measures lag;
I hail the wild, exultant flag
That laughs above the towering steel and marks its ultimate.

The little "shooting star" that shines
Among the tangled grounded vines
May serve to stir the season's frenzy in a milder man;
The fire is kindled in my eye
To watch the rosy meteors fly
When red-hot rivets are flung forth and caught within a can!

Walter V. Woehlke, well known all over the country as a writer and editor, is the editor of *Sunset*, having held that position since October, 1914. Mr. Woehlke wields a trenchant pen. He is the author of "Union Labor in Peace and War," of "The Mooney Case" and of many articles in contemporary magazines.

Flora Haines Loughhead, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, Kathleen Norris and that clever little woman of San Jose who writes cowboy stories under the name of "B. M. Bower," are among the women writers of note that have lived and worked in the bay region, and fully as successful as any of these has been Eleanor Gates, whose "Prairie Girl" and "Poor Little Rich Girl," one a semi-biography and the other a very notable drama, have brought their author both fame and money. Juliet Wilbor Tompkins may be mentioned as the most clever of this group, while Kathleen Norris is most poignantly heart-gripping and impressively serious.

Of the poets perhaps the most familiar to magazine readers is Clarence Urmey of San Jose and George Sterling of Oakland and San Francisco. Sterling's poem, "The Wine of Wizardry," has been given high place by Ambrose Bierce, Edwin Markham and other critics, many of whom consider this poet the foremost among Californian singers. His work is of the highest type, fine, strong and distinctive.

Charles Keeler of Berkeley has written some fetching child verse, and is known as a writer on nature subjects, beside being a local historian and playwright.

Louis J. Stellman has published some short stories of high merit as well as verse that gives us rare flashes of nature in her most picturesque phases. His story of "The Port o' Gold," dealing with the history of old Yerba Buena, into which is woven a delicate romance, is his latest and most pretentious work.

Herbert Bashford, who lives and writes on the Piedmontian heights, in a bungalow full of books, is a singer with a rare voice. His books

of verse, "At the Shrine of Song" and "The Wolves of the Sea" contain poems of the true Parnassian spirit. In his poetry Bashford advocates a return to the life of the woods and mountains and is continually adjuring us in this wise:

"Leave the hard heart of the city, with its poverty of pity,

Leave the folly and the fashion wearing out the hearts of men,
Breathe the breath of life blown over upland meadows white with clover,
And with childhood's clearer vision see the face of God again!"

There were few who sang of the San Francisco cataclysm of 1906 with as clear a voice as Bashford's in his "Stricken City:"

'Twas the feet of Fate at the city's gate

We heard as the morn grew gray,

'Twas a fierce mad strife for a draught of life

We waged at the dawn of day.

'Twas Terror's tread and men lay dead

In the tossed and tumbled town;

Oh, the towers of trade how they waltzed and swayed

When the world was shaking down!

'Twas blood in the mart and woe in the heart,

Aye, horror and blood and tears,

'Twas ruin and rout as we staggered out

With our sudden weight of years.

'Twas palsied Fear that faced us here

And Pain, with her haunting moans,

'Twas black Despair in the baleful air

And death down under the stones.

'Twas the toppled spire and a sea of fire

As red as the robe of Doom;

From the far-off height in that awful night

'Twas a rose of Hell in bloom!

Herbert Bashford is the author of several well-known and popular American plays, among them "The Woman He Married," produced by Virginia Harned and played in by her in many cities, and "The Voice Within," produced by Henry B. Walthall. Other plays of his are "Running for Governor," "Heritage of the Red," and "The Defiance of Doris." He has also written juvenile and nature stories that have had wide acceptance. The author has been aided in his work by his talented wife, Kinnie, the daughter of Senator J. A. Cole of Tacoma, Washington.

Returning to the story writers, we find that Lowell Otus Reese has

been contributing short tales to the Saturday Evening Post and the monthly magazines since 1916 and has been quite successful; that Gelett Burgess, who wrote "The Purple Cow" and other nonsense verses, has made considerable strides in fiction; that Will and Wallace Irwin have made enviable names for themselves as story writers as well as in other branches of magazine work; that Norman Springer has written excellent sea stories that grip the heart and set the imagination far afield; that Dane Coolidge, from his high retreat at Dwight Way end, in Berkeley, has sent forth some novels that have helped his own fame and that of California; that Mrs. Fremont Older, writing at her secluded country home near Cupertino, has turned out interest-compelling novels, of power and persuasion.

It is to be remembered that Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and other pleasant novels, began her career in San Francisco, and that she wrote "Patsy," "Timothy's Quest" and other stories here. Horace Annesley Vachell wrote his "Quicksands of Pactolus" and some of his other books, including "The Faith Healer," near the bay region.

Other names that are recalled as those of writers who have lived and worked about the bay are those of Geraldine Bonner, Miriam Nicholson, Philip Verrill Mighels, Howard V. Sutherland, Daniel O'Connell, Henry George, Arthur McEwen, Jerome A. Hart, Agnes Tobin, Jeremiah Lynch, Ella Sterling Mighels, Charles Mills Gayley, David Starr Jordan, more fully mentioned elsewhere in this history, John D. Barry, and Madge Morris Wagner.

Among the foremost of the literary and dramatic critics have been George Douglas, George Hamlin Fitch, Jerome A. Hart, Ella S. Mighels, Willard Huntington Wright, Peter Robertson, Walter Anthony, Herbert Bashford, Arthur McEwen, Edward F. Cahill and Thomas Nunan.

Among the historians that have set forth the annals of old and new California have been Hubert Howe Bancroft, Frank Soule, John H. Gihon, James Nisbet, John S. Hittell, Frederick Hall, Josiah Royce, Gertrude Atherton, John P. Young, Zoeth Skinner Eldredge, Charles Keeler, Rockwell D. Hunt, Edwin Markham and Helen T. Purdy.

One finds the names of San Francisco and of California recurring more frequently in the magazine fiction of the times than those of many other cities and states, but this is not due so much to the fact that Californian writers are so numerous as to the fact that so many authors fancy California as a setting for their stories, while the name of San Francisco is always one to conjure with. All the best minds of America have paid tribute to California. Emerson, using an expression which at the present ranks among our colloquialisms, observed that "here Nature

makes good." And it is as true of the intellectual forces as of the natural. San Francisco scholars and those of the bay region generally are held in high esteem the world over, and surely among those scholars are to be counted the writers of poetry and of fiction, for these are among the closest of students and the freest of minds. There is a bigness and amplitude, a catholicity and a liberality of spirit to be found about the bay not to be discovered in many other regions east or west, and full credit is given to it by writers everywhere. One of the finest tributes to the spirit of San Francisco is found in a sonnet by Howard V. Sutherland, a poet whose songs are as fragrant as the morn and whose love of nature in her happier moods has found expression in many delicate bits of lyrical art:

SAN FRANCISCO

Heedless of what portentous years may hold,
I, the Pacific's darling, the delight
Of hurricane and sea-fog, of the bright
Broad orb of Hope, have heard sad stories told
Of mighty kingdoms of the days of old,
Cities of stone with symbols strange bedight
O'er which the pitiless destroying night
Has poured her darkness and destruction rolled.

That past concerns me not. Today I stare,
Splendid and consequential at the flare
Of ominous stars. I know what must be, must.
Beneath the wind-whipt Banner of the Bear
The laughter of my children wakes the air—
I fear not Time nor its o'erpowering dust!

And there is yet another singer, whose name I have kept until the last, but whose work is worthy of highest praise—Ina Coolbrith, whose "Songs from the Golden Gate" and other poems have endeared her to the hearts of all Californians who love true poetry. Miss Coolbrith has sung with grace and force of plain and mountain and of flower and of human friendship and human love in a manner and with a voice not unlike that of Jean Ingelow, as will be seen by her "Perfect Day," written long before the Carrie Jacobs Bond song of that title, and of a far higher quality of poesy:

I will be glad today; the sun
Smiles all adown the land;

The lilies lean along the way
The full-blown roses, red and white,
In perfect beauty stand.

The butterflies flit by, the bees;
A peach falls to the ground;
The tinkle of a bell is heard
From some far pasture ground;
The crickets in the warm green grass
Chirp with a softened sound.

The sky looks down upon the sea,
Blue, with not anywhere
The shadow of a passing cloud;
The sea looks up as fair—
So bright a picture on its breast
As if it smiled to wear.

A day too glad for laughter, nay.
Too glad for happy tears!
The fair earth seems as in a dream
Of immemorial years;
Perhaps of that fair morn when she
Sang with her sister spheres.

It may be that she holds today
Some sacred Sabbath feast;
It may be that some patient soul
Has entered to God's rest,
For whose dear sake He smiles on us,
And all the day is blest.

XXXIV

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

A PROUD NAME MADE FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY REGION IN CANVAS, MARBLE AND BRONZE—EARLY EXHIBITIONS OF PICTURES BY LOCAL ARTISTS—STORIES OF KEITH AND DAVENPORT—A STATUE THAT CAME OFF ITS PERCH—GROWTH OF THE APPRECIATION OF ART AMONG LOCAL PATRONS.

There is no better test of the ideal sense than is found in one's attitude toward and appreciation of art, literature and music. When Carlyle asked his British audience which they would sooner give up, their Shakespeare or their India, he counted confidently upon their cleaving to Shakespeare and letting India go. This is crediting England with more of the artistic sense than is often granted by critics, particularly Napoleon, who sneered at it as "a nation of shopkeepers." But the whole English-speaking race is tremendously proud of the great man of Stratford.

Now San Francisco never has produced a Shakespeare, but it has been the home of many world-famous authors, playwrights, artists and musicians and there is a high state of culture existing here and all about the bay that makes this great urban center stand out as a district more devoted to the arts than many another in America. In his "City That Was," Will Irwin, a dweller in many places, lauds the art sense of the people of San Francisco, "which sets them off from any other population of the country." He says: "This sense is Latin in its strength and the Californian owes it to the leaven of Latin in his blood." While this is true in a way, what is more true is that he owes it in great part to the fact that this is a region of enchantment. To make a gross allusion, Bill Nye was right when he said there was "more glamor and stage business in San Francisco than in any other American city." And Helen Throop Purdy also was right when she wrote that the San Franciscan's feeling for art is attributable to "the climate, the sun, the witchery of the atmosphere, now wrapping the city in mysterious folds of mist, now sparklingly clear, exhilarating as wine," and to contact with people of so many different nations, each with something of his own art to contribute. Whatever the explanation, few cities of like size can claim to

have been the home of so many painters, sculptors, writers, actors and musicians.

It is for this reason that I have been stressing the outstanding work of the literary men and women of the bay region and telling so much of their lives and their reaction to the conditions about which they were surrounded.

In this chapter we shall consider the work of the artists and musicians, but we shall not go back so very far, for San Francisco was more concerned about its material progress prior to 1860 than it was about art.

The first art exhibition that was in any sense worthy of the name was in a local gallery in 1869 when Thomas Hill, one of the most prominent among the early artists, displayed five paintings in a collection numbering 122 in all. Other exhibitors, not so well known in those days but who afterward came to the front, were William Keith, Norton Bush, A. Bierstadt, Narjot and Moran. Californian landscapes constituted the bulk of the collection. One of these, by Keith, gave considerable promise of greater work by its painter, and in the course of time, as he bent to his studies and gained greater freedom of hand, this promise was fulfilled to the extent that he became one of the foremost landscape painters of America, his pictures now hanging in the galleries of the Atlantic coast plutocrats and in many a baronial hall in Europe.

In the year 1870 about the only place where one might go in San Francisco and view a large collection of pictures was in Woodward's Gardens, where a permanent exhibit of paintings and statuary might be seen. The flamboyant advertisement of this collection stated that "the art gallery is filled with statuary and paintings from Italy, Germany, Holland and the United States," but John P. Young says of it: "As a matter of fact, with the exception of a few canvases by Bierstadt and Virgil Williams, the sixty-three numbers were all Italian potboilers and the statues were plaster casts. But the gallery was nevertheless a great attraction, and the care with which the visitors inspected its contents indicated a growing appreciation of art, even though the opportunities to gratify it were limited."

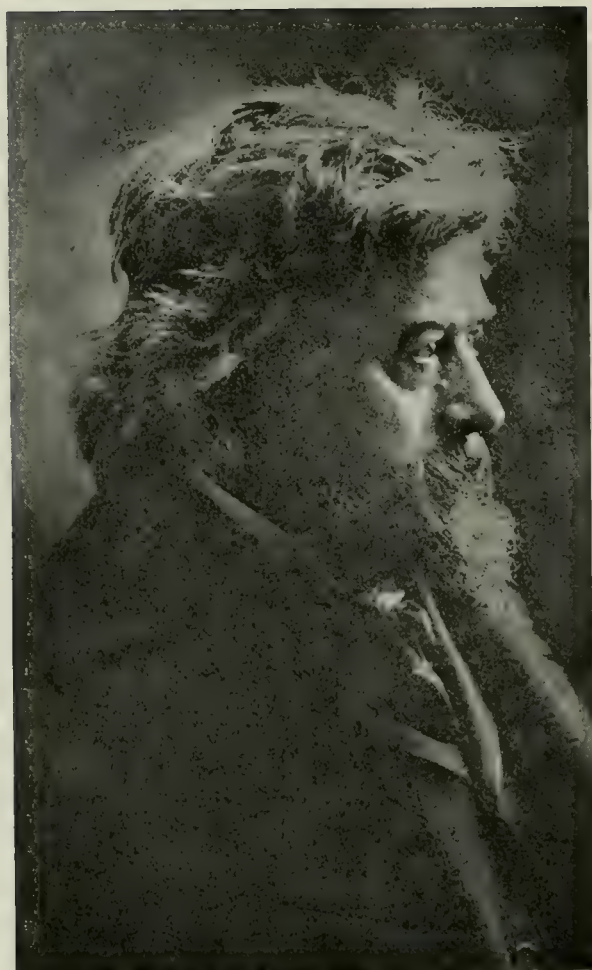
Some of the art work in the mansions built on Nob Hill in the '70s and '80s were curious reflections of the taste which then prevailed among the new rich who are more careful in these days in making their collections and must have the judgment of acknowledged experts upon a work of art before they will hang it on their walls. Resplendent mirrors were everywhere to be seen in these houses, glistening Japanese screens, heavily lacquered and highly colored, stood about, and there were elaborate carved teak and ebony tables, marble topped and filigreed. On many a shelf and mantelpiece and in many a plate glass cabinet were

bric-a-brac and curios, real and unreal, while the carpets and rugs were riots of color. With these flamboyant evidences of the taste of the period went enormous paintings and huge pieces of statuary for which the "artists" and "sculptors" were handsomely paid, but many of which had about as much art value and interest as a carload of crushed rock on a sidetrack.

The hotel lobbies and the gorgeous saloons of that time fairly glittered with mirrors and great paintings in wonderful gold frames, and in not a few of the cafes were statues that stood out conspicuously both in the matter of size and of nudity. In fact the nude nearly always prevailed, and the fleshpots of Egypt were never more strikingly in evidence, nor the Sybaritic displays in the time of the Roman voluptuaries more profuse, and yet of art value there was generally little to be seen. This is what made the exhibits so vulgar, for if they had been true to art in line and color the offense would have been slight, for there would have been the greater excuse—and excuse there was none in the majority of instances. An article was published in the London Times in September, 1878, which, though true in many ways, was bitterly resented by newspaper writers and others in San Francisco. In this article it was asserted that "San Francisco does not care for art and learning. It has not been educated to see beauty in an intaglio. A brilliant is the measure of its taste, and we cannot affect to be surprised."

Mark Twain, in his own peculiar way, took up the cudgel for San Francisco. His defense of her art ideas was a strange one, but when read between the lines it reveals the fact that there existed in the city, in certain quarters, a true appreciation for real artistry. However, in the course of his diatribe on our critics he could not refrain from throwing in a few laughs. One of them appeared in his reference to the painting, "Samson and Delilah," then hanging on the walls of a popular cafe. Mark asked: "Now what is the first thing you see in looking at this picture down at the Bank Exchange? Is it the gleaming eyes and fine face of Samson? Or the muscular Philistine gazing furtively at the lovely Delilah? Or is it the rich drapery or the truth to nature in that pretty foot? No, sir! The first thing that catches the eye is the scissors on the floor at her feet. Them scissors is too modern. There warn't no scissors like them in them days, not by a damned sight!"

In referring to this droll comment by Mark Twain, a newspaper writer of that period said: "When Mark burlesqued the propensity toward rigorous realism he furnished undoubted evidence that art appreciation was tolerably well developed, for he was not accustomed to waste his jokes or coin expressions that would be obscure to his readers. As a matter of fact, he knew that the taste for art existed and that it would



Courtesy of Kasmussen Studio

WILLIAM KEITH

assert itself in due time." There are others, however, who see in the humorist's criticism of the picture and in the whole article, which was read with intense interest in California and elsewhere, merely one of Mark's attempts to be funny. When he set out to be funny there was nothing at which he would pause—not even at "the tomb of Adam."

When, with great wealth, there also came a better appreciation of art and art values, San Francisco blossomed out as the greatest urban patron of art in the whole country outside of New York and Boston. This much may be said of the railroad and mining kings, some of whom made millions in a few years, that they were loyal to San Francisco and that they patronized her artists. It was not long after this was discovered that a considerable number of first-class painters and sculptors came trooping in from many quarters to augment the rather brief list of those already on the ground, while at the same time local talent, encouraged by such men as Virgil Williams and Arthur Matthews, during this period and in later years, was developed in a high degree.

Among the well-known names of the early '80s which were inscribed to creditable canvases were those of Jules Tavernier, Julian Rix, Benoni Irwin, Samuel Brooks, William Keith, Thomas Hill, Joseph Harrington, Charles D. Robinson, Virgil Williams, R. D. Yelland, Edwin Deakin, Toby Rosenthal, William Marple, S. W. Shaw, Norton Bush, Thaddeus Welsh, G. J. Denny, David Neal, Joseph D. Strong and Meyer Strauss.

Schooled to an idea of what art really was and of an observance of its unfailing signs, San Francisco, studying the exhibitions of good work done by its own artists, together with canvases imported from Europe, was hanging on its walls fine landscapes and portraits at a time when many other cities were content with the "buckeye" and the chromo. "The number of excellent bits of scenery and genre and still life to be found on the walls of many modest houses in San Francisco during the '70s and early '80s," remarks one critic, "is noteworthy as bearing on the subject of general culture." This is true and it is very creditable to the growing art sense of the people. All over the country in the '80s there ran a perfect mania for the collection of cheap bric-a-brac, grilled work, plaster statuary and other gim-crackery. The craze struck San Francisco, but it did not last long in this city, for it was ridiculed out of existence long before the people of the middle west were dumping the inartistic junk from their shelves. It is strange, however, that the taste in house architecture remained at such a low ebb. It was not until the early '90s that the old ornamental mill-work, obtrusive towers and finials, false fronts and filigreed facades began to disappear from the building program and plainer and saner architecture came in.

As they attained fame, most of the writer folk went East or to

Europe. Not so the artists and sculptors; comparatively few of them left for other fields. They had found in California enough good material to last for the rest of their lives. The foremost of them, William Keith, stuck closely to San Francisco, and only went away during the summer months on sketching tours to the Yosemite and other parts of the Sierras or to the nearer Redwoods. On a few occasions he went farther afield, but kept to the West as his natural habitat. Keith's great friendship for John Muir and for Edward Robeson Taylor, with both of whom he shared many tastes in common, particularly a passionate love of nature, afforded a striking example of art comradeship, for though he was the only painter of the three, Muir and Taylor were essentially artists at heart and could write in prose or in verse most appreciative passages about their voyagings. Keith painted wonderful landscapes with a broad treatment that smacked of the latter-day impressionism and yet were close enough to detail to be essentially true. He painted the Sierras, the Yellowstone and the deserts, and Taylor, who sometimes accompanied him on his trips, wrote sonnets on his paintings. Of these sonnets I recall a particularly fine one on Keith's strange study of the relation of sound to color. This was born of the fact that the artist had a large Chinese bell gong in his studio and had a fancy that he could "pitch" any color from the low keynote of this gong. It was a curious sight to see Keith at work before his easel, occasionally sounding the gong with a padded hammer. This, from the viewpoint of old-school artists, might seem empirical, but the relation of sound to color is a study which, scientists say, has untold possibilities. Being the literary and art editor of the Examiner in those days, I had the run of the studios as I had had in the '80s when I wrote a department of art in the San Franciscan, a weekly paper of which Arthur McEwen was editor. It was pleasant occupation and it disclosed to me a fact that has set artists aside in my mind as a privileged class of craftsmen. While authors are essentially a cloistered lot and must retire to absolute seclusion in order to do their best work or, in fact, to get any work done in a given time, an artist may sit before his easel and entertain half a dozen friends or acquaintances, and keep his brush moving all the time. So when I would run in upon Tavernier, Robinson, Deakin or Stanton, to get a view of their recent work and see what they had on the stocks I would beg of them to go on with their painting and not feel that they were being subject to interruption.

It was in this way that I came to see a great deal of Keith, for I could not have felt justified in visiting his studio so often if he had felt that he must leave his work. At times when I called there I found Doctor Taylor who always threw off his dignity when with Keith and

the two acted like old cronies, which they were. Story, jest and merry banter were the order of the hour. Taylor loved Keith's work, and the artist knew it, but the poet was not always expressing appreciation. He was more likely to be teasing the artist about the work on his easel, perhaps to ask him jocosely, "What are you painting that thing for?" or to say, "Well, you're awfully enamored of green, aren't you?"

"Yes," Keith was likely to retort, with a wave of his brush, "and you'll get some of it on your clothes if you don't stop picking my pictures to pieces."

So inseparable were Keith and Taylor in their friendship that to touch one was to touch the other. If some critic were bold enough to find a flaw in a Keith canvas he would be pretty sure to hear from Taylor, who would turn upon and rend him with an epistolary onslaught. Once when I wrote something of an appreciative nature about Keith's wonderful picture, "The Headwaters of the Merced"—not a sonnet, but an effusive piece of prose—Doctor Taylor sent me a long letter thanking me for my comments.

"Many people," he said, "stand before a picture and exclaim this and that, without being able, if they were questioned, to give any good reason for their being moved or why the picture is what they take it to be! So that I, who have been writing sonnets on Keith's pictures for years, have a fellow feeling with one who knows what that artist's work really is and can penetrate to the heart of its excellence."

Keith, who at that time was making \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year by his brush and had little need to heed anything by way of praise or blame, was so much pleased by the appreciation of his work by a writer who designated him as America's foremost landscape painter that he sent me a note in which he said:

"My good friend Doctor Taylor has called my attention to the article you printed the other day about my 'Headwaters.' I am proud to have received such a favorable notice from such a critic. What I like best about your kindly appreciation is the fact that you seem to have felt the spirit of my work—something rare in my experience with art criticism as bestowed upon myself * * * Come and see me at any time, and always think of me as your friend and well-wisher."

John Muir went to Keith's studio sometimes with Doctor Taylor, and to listen to the three of them, each past sixty-five, yarning and bantering in the dusty old place, was to enjoy the sport of liberated human beings. In 1904 Keith, Muir and Taylor visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado together, Muir to write an article for the *Century*, Keith to sketch and Taylor to receive inspiration for sonnets, of which he wrote several on the spot, and all to enjoy a great outing. There was much of the rol-

licking boy in each of these rare old men and the fun they had on the journey was, according to the somewhat conflicting stories of each—one putting the expense of the jokes upon the other—of a droll and whimsical nature, though it did not mar their appreciation of the natural wonders they saw. Always I have regretted that I did not accept their invitation to go along and share in the sport.

"I am having a great time in the canyon," wrote Taylor to me, "with Muir and Keith, and I have been moved to some writing."

There they met Bass of Bass' Ferry, with whom Keith found a spiritual kinship because of his love of nature. Keith, though he painted landscapes for the most part, could make wonderful portraits and his sketch of Bass was the man to a hair. Keith agreed with Taylor, who said afterward, in speaking of the ferryman: "The human animal beats trees and canyons. Of course they lie in different planes and can't with propriety be compared, but in the matter of interest what can exceed or come up to the human animal?"

Many works of art perished in the great San Francisco fire. There were destroyed at least 2,000 paintings by Keith, besides many unfinished ones that were in his studio, which was wholly obliterated when the old Bohemian Club rooms, in which it was located, went up in smoke. He was nearly seventy years of age at the time of the fire and had arrived at a period of his life when he might reasonably be excused for retiring; but while the ruins were still smoking he was busy with his brush, and within a year, so strenuously did he labor at his easel that an exhibition of his paintings showed more than fifty canvases finished after the conflagration, each full of his old-time spirit. Keith has laid aside his brush forever, but there is to be found in many a home and many a public gallery full evidence of his transcendent genius. He was the foremost of the western artists of his time and always will be remembered as such. As Edwin Markham says: "The name that makes our assembly of painters shine, the name that leads all the rest, is William Keith—a rare spirit now gone on into the Next Chamber of the Mystery."

Of two others generally conceded to rank high as Californian artists, A. Bierstadt and Thomas Hill, it may be said that one finds their colorful landscapes full of the glamour of romance, but those who prefer the quieter and more truthful colors of Charles D. Robinson, Jules Tavernier and Arthur Matthews make no mistake. Norton Bush painted many tropical scenes in which were felt all the hazy warmth of the equatorial region. Charles Rollo Peters has brought the missions to life. Maynard Dixon has portrayed Indians and cowboys as they are and some of his work is comparable to that of Remington, though by no means imitative of him.

Jules Pages, whose drawings and paintings excited considerable attention in San Francisco in the late '80s and early '90s, has done notable work in portraying the human form divine. His superb nudes have won him Paris Salon gold medals and he has done much in the way of creditable magazine illustration. Gertrude and Richard Partington, daughter and son of the admirable portrait painter J. H. E. Partington, whose heads of Ambrose Bierce and other famous men won something more than local renown for him in his day, are graduates of the newspaper school, beginning as illustrators of the Examiner and working their way up to higher things. The same may be said of Henry Raleigh and H. Nappenbach, William Stevens and Mary Davidson. Swinnerton, Tad and other comic illustrators of national name, did their first work in San Francisco, and for years were employed on the newspapers of this city.

And now we come to a name signed to many a cartoon over which the entire nation has laughed—a name as well if not better known than that of Thomas Nast—that of Homer Davenport. It will be well to look a little into the life of Davenport, so typically western in some of its phases and so original in others. For surely the readers of a history like this cannot be better employed than by a close observance of the characteristics of the men who have made high names for themselves in art and particularly in that difficult field mapped out for himself by the cartoonist. For the cartoon is not to be despised as a work of art. Such fetching ones as Davenport used to draw had more power of persuasion in politics and other public affairs than the most subtly written editorial article. Their very extravagance is often a point in their favor, which cannot be said of the average journalistic onslaught or the highly colored and fully rounded periods of the silver-tongued orator. And besides, editorials and speech-makings are negligible, while the cartoon rarely is overlooked, or at least not such cartoons as Davenport drew.

Homer Calvin Davenport was born in Oregon on March 8, 1867, and died May 2, 1912, in his forty-sixth year. One would not dream in turning the pages of a book of his cartoons, full of the most riotous attacks upon prominent individuals of American public life, that he was a most amiable man, of easy-going manners, a good straight-gazing eye and a smile as bland as a babe's.

Because of his keen interest in baseball and footracing some people called him a sport, but he was hardly that, although he participated in whatever game there was going in the Oregon town where he spent his younger days and where for a while he was the best runner in the whole countryside. How he came to give up running is a story that illustrates the ardor of his eager youth and the dangers of violent methods of athletic training. Here is the tale as he told it to me:

"I was scheduled for a footrace with a fleet fellow who weighed 130 pounds, and I had to get down to that weight, so I determined to reduce. This meant getting rid of fifteen pounds in two days. I thought of various means of dropping off that much, and hit upon the idea of going without food, but after I had abstained from two meals I got such a ravenous appetite that I ate an enormous dinner and more than made up what I had lost. Then somebody suggested that I take a big sweat. That evening I lay under a heap of fresh compost and though the heat was intense and the weight and stench of the abominable stuff almost unbearable, I stuck it out all night. In the morning when they dug me out I could hardly stir. I was so weak I could barely rise to my feet, and when the time came for my track performance I couldn't perform. In fact, the effect of that sudden reduction—I lost the fifteen pounds all right—was such that I never ran in another race."

On coming to San Francisco along about 1890, Davenport began to draw pictures of baseball games, the players and the spectators, for the Chronicle. The drawings were crude, but always there was a good laugh in them, and Sam Chamberlain, editor of the Examiner, could not rest until he had transferred the activities of the young cartoonist to the Examiner office. The drawing improved, both in line and in humorous effect, and the work was extended from baseball to more weighty subjects.

In 1894, when Morris M. Estee, who had been a candidate for nearly everything and always unsuccessful, was running for Governor of California on the republican ticket, backed by the Southern Pacific Company, which was deep in politics at the time, Davenport's cartoons of that oft-defeated politician were the funniest things going and everybody was talking about them. "The Estee and the Octopus," a title written by W. R. Hearst on one of the Davenport drawings, as I well remember, was a particularly pungent picture and did more than anything else to elect poor Estee's opponent. Later Davenport drew some wonderful caricatures of Collis P. Huntington, illustrating a series of withering articles sent from Washington by Ambrose Bierce about the congressional lobbying work of that prince of reactionaries.

In the Examiner office, as elsewhere, Davenport was a great talker, but he found his match in "Cozy" Noble, who had about as much to say as any man alive. "Cozy's" name was generally signed F. L. H. Noble, and for a time he was Sunday editor of the Examiner. He was the man who is said to have rejected the stories brought to the office by Rudyard Kipling during his stay in San Francisco. To hear Davenport and Cozy engaged in the pleasant pastime of talking each other down was better than any woman's convention for rapid-fire language. One day Davenport got the worst of it and was going about with drooping plumes, wandering up

and down the passageway, when his eye lighted upon a fire extinguisher, which he proceeded to decorate with what he thought was a very appropriate sign. Soon afterward Cozy came down the hall and saw a lot of us standing there, all laughing over Davenport's handiwork. One could see the dotted line from Cozy's eye to the sign on the extinguisher, which read: "To Be Used in Case of Cozy." For days after that Cozy did not speak to the caricaturist.

The year 1896 found Davenport in New York, drawing cartoons for the Journal. At that time he was receiving \$75 a week for his work, but the World sent for him and offered him \$200 a week. The Journal bid \$300. The World returned with a tender of \$350. Davenport stock was going up. Nobody knows what the figure reached finally, but Davenport stayed with the Journal, and in 1910, two years before his death, he was said to be worth \$300,000.

Over in Morristown, N. J., he had a wonderful fancy stock farm. Among his animals were a large number of pure Arabian horses which he had bought in Morocco. Davenport's farm was one of the show places of New Jersey for years. It was managed very economically, for Davenport knew how to make every penny count. He never invested a cent in stocks or in anything that he considered the least unsafe. He was a man of very modest tastes and frugal and temperate habits. A few years before his demise he told me that he had no idea what liquor of any kind tasted like and never had smoked tobacco in any form. As to his economies, he told me the story of an Arab horse of his—a beautiful pacer named Edward W.

"This horse," he said, "was a demon for oats and a perfect fiend for hay. So I thought I would save feed and money by giving him to somebody, and as I didn't want to unload him upon any of my friends in this country, I shipped him to the Sultan of Morocco, with whom I had an acquaintance and who had been very nice to me. But guess how my economy turned out. On the very next steamer from Morocco the sultan sent me four camels! As every camel had seven stomachs, they made a big hole in my haystack in less than no time, and Sells Brothers are feeding them now."

In 1905 Davenport had a falling out with Arthur Brisbane, editor of the Journal, and soon afterward he left the employ of Hearst, who was the proprietor of the paper, and began to do some of his best work for a syndicate of newspapers of which the New York Evening Mail was the head. He continued to prosper, but the newspaper men said he did not receive as large a stipend as the Journal had paid him. I tried to interest him in magazine cartoons, as I was at that time editor of the Cosmopolitan, and offered him \$250 apiece for some drawings that were to illustrate some

articles on the United States Senate. He drew three caricatures of the senators, but none was very good. The pictures did not seem to lend themselves to magazine production.

"The trouble is," Davenport confessed to me, "that your page is too small. I can't get my punch in it. I've got to have a bigger space. I'm no good unless I'm covering a square yard of paper."

Davenport was a great cartoonist in this respect—he could go to a meeting, take a few glances at a speaker on the platform and make a striking caricature of him which retained all of his personality. And this was not merely in later life, when he had trained himself—he was wholly self-schooled—to observe the finest points of physiognomy, but in those earlier days of his work on the San Francisco Chronicle when his baseball drawings were simply irresistible. Artists, as a rule, dislike to draw crowds, but Davenport loved to take a whole group of baseball "fans" or players and picture them in wild poses, forcing their way to the grandstand or squabbling over an umpire's decision. Every one of the faces, despite the caricaturing of it, was so natural in general effect that the two-year-old child of the person that owned it would have recognized and identified it among the whole crowd.

It was a sad day for his many friends when Davenport died; but most of them realized that he had done his best work years before his demise. Latterly his pen grew scratchy and strayed about too freakily. But there are many good judges who maintain that he was the greatest caricaturist this country ever has produced, not excepting the noble Nast.

Bruce Porter, designer of the Robert Louis Stevenson monument in Portsmouth Square, has done excellent mural paintings, finely conceived and finely finished. Douglas Tilden and Robert Aitken have done really noble work in sculpture, full of a sense of power and freedom. Tilden designed the Native Sons' monument, now standing on Market Street at its junction with Mason and Turk streets, one of the most beautiful pieces of Californian statuary. It was unveiled on Admission Day, September 9, 1897, and went through the fire unscathed. On a column of granite stands the bronze figure of an angel uplifting an open book on which is inscribed the date of California's admission to the sisterhood of states. Beside the column stands an animated figure of a young miner, holding aloft the American flag in one hand while in the other is a pickax. The monument, which is one of the most striking features of outdoor art in San Francisco, is one of the benefactions of James D. Phelan, himself a native son, a man of wealth, of wisdom and of generosity.

Tilden also designed the Donahue Fountain statuary at the junction of Market, Bush and Battery streets. Over the fountain is a spirited group of mechanics in bronze. A monument erected by San Francisco citizens

in memory of the California heroes of the Spanish-American war, stands at the foot of Van Ness Avenue and was also the creative work of Douglas Tilden.

Where the Donahue statue now stands there was for years a piece of so-called sculpture given to the city by Henry D. Coggsell, the philanthropist, in honor of himself. It was a full-length figure of Coggsell in a frock coat, with one hand outstretched, offering a glass of water to a thirsty pedestrian. Coggsell had built a free polytechnic high school for the city and considered himself worthy of monumental recognition. An apathetic board of supervisors had passed upon the statue as a worthy work of art in honor of a worthy man, and so it had been stuck up in this prominent position for all to admire. Alack! Only those of a very limited knowledge of art approved of the statue, and few there were in wine-drinking San Francisco who would give countenance to its teetotalistic sentiment. One night a self-appointed committee of artists held an indignation meeting in which the statue, which was pronounced "a defamation of the name of art," was doomed to extinction. A stout rope was secured, the artists repaired to the foot of Bush Street, and there one of them climbed up to the sacred head of the philanthropist, took a couple of half-hitches around his neck, and came down, wiping the dust from his clothes. The rope was strung out along the street, ready hands seized it, there was a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether, and poor Coggsell came off his tall pedestal and went crashing down upon the pavement.

Although the damage done to the statue was not irreparable, it never was replaced upon its base. The affair made a good newspaper story, and interviews with leading art critics published at the time made it clear that in pulling down Mr. Coggsell the artists had done San Francisco a noble service. The police and the supervisors took the hint. There were no arrests. The statue was not replaced.

The figure of Victory on the Dewey monument in Union Square, with its graceful drapery and laurel wreath, was the work of Robert Aitken. President McKinley broke the ground for this monument in 1901 and in 1903 President Roosevelt unveiled it. During his visit in that year Roosevelt also broke ground in Golden Gate Park for a monument to McKinley.

XXXV

AMUSEMENTS OF THE BAY REGION PEOPLE

EARLY THEATRES AND PLAYERS—TREMENDOUS INTEREST IN THE DRAMA IN THE DAYS OF GOLD—HIGH PRICES PAID FOR ADMISSION TO PLAY-HOUSES THAT WERE MERE BARNS—BUILDING OF THE SPLENDID METROPOLITAN THEATRE IN 1853—NOTABLE PERFORMANCES—VISITS OF IRVING, TERRY, BOOTH AND OTHER CELEBRITIES.

The love of amusement did not die out with the passing of the Spanish regime in California. As a matter of fact there was no gayer people in the world than those of the San Francisco Bay Region in all the period from 1850 to 1923. It may have been that the love of the dance, of music and show, of races and games, was implanted in the breasts of this isolated race of Americans by their Spanish predecessors and by that lingering strain of Latin blood found everywhere in California. And again it may have been as much due to the pioneers, who certainly had need of diversion in the old days after returning from their lonely trails and lonely camps in the solemn, quiet mountains and going down to the "bright lights" by the bay.

Theatrical performances were frequent in San Francisco in the days of gold, and some of them were quite creditable. Others were rather too much of the risqué order to receive the sanction of the churchmen. Just as the Mexican of the present day will hand over his last peso for a circus ticket, so would the miner of the gold period lay down his last ounce of gold for the princely luxury of a private stall from which to view a spectacle of any kind, whether it was a performance of "Hamlet," a blood-curdling melodrama or an uproarious minstrel show.

Soule records that early in 1849 and in 1850, respectively, two circuses were established as the pioneers of popular amusement. One of these was on Kearny Street, above Clay, under the management of a Mr. Rowe, who afterward converted it into a theatre. The other was directed by a Mr. Foley and was on Montgomery Street, below California. Soon afterward another circus appeared on the west side of Portsmouth Square, which was usually known as the Plaza. Soule notes that the crowds which patronized these places were easily satisfied. The circuses, in the light of the three-ring gorgeous affairs of today, were nothing to boast of, and

the performances were rather tame. Men sprang from bouncing springboards over two or three horses, and daring riders on broad wooden saddles jumped through hoops and over ropes. If the performer happened to be a woman, and young and pretty, the show was a great success, no matter how attenuated the bill and how subdued was the pace of the horses. For common board seats the spectators paid \$3, for box places, \$5, and for a stall the price was \$50 to \$55.

In Washington Hall, which was on the second story of the Alta Building, on Washington Street, about midway of the Plaza, in January, 1850, there was given the first theatrical performance ever witnessed in San Francisco. A small company managed by Atwater & Madison, produced "The Wife" and "Charles the Second." The hall was crowded, but the performance, which was poor, did not score a hit. The population had begun to lay aside red flannel shirts and was appearing in white ones, and it was seen that something better was expected by it in the way of amusement than what is now known as "ham" acting.

Accordingly Rowe, the circus man, fitted his establishment for stage performances and hired a company of English actors of undoubted merit to present good plays. This company included Mr. and Mrs. Hambleton, who enjoyed a very good reputation in England and the colonies. These stage folk were followed by Mrs. Stark, a very successful American actress.

But in point of theatrical equipment and acceptable players, Sacramento had taken the lead with its neat little Eagle Theater, soon afterward followed by the Tehama Theater. The Tehama was opened under the management of Mrs. J. H. Kirby, a talented actress, who soon became well known and admired in California. Large audiences flocked to the Tehama during 1850, but soon it had to divide the theatrical patronage of Sacramento with two new houses, the American and the Pacific.

In the same year Washington Hall, a small but attractive playhouse, was established in San Francisco, on Washington Street, near Montgomery. Here a clever French vaudeville troupe held the boards for a season. On July 4th of 1850, Robinson & Everard opened their Dramatic Museum on California Street, below Kearny, and in September of that year the Jenny Lind Theatre gave its first performance. Both these playhouses were destroyed by the fire of 1851, which swept a large area, but the Jenny Lind was rebuilt and opened on October 4, 1851. This theatre was built of stone and was subsequently occupied as the city hall. There was also the Adelphi, on Dupont Street, and the American, on Sansome Street. The latter was a pretentious playhouse as playhouses went in those days and enjoyed a long period of prosperity. Alexina Baker, a famous actress of the time, appeared as Julia in "The Hunchback" at the Jenny Lind

on February 14, 1852, and afterward she appeared nightly for nine months at the Adelphi, of which her husband, Lewis Baker, had assumed the management. On May 9, 1853, Mrs. Baker concluded a season which netted the management \$30,000. Mr. Baker's management of the Adelphi was successful because of his scrupulous adherence to detail and strict discipline. The rehearsals were marked by a finesse hitherto unknown to local companies and the result was entertainments of a character and style equal to the best in the country. It was proved that San Francisco, even in those early and lawless days, could and would support a dramatic company of refinement appearing in standard roles.

One may glean an idea of what Baker attempted in assuming the management of the Adelphi when it is stated that his rent was \$30,000 a year and his salary list amounted to nearly \$10,000 a week, including actors, musicians, mechanics and others, while the cost of lighting, advertising, costumes, etc., was proportionately high. Such a record in a city of only 36,000 population rarely, if ever, has been equaled.

The Metropolitan Theatre, which Soule designated as "the most magnificent temple of histrionic art in America," was finished in December, 1853, and was opened on Christmas eve. The San Francisco critics of those days claimed the development of Miss Matilda Heron, afterward famous the world over as an actress of rare ability, as distinctively Californian. Miss Heron had appeared in Philadelphia two years before without attracting any particular attention, but on her opening night at the American and at subsequent performances at the Metropolitan she was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. Writing of Miss Heron's success, a critic of those times says: "She owed her success alone to the far West. Performers appearing here need expect little aid from claqueurism. Intelligent audiences are prepared to reward the meritorious and as surely condemn the upstart. The press is untrammelled; editors are men of superior literary attainment who are not accustomed to prostitute their pens for tempting rewards. Hence, theatrical criticisms are distinguished in San Francisco journals for their unbiased justice, and may be relied on as the expression of opinion of those competent to decide. By such a test Miss Heron was tried and lauded. * * * San Franciscans regard her triumph as their own, since through them alone her merits were discovered, acknowledged and rewarded."

The quoted lines are true of many other actors and actresses who were "discovered" in San Francisco and who afterward were greeted most enthusiastically in other dramatic centers. One of these was John McCulloch, who appeared at the old California Theatre, opened in January, 1869. McCulloch had been an understudy of Edwin Forrest, and upon his shoulders Forrest had predicted that his mantle would fall. William C.

Ralston had built the California and had given McCullough the management of it. An excellent stock company in which McCullough and Lawrence Barrett played the leading roles, held the boards at the California for a long time. It is still spoken of as "The California Stock Company" and lauded as one of the best that ever appeared in the state.

James O'Neil was another actor who first became famous in California. He appeared in many performances at the Baldwin Theatre, which was built by E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin as a part of the hotel building of the same name. This theatre was opened in March, 1876. It was destroyed by fire several years before the cataclysm of 1906 and was not rebuilt. O'Neil was an actor of rare ability and amazing scope. He was a good comedian and a most excellent heavy man, shining particularly in such plays as "The Lady of Lyons" and the Sheridan dramas. He became a great favorite in San Francisco and whenever he returned to the Bay City from a tour of the East or abroad, he was rapturously received and generously applauded.

Another actor who has San Francisco to thank for most of his fame was William E. Sheridan, a player whose appearance in "The Bells" was more applauded than Henry Irving's. And still another was Edward Harrigan, a graduate from the old Bella Union, who had a considerable vogue in the East and elsewhere. He first appeared in his "Old Lavender" and other tenement house plays in San Francisco and was given his start here through his wonderfully natural performances of impecunious tie-walkers and other types of "low life."

Adelaide Nielson, the great English actress and beauty, appeared in San Francisco in 1880 and was given a series of receptions at the hands of theatre-goers, each of which was nothing short of an ovation. She was then just thirty years of age and it is agreed by critics that a better Juliet never trod the boards. Her death in the same year was attributed to the drinking of a glass of iced milk, but it is deemed more than likely that this was merely a contributing cause, as she had called too heavily upon her nervous forces during that season.

David Belasco, the well-known dramatist and producer, was for years a theatrical manager in San Francisco, where he was born in 1859. When only twenty-one years of age he was stage manager of the Baldwin Theatre and afterward of the Metropolitan. His first successful plays were "Hearts of Oaks" and "La Belle Russe." In 1881 he had captured San Francisco with his first drama and it had been put on at a playhouse in New York. It is related of Belasco that on the night of his first production in New York he waited in nervous uncertainty before a clock in a jeweler's window on Kearny Street. This clock was one of a group which told the time of day in several cities in other parts of the world as well as in San Francisco. When 8 o'clock was announced on the New York dial it was

only 5 o'clock on that of San Francisco, but there stood Belasco, noting every movement of the minute hand and breathing tensely. Now the people would begin to enter the theatre, now the overture would be played, and now the curtain would go up. Nine o'clock—end of the first act—and so on to the close of the performance which found him in the telegraph office eagerly awaiting the message that would tell him, as it did, of his New York success. It was not long afterward that he went to New York, producing other plays and at last owning his own theatre, the Belasco.

Lotta Crabtree, a young actress who achieved fame during the '60s, is another dramatic celebrity who may be classed as purely Californian. In 1856 Lotta began to dance at the American Theatre and in 1860, on the opening night of the Apollo, on Market Street, she began her professional career as a histrionic star. Four years later she had made such a fine reputation that she was appearing at Niblo's, in New York, by special arrangement. Throughout the East she was known as "California Lotta," to distinguish her from another Lotta who played similar roles. "California Lotta" made one of her greatest successes as Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," though she assumed better roles in other plays. She appeared several times in San Francisco after her first departure for the East. In 1869, at a farewell benefit, she was presented by leading citizens with a package of \$20 gold pieces and a wreath of gold. Lotta loved San Francisco, and in 1876 she presented the city with a drinking fountain, which still stands at the foot of Geary Street, near its intersection with Kearny and Market streets, in a place sometimes known as "Newspaper Square." While not inartistic, Lotta's Fountain is by no means a beautiful ornament to the city, but San Franciscans love it as it bespeaks the love which Lotta felt for the city that gave her name and fame. "Many a time," says S. D. Woods in his "Life on the Pacific Coast," "have I seen her, after her song and dance, stand in a rain of gold flung to her by enthusiastic miners."

From a platform near Lotta's Fountain on Christmas Eve, 1910, Tetrazinni, another actress and singer whom San Francisco discovered and sent forth to the world, sang in the open air to a multitude of people, under the auspices of the Chronicle. Affixed to the fountain is a tablet commemorating this incident. The tablet, which was designed by Haig Patigian, was unveiled with an appropriate ceremony on the 24th of March, 1912.

Helene Modjeska made her first appearance on any stage in San Francisco, August 20, 1877. Her cordial reception on that occasion often was referred to by her in conversation and newspaper interview as giving her the confidence which so greatly assisted her in making

good the promise of a fine artistic career predicted for her by the San Francisco critics.

All the Shakespearean actors and actresses of renown during the last seven decades have appeared in San Francisco theatres. Booth was splendidly received and so were Forrest, McCullough, Barrett, Irving, Keane and Warde.

Instead of being the stepping-off place for drama and music, San Francisco has just as often been the first stepping-stone. "Pinafore" received its initial performance in America at the Bush Street Theatre on January 1, 1879, with Alice Oates as Josephine. It was, however, only a mediocre performance. But on June 6, 1879, when Emilie Melville first sang in that opera, a very acceptable rendition of it was given. Miss Melville, whose mother, Julia Melville-Snyder, had trained her and her company, sang in "Pinafore" subsequently at the Bush Street Theatre and also appeared there, with Max Freeman as leading man, in "Bocaccio," "Madame Favart," "Don Pedro de Bazan," "The Pirates of Penzance," and other light operas. Emilie had a large group of admirers in the Bay City and Oakland, and they were glad to learn of her success in other American cities and in Australia. She was a clever actress, a sweet-voiced singer and a woman of fascinating stage presence, petite and chic, and though her musical range was limited to opera bouffe and she did not attempt grand operatic roles, she was a great favorite with people of musical tastes. In later life she appeared for many times in elderly parts in the spoken drama in San Francisco and was highly successful, as she had a native gift for acting, studied her parts to perfection and was attentive to all details.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry began an American tour at San Francisco on September 4, 1893. While here Irving appeared in "The Bells," "Becket," "The Merchant of Venice" and others of his favorite roles. Irving's first appearance in "Becket" in this country was during his San Francisco season of that year. He was particularly successful in "The Lyons Mail," a favorite play of the Englishman, Sheridan, who took San Francisco by storm in the '80s. For fourteen performances in San Francisco Irving's receipts were \$59,535, or over \$4,200 a night, while his average for his whole American tour was \$3,070 a night. No wonder that Irving spoke so highly of dramatic taste in San Francisco.

All the theatres in San Francisco, with the exception of a few moving picture places in the Western Addition, were destroyed by the great fire of 1906. On the night before the conflagration began the Grand Opera House was filled from pit to dome, and as of old the audience was resplendent in rich costumes and sparkling jewels. The season had begun only the night before this last performance which was the presentation

of "Carmen," with Caruso and Fremstad in the leading roles. It was a gay scene, that last gathering of music lovers and society folk in the old opera house, and the operatic stars were applauded to the echo. Perhaps it was well that so lively a series of musical airs was ringing in the ears of the 2,000 people who listened to Bizet's charming opera, for within five or six hours after they had retired to their beds came the first of the shocks that caused the fire which was to sweep away the old theatrical landmark on Mission Street as well as the other places of amusement.

Within a short time after the fire several theatres were erected on or near Fillmore Street, which had remained untouched by the conflagration. These were the Orpheum, the Alcazar and the Princess. The latter is still used as a playhouse, giving cheap vaudeville and moving picture shows, but the Orpheum and Alcazar were afterward reestablished downtown. The Columbia Theatre was rebuilt on Geary Street, near Mason, and was followed by the Court. Soon after the fire opera was given in a shedlike structure known as the Chutes, on Fulton Street near the Golden Gate Park. The Bush Street Theatre was not rebuilt, nor was the California. The destruction of the Grand Opera House and of the mammoth Mechanics' Pavilion left the city without a suitable place in which to present operatic or other musical programs on a large scale, but this want was later supplied by the erection of the magnificent Civic Auditorium, facing the Civic Center, near the City Hall.

Motion picture houses were built in great number after the fire and most of them proved very popular, though in the course of time this class of amusement came to be overdone. The first of the larger houses to be erected was the Savoy. The Tivoli, when rebuilt, was turned into a film show place on an elaborate scale, and there were also erected the California, the Portola and the Strand, moving picture palaces where de luxe programs, including the highest class of orchestral music, are presented.

San Francisco is recognized by traveling companies as a good "show town," and their performances generally have much longer runs here than elsewhere on the coast. Grand opera has been produced on various occasions since the fire, notably by the Lombardi Company which presented "Conchita" here for the first time in the United States.

In the line of public amusement was the Portola pageant and festival in 1909, in commemoration of the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco by Gaspar de Portola in 1769. The explorer was personated by Nick Covarrubias, a descendant of the old Spaniards of early California. The queen of the fiesta was Vergilia Bogue, selected from a list of over 2,000 competitors for the honor.

Other great pageants were those of the Knights Templar and the

Grand Army of the Republic, while the processions and ovations in honor of General Grant, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson, on the occasions of their visits to the city and to Oakland and San Jose, were notable ones and will live long in the memory of the inhabitants.

Outdoor pageantry, dancing and singing in the public streets were popular features of the life of San Francisco from the earliest times. The climate lends itself to such festivities in a remarkable way. The Portola fiesta lasted for five days, during which there were day and night parades, with highly decorated or illuminated floats. There were also occasional water carnivals. One of the most notable of the bay spectacles was that displayed during the visit of the United States battleship fleet in May, 1908, when the ships on their voyage around the world, lay in San Francisco harbor from the 6th to the 18th of that month. There were wonderful electric displays on land and sea during that time, the ships being brilliantly illuminated and the building fronts being ablaze with lights. Eight thousand blue jackets and five hundred marines were entertained at various banquets, receptions and balls and there were also parades and spectacles. The expense of all this entertainment amounted to nearly \$75,000, and was borne by merchants, hotel-keepers and other citizens who subscribed freely to maintain the reputation of San Francisco for lavish hospitality.

Returning, in conclusion, to the playhouses, it may be remarked that what has been said in these pages about the high appreciation of San Francisco audiences for the best in drama, and in operatic and other music, is not intended to convey the impression that there is not in the Bay City, as in other urban centers, a large element that has no such appreciation and would prefer a slap-stick performance to "Hamlet," and as for music is far better satisfied with a jazz band than with a symphony orchestra. This is admitted out of respect to the verities though with none to that class of amusement seekers.

On the other hand there is in the bay region a class of intellectuals much given to Bernard Shaw and to Henrik Ibsen, which demands more and more of such plays as the freak class of dramatists have produced and are still threatening to bring forth. Perhaps there is no great harm in Shaw, who, here and there, has given us a very clever though always unreal play. But what shall be said of Ibsen and the drama of despair? And yet his morbid cult avidly devours such plays as "Ghosts," which passed the American censors only as a terrible warning to supplement the labors of the vice squad. In this horrible play the obscure intimations given by Ibsen not only becloud the subject, but make one wish he had let it alone and had presented not a pseudo-scientific lecture on loose living, but

something that would have portrayed an inspiring and ennobling phase of human life. For of all stage heroes, Oswald Alving, the poor paretic, is the least inspiring, though he makes a strong appeal to our sympathies. But where do such plays leave you? If they are futurist dramas, as some critics profess to believe, then let us be glad that we live in the sad-enough present.

This animadversion against Ibsenism is not so inappropriate a conclusion to a chapter on our San Francisco playhouses as it may seem, for there is such a growing tendency toward the morbid and bizarre, and the discussion of sexology over the footlights is becoming such a common phase of histrionic art that to omit a mention of it in a work that makes any pretense toward historical fidelity is for the annalist to shut his eyes to an important though not the more acceptable phase of present-day civilization.

XXXVI

MUSIC IN SAN FRANCISCO

STRIKING THE LIGHT GUITAR IN THE OLD MISSION DAYS—THE CHANTS OF THE PADRES—SINGING IN THE DANCE HALLS OF FORTY-NINE—DUSKY MINSTRELS—OPERA IN THE EARLY DAYS AND LATER—PATTI'S TRIUMPHS—OPERATIC INNOVATIONS—THE GREAT AUDITORIUM AND THE SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

In 1776, when the Mission Dolores was established in San Francisco, about all that the inhabitants of California knew of music was the light Spanish ditties, accompanied by the guitar, and the grave chants of the churchmen that swelled through the dimly lit, thick-walled chapel, with its high windows and the belfry tower through which the chimes came clanging down.

In 1849 many of the miners brought their violins, flutes and other small musical instruments, and from 1850 pianos began to come in. The music of the gambling halls and drinking places—throaty voices of lewd women, singing the cheap ballads of the period, which were almost as bad as the rag-time songs of the present day, and accompanied by any instrument that happened to be handy—was about all that the town afforded in the lyric line. With the advent of folk from the South there came the banjo and the negro melodies.

"You couldn't raft a Broadwood up the Nile,"

And it was considered almost equally impracticable to ship a piano around the Horn, and yet by 1856 there were not a few of them about the bay. One of these was owned by Horatio B. Hawkins of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and for years was a source of great attraction at his home in Benicia. It was played by his daughter Mary, and whenever she ran her fingers over the keys in the evening it was the signal for the raising of windows in the neighborhood and the stopping of men and women in the street who listened raptly to the jingling of the strings and the sweet voice of the girl as she sang some simple song of the time.

The music at the mission churches about the bay did not change very much in style from year to year under Spanish rule. The Indians were taught by the padres to play upon several small musical instruments

more or less crude in construction. It is related by Duflot de Morfiras that he once heard the "Marsellaise" played as an accompaniment to a mass at the Mission Santa Cruz, and there have been vague records of similar musical curiosities at the other missions.

There was a music hall in San Francisco as early as 1850. It was built by Harry Meiggs, who loved music and planned to have concerts and oratorios presented in the hall. However, not many of these were given, and it was not until 1854 that San Francisco enjoyed its first season of grand opera. This was given by the Pellegrini Opera Company. Later there was opera at the Metropolitan Theatre. In these performances Biscaccianti and Anna Bishop shone as bright particular stars. Both at the Metropolitan and Union theatres operas were sung in Italian, English and French during the '50s. Concerts were given at times in the two Jenny Lind theatres, the one built before and the other after the fire of 1851.

The Pellegrini Opera Company sang again in grand opera in 1853 and in the same year the Planel French Opera Company was also on the boards. In 1855 Mme. Bishop appeared in "Norma," "La Somnambula" and "Don Pasquale," with Mme. Barili. There was a French opera company at the Metropolitan in 1858 and in 1859 Bianchi appeared at Maguire's Opera House, being immediately succeeded by Lyster's English Opera Company, which returned to San Francisco for three seasons afterward.

As may be gleaned from the foregoing, San Francisco was by this time able to patronize an opera troupe in a way to make its visit a profitable one, else the same companies would not have appeared season after season. It may seem strange that a comparatively isolated mining camp, which was about all that the city was in the '50s, should have been given a chance to become as familiar with such operas as "Norma," "Favorita" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" as the people of New York and some of the European capitals. Also it would go almost without saying that had not the taste for opera been so strongly evinced in San Francisco in those days there would have been little profit in bringing in a troupe of singers and musicians such as the Bishop-Thorne Company, but it is recorded that the box receipts always could be counted upon to run high, as they have continued to do during every season up to the present day. For San Francisco takes more interest in operatic and other music and is willing to pay more for it than any other city in the West.

Operas heard by San Franciscans during 1860, as shown by the old programs, include "Traviata," "The Bohemian Girl," "Lucia," "Favorita," "Norma," "Maritana," "Ernani," "Trovatore," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Somnambula," "Der Freischutz," "Rigoletto," "Lurline," "The Rose of

Castile" and "Fra Diavolo." Besides these there were many others to round out what was probably the most important season thus far enjoyed at the Bay city.

Performances were repeated night after night in the '50s and '60s, one of the great favorites being "Norma," which Anna Bishop did not hesitate to keep on the boards for a week at a time, singing always to crowded houses.

Mme. Biscaccianti, who was a reigning favorite among our opera-goers, appeared again in 1868 in Italian opera and the Bianchi Company remained in town for three seasons, one in May, another in July and August and still another in October and November. In 1869 Mme. Bianchi sang in San Francisco for many weeks. First and last she appeared for fourteen operatic seasons in this opera-loving city. She was the first to sing Marguerite in Faust on the Pacific Coast, which event is recorded as of May 17th, 1865. Anna Bishop and Adelaide Phillips appeared here in the same year. "Crispano e la Comare" was produced in 1866. Parepa Rosa, the great British singer, took the Metropolitan audiences by storm in 1868 in a season that lasted fifty nights.

Adelina Patti, who was born in 1843, and was therefore in her forty-first year when she appeared in "Trovatore," "Lucia" and other operas in San Francisco in 1884, gave the opera-goers the most brilliant—and expensive—season thus far enjoyed. It was considered a great undertaking for Impresario Mapleson to bring this particular star, along with Gerster and Nicolini, to such an out-of-the-way place as San Francisco, but the enterprise was fully justified by the results, which, in an artistic and pecuniary way, were tremendous, setting the whole of musical America wondering. Also they wondered at something else and that was the great accession which San Francisco audiences gave to the fame of Etelka Gerster. In "Semiramide," as well as in one or two other operas, Gerster received more applause than Patti! But this need not be accounted in the least strange in a city that had on more than one occasion evinced its originality by upsetting musical standards established in Europe and Eastern America, and that was capable of discovering and setting up stars of its own, as it did in the cases of Emma Nevada and Tetrzzini.

Emma Nevada was born in Nevada County, California, and became one of the famous operatic stars of her day. Her rendering of the leading role of "La Somnambula" rarely has been excelled. Tetrzzini was the discovery of the manager of the Tivoli, which opened as a sort of concert hall, and in the '80s proudly advertised the fact that it was the only place of amusement in San Francisco entirely devoted to opera. Harry Gates and Hattie Moore were for a long time the favorites there, appearing in operas light and heavy. Neither was anything more than a

passable actor, but they possessed good voices, and the Tivoli always was crowded. Tetrizzini, when she appeared at the Tivoli, gave the place the sanction of the seriously music-minded, who thronged to hear her night after night, in operatic roles. Her bird-like voice and superb technique made her famous all over California, and in time eastern audiences acclaimed her loudly.

After her first appearance in 1884 Patti came several times to San Francisco, appearing at the Grand Opera House, on Mission Street. On one occasion she sang to 10,000 people in the old Mechanics' Pavilion, the song which brought most applause being Arditì's "Il Bacio." As might be expected under the circumstances, the orchestration was something notably fine and impressive, for Arditì himself was the conductor.

While singing at the Grand Opera House in 1887, Patti's performance was interrupted by the menacing movements of a man in the gallery, who was caught in the act of raising a bomb which he was about to toss upon the stage at her feet. The man was a laborer. When arrested he gave his excuse for his contemplated crime that there was no social justice in America—that Patti received \$5,000 a night for a few hours' singing, while he and his brother toilers were paid but \$2 for eight or ten hours of wearisome labor.

Though there were in San Francisco and its suburbs a large proportion of discerning lovers of real music—larger, in fact, than in any other American community, it is not to be gainsaid that there were many who were in the same class as the man who in announcing the numbers of a concert program distinguished himself by referring to one musical composition as that of "A. B. T." Comparable to the lovers of the "jazz" music of the present day, which seems to be a revival of the tom-tomery of the ancient savage, there were those who preferred "The Mockingbird" to anything of Mendelssohn's or Liszt's. Negro minstrels were very popular in the early '50s and they continued so until about 1890, when there was an unaccountable falling-off in their vogue. The first minstrel show about the bay was given in the Bella Union in 1849. Then there were the Philadelphia Minstrels and the Sable Harmonists in 1850 and 1851, Buckley's minstrels in 1852 and Campbell's in the same year. There were Backus' Minstrels and Christy's Minstrels in 1854, and from that year to 1860 there were the San Francisco Minstrels, Hussey's Minstrels, and Billy Burch's Minstrels, as well as minor companies. There were three troupes in 1865, the San Francisco, the New York and Hussey's. During the '70s there was a regular minstrel fever in California and it raged well along into the '80s. Emerson's Minstrels, with Billy Emerson and Charley Reed, were established in a playhouse of their own, the Standard, in 1882-3 and

Haverly's and the Georgia Minstrels made frequent visits and drew huge houses.

Oratorios were often presented in the '50s and were frequently given during the decades that followed. Large audiences paid \$2 to \$5 a seat to hear Anna Bishop, Miska Hauser and Elise Biscaccianti in concerts and oratorios before 1860, and in 1866 the Bianchis sang Mozart's Grand Requiem at the Metropolitan with a chorus of eight sopranos, four contraltos, fifteen tenors and fifteen bassos, accompanied by an orchestra of thirty-four pieces. In 1868 Parepa Rosa and her company produced "The Creation" on two successive Sunday nights. This had been rendered by Anna Bishop's singers in 1855, as well as Rossini's "Stabat Mater," so that San Francisco was fairly familiar with oratorio music long before companies could travel across the continent by rail.

In the '80s many fine concerts were given in Platt's Hall, on Montgomery Street, among them one in which Madame Rive-King, the famous American pianiste, made her first appearance on the coast. Famous violinists, such as Ole Bull and Remenyi also appeared and in later years Paderewsky and other celebrated virtuosos.

There have been developed among the private local musicians and singers not a few of great talent. In the '80s and '90s nearly every home of any pretension whatever had its piano, and San Francisco pianists were playing Liszt, Chopin and Beethoven at a time when "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silvery Waves," were being rippled off the keyboard in the middle west, with perhaps a little higher attempt at musical expression in "The Flower Song."

Of late years there has been a steadily growing appreciation of symphonic music and there has been built up in the city the splendid San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which gives concerts in the Civic Auditorium. Many difficulties were encountered in establishing and maintaining this orchestra, but they all have been overcome, and today San Francisco is in proud possession of one of the best group of musicians of this class in the whole country, and it fully appreciates and generously supports them. In fact the municipality itself has lent aid to the enterprise, and the posters are headed "San Francisco Presents," etc., "The Famous," etc. The City of San Francisco presented the Symphony Orchestra in a series of evening concerts at the Great Civic Auditorium, last year and the response of the public was manifested in audiences that ranged from eight thousand to nine thousand for each program. It was an inspiring sight to see the throngs of music lovers in all the walks of life, from banker to baker, from wealthy merchant to poor mechanic, crowding into the vast building, the largest and finest of its kind on the

coast, and because of its being owned municipally, being a pledge of the city to the people of its interest in art and the things that make life worth living. In how many other cities of this country or Europe shall one find a municipally owned hall of vast size, or any size, in which the city itself presents a program of music of the class that is rendered by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra or of any class whatever?

The tremendous success of the Symphony Orchestra, both artistically and otherwise, has been due in great part to Mr. Alfred Hertz, who has been its conductor for eight consecutive years. He is a man of high art ideals, patient and zealous in his work and one to whom other musicians are drawn with that sympathy which alone can produce good concert music. For one thing, Hertz has no pet programs. He is a man of catholic tastes and, while he does not grovel to his public, his selections on the whole are eminently satisfactory, by their variety and their scope, to music-lovers of nearly every class.

Under the direction of Alexander Salavsky, there is now in San Francisco another symphonic orchestra called the Peoples Symphony Association. This new society was made possible by Robert C. Newell and other public-spirited men of the city. This association has been formed to maintain an orchestra of fifty pieces in a series of twelve educational concerts which are intended to increase public understanding of and interest in symphonic music.

Then there is the Minetti Symphony Orchestra which is composed of young amateur musicians who wish to obtain orchestral training. The orchestra gives three or four concerts each season under the leadership of Giulio Minetti. William F. Zech also conducts an orchestra of a similar class and with similar aims.

Founded and sustained by Elias Hecht, a well-known music lover of California, the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco has given many successful concerts and may be deemed as second only to the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The ability of the Chamber Music Society was fully shown at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1922 when, in competition with some of the best European talent, it won high honors, being voted the equal of any other chamber music society participating in the Berkshire Chamber Musical Festival.

There are four other chamber music organizations in the city which give seasonal concerts and are well patronized. These are the San Francisco Trio, the Berkeley String Quartet, the Philharmonic Trio and the Florestan Trio.

The largest choral societies are the Loring Club, which is conducted by W. A. Sabin, and the Scandinavian Singing Society, which is led by

Axel Pihlstrom. There are also the San Francisco Musical Club and the Pacific Musical Society, which present two concerts each month during the season. They are both women's clubs and have a fine membership.

One of the brightest figures in San Francisco musical history is that of Edwin Lemare, the famous organist, who, after making many tours of the United States and around the world, gave 121 recitals at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915. Very few cities have a city organ and a city organist, but San Francisco has these, and in 1917 to 1921, inclusive, Lemare presided over the organ in the Civic Auditorium, giving weekly recitals with an occasional "extra," to the delight and edification of the musical public. He would be in the same position today but for the fact that the term of city organist is limited and cannot be monopolized by any one musician for an extended period.

To hear Lemare at the great Auditorium organ was such a musical treat as few lovers of good music would be willing to forego, and so the place was crowded at recital after recital. In himself, Lemare is worthy of notice as a genius of the organ. He was born on the Isle of Wight in 1865 and studied under his father to become an organist. He began playing in church services at the early age of eight and was the organist of St. John's Church, London, at seventeen. He inaugurated weekly recitals in London and later continued at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He first came to the United States in 1900 and became organist of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, after which he made various tours and was everywhere successful. He is the author of many original compositions and transcriptions.

Among local musicians of note who have played in concerts at the Auditorium is Miss Ada Clement, who, with Miss Lilian Hodghead and Miss Rena Lazelle, conducts a conservatory of music on Sacramento Street.

In the field of musical criticism San Francisco has received the best of suggestion and guidance in the local writings of Edgar Stillman Kelley, himself a musician and composer of national renown, in H. D. Bosworth, who beside his newspaper criticisms has written some very pretty ballads, in Peter Robertson and Thomas Nunan and in Ray C. B. Brown. For a time Willard Huntington Wright wrote his fastidious musical reviews for the Bulletin. The other writers referred to contributed to the Chronicle and the Examiner. In writing of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the Chronicle in 1923 Mr. Brown said of the Hertz Company: "In a little more than a decade it has emerged triumphantly from the countless difficulties attendant upon the establishment of an artistic enterprise, grown steadily in the quality of its musicianship and won a national reputation. When the record is compared with the histories of the Chicago

Symphony's thirty-three years, Boston Symphony's forty-three years and the New York Symphony's forty-five years, the logical deductions speak eloquently of Californian culture, energized by characteristic western spirit."

XXXVII

MEN OF SCIENCE

IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FIELD OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND ACHIEVEMENT MADE BY BAY REGION PEOPLE—INTERESTING WORK IN MECHANICS, PHYSICS, ASTRONOMY AND NATURAL HISTORY—SPLENDID RESULTS ATTAINED BY MUIR, JORDAN, BURBANK, HOWISON, MEAD AND MANY OTHERS.

Science bulks so large in the minds of the people of this century and has done so much for their material convenience and comfort, that to deny its claims, as many poets, philosophers and those of purely spiritual character are prone to do, seems idle to those who exist for the temporal life, and perhaps it is. Rail as he may against science as a mere phase of materialism, the cynical philosopher offers nothing better by way of human employment. The poet may complain that,

“Things are in the saddle and ride mankind,”

And in a high-sounding line declare that,

“All your botany is Latin names,”

And he may deride the devices of the inventor as playthings for mortals, unacceptable to Jove; and the cynic may say that the automobile and the airplane simply afford the headlong egoist of the present day a means of getting nowhere in particular in a great hurry, and yet there remains nothing more alluring to the average mind than the products of science of which we never tire of exclaiming, “How wonderful!”

The bay region of San Francisco has contributed its full share to science, among other things the underground cable and electric railway systems, many improvements in locomotives, and automobiles, together with instantaneous photography, from which the present motion picture was evolved; many chemical compounds and engineering, mining and irrigating devices, among them the gold dredger and the hydraulic system of terrene erosion, while among its astronomical discoveries have been that of the fifth satellite of Jupiter as well as comets, nebulae and binary stars; in geological fields the discovery of the great Alaskan and Sierran glaciers; in plant life the amazing productions of Burbank; in the fields of abstract

and theoretic philosophy the world-famous work of Joseph LeConte and George Holmes Howison; in the piscatorial world that of David Starr Jordan; in agrarian economics that of Henry George—a name that stands lofty and unique in American annals—as well as that of Elwood Mead, while the science of ornithology has had happy exponents in Charles Keeler and Charles F. Holder and the flowers have had their learned chroniclers in Charles Francis Saunders, Katherine Chandler and Alice Davidson; also we may count among the foremost of our men of science and affairs, Herbert Hoover, whose professional engineering work in mines all over the world and whose economic administration of foods and relief work during the World war placed his name on every tongue; nor should we overlook Exum P. Lewis, whose work as a physicist has brought him renown in scientific circles and placed his papers in many a textbook, nor Myer E. Jaffa, the chemist and food expert, nor Bernard B. Maybeck, famous in the fields of geometry and architecture, the designer, among other noble and unique structures, of that dream of architectural beauty, the Palace of Fine Arts of San Francisco.

The list may be extended in a way to constitute an endless task for the annalist, who, because of the magnitude of the job, were he to expand upon the notable work of each, will here confine himself to a special mention of the lives and labors of a few of the more conspicuous persons who have made this district famous in a scientific way throughout the world. And it should not be attributed to the Californian habit of boastfulness if it is pointed out that this little San Francisco bay region, with less than fifteen hundred square miles of area has done more for science than all the rest of the territory west of the Mississippi River, and more than a hundred times as much as all the rest of the Pacific Coast. The value to the world of the work of Luther Burbank alone is inestimable and is matchless even though contrasted with that of the whole Agricultural Department of the United States Government, when it comes to the matter of the evolution of plant life.

Nor will the chronicler undertake to set forth in anything like detail what the men he has selected as examples of scientific attainment have accomplished in this region, but will rather concern himself in each case with the human, and, therefore, more interesting side of their characters and doings.

John Muir, naturalist, geologist and explorer, was as much a poet as any of these, and his work refutes the idea harbored by the spiritual mind that a scientist must needs be an arid plodding dissector of nature and a cold, passionless investigator of her secrets. Muir flings open to the imagination the boundless field of natural life, and as we read his books there is revealed to us the vision of peak and canyon, of tree and flower.



JOHN MUIR

We are impressed, most of all, by the authenticity of his report which could come only from exact knowledge such as he acquired during a long life of close and sympathetic research.

Muir, who lived near Martinez, not far from the upper bay waters, was much loved by Californians. He spent most of his life in the Golden State and did all his most famous work here. He was born in 1838 and died in 1914. His boyhood days were spent in the middle west. While still only a youth he wandered away from his Wisconsin home and came to California, poor, without friends but with such zeal for knowledge of nature's handiwork as was bound to eventuate in the making of a great naturalist, perhaps the greatest this country ever has known. He arrived in San Francisco in the early '70s and struck out immediately for the mountains on foot through the San Joaquin Valley. He studied the Sierras and wrote many interesting articles and books on them. He was the first man to evolve the theory that the Yosemite Valley was scooped out by glacial erosion, and he proved it in the face of all the wise men who were so fond of accounting for it by cataclysm. He gave the world its first accurate scientific knowledge of the California big trees and found many hitherto unknown glaciers in the Sierras.

John Muir had an affinity for solitude and silence. The frankness, the simplicity, the carelessness and the extreme sensitiveness of the man who lives close to nature were all his. So receptive was his mind that he had some remarkable telepathic experiences.

"One day," he related to me, "I was sitting on top of the North Dome of Yosemite when there came to me a strong flash of intelligence concerning Prof. J. D. Butler, my old Latin teacher of the University of Wisconsin. I had not heard from Butler for years, but I was now fully persuaded that he was just entering the valley, which was the fact."

Butler was thinking of Muir and hoping to find him in the valley, and Muir's sensitive, impressible and highly receptive mind caught the message like the antennae of a radio.

"I sprang up," said Muir, "and started toward the hotel, four or five miles distant, but it came to me that it would be impossible to get there until late, and not wishing to disturb my friend, I waited until morning, when I went down, found Butler's name on the hotel register, and was told he had gone to Vernal Falls. I followed up the trail and met him on top of Liberty Gap."

Muir's books on "The National Parks" contained wonderful descriptions of the canyons and forests. Although he wrote very slowly his language did not seem to lack spontaneity. As a rule he left nothing of value to be said about any subject that he covered. Read his chapter on the Yellowstone and you cannot fail to feel the finality of it. For to

describe the Yellowstone after Muir would be like trying to write a new "Inland Voyage" after Stevenson.

"I write and rewrite," he said to me once, "and make terrible work of it. I always like to consider the infinite possibilities. So I turn my material this way and that and brood over it like a setting hen. Sometimes it will take me six weeks to write an ordinary magazine article of seven or eight thousand words." To him writing was boresome. He preferred trail climbing. "Up there among the glaciers," he said, "one gets a lot of light on how God is making the worlds, how the cosmos is growing. Beauty is being made there. The snowflakes are being compacted, the atoms of the rocks are being united into a solid grand army, all marching to music.

John Muir has been called the Skyland Philosopher, and the chief element of his philosophy, like that of most great and true men, was simplicity. With this was coupled a fine, fragrant faith. Imagine a man setting out to scale a mountain or traverse a great glacier and to remain for weeks in a practically unknown region with no other camp equipment but a pocket knife, a tin cup and the clothes he stood in, and no other provision than a bag of bread and a little tea! And yet Muir did this time and again, and never felt that he was tempting the fates; and always, even after he had been given up as lost, he would return to his home, weary perhaps, but little the worse for adventures that would have killed an ordinary being. When he read of the elaborate preparations of Abruzzi and other mountain climbers he laughed.

"Why don't they go up in Pullman cars?" he used to say.

Muir traveled much. He went to Florida, to Cuba, to Alaska, to Mexico, to Australia, to Siberia, to India—all over the world—in the pursuit of his studies as a naturalist. He compared the giant eucalyptus trees of Australia with the Californian big trees and found the former much smaller, though they had been reputed to be of greater size.

In his sixty-fifth year he went to India, and from Ceylon he sent me a letter saying he had climbed some of the tall peaks of the Himalyas. The experience was interesting, but no more so than what he had enjoyed in the Sierras. He went to Alaska in the '80s and discovered the great glacier that bears his name. In 1899 he went again to Alaska with the Harriman expedition, with John Burroughs, Charles Keeler and other naturalists. One morning Burroughs protruded his head into Muir's stateroom on the steamer and twitted him for not having been up on deck twenty minutes before to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Taku Inlet, which Burroughs had viewed for the first time.

"John Burroughs," returned Muir, "you should have been up here twenty years ago instead of sitting about in your cabin on the Hudson."

Both these men were great naturalists, but Muir's experience was of a far wider nature than that of Burroughs.

Muir accompanied President Roosevelt to the Yosemite as guide in 1903. It was a boresome affair to the great naturalist, who did not want to go, as he was at work on an important article in his Martinez study when he received the invitation to which many another man would have delighted to respond.

"But my dear Muir," said a friend who happened in just as he was about to send back his regrets, "a man must always accept the president's invitation."

"Must he?" said Muir dubiously.

"Yes; it's like the command of a king to his subject."

To the liberty-loving old mountaineer this was no sort of appeal. How he at last persuaded himself to go at the bidding of the chief magistrate was curiously characteristic of the man.

"Well," he argued against his inclination, "I suppose I shouldn't refuse just because he happens to be president."

Having the privilege of inviting a friend to accompany him, he asked me to go along, but a press of editorial work kept me in San Francisco. However, I guided him through the streets of the city, in which he was far more likely to get lost than in any mountain wilderness, and across the bay to Oakland, where I saw him safely aboard the president's private car. It was night and Mr. Roosevelt had not yet come down to the train, so, Muir, instead of waiting up for him, went directly to bed! Now this may seem a bit strange and perhaps poseful, but if you had known Muir you would know that it was the most natural and most likely thing that he would have done; and as for pose, he was simply incapable of it.

One day Mrs. Muir caught her husband in the act of throwing a roll of something into the fire.

"What's that?" she asked, knowing him of old as likely to commit an overt act in the destruction of what he called treasured trash.

"Nothing but that old piece of parchment. I don't want it lumbering up my drawer."

Mrs. Muir seized the parchment and unrolled it.

"Why, John!" she exclaimed. "This is your bachelor's degree from Harvard."

"I thought so," said he. "Well take it away, if you prize it so highly."

When asked why he refused professorships in colleges he said: "Oh, there are already too many men teaching things they have got out of books. What are needed are original investigators to write new books, and if I live I'm going to study and not teach."

He had his own ideas of health. Once when he had a very severe

cough he nearly drove his wife to despair by announcing that he was going up in the glaciers to make further explorations.

"But you are ill, John," Mrs. Muir remonstrated. "It will kill you. You mustn't dream of going. You'll never come back alive."

"Yes I will!" he declared stoutly, choking back his cough. "For a disease like bronchitis there's nothing in the world like sleeping on a glacier." So he went and was cured.

He laughed at the friends of Emerson who visited the Yosemite in his company in the '70s because they would not let him camp out for the night, but must take him off to a hotel. He accused them of having the house habit. For himself he did not intend to suffer from indoor complaints. He lived for seventy-six years. Of all my friends that have passed away it is hardest to think of him as dead. Even now it seems strange for one who knew him so well to be writing in the past tense of this restless, eager, always essentially alive man who spent so much of his time in strenuous tramps among the forests and mountains, and it is particularly strange because he kept up his wild quest for new and strange places and objects to such an advanced age that one came to think of him as an immortal and eternal seeker out of Nature's hidden shrine. And indeed, it is easy to fancy him at this moment, peering into some remote and secret fold of the Sierras, into some inaccessible Arizonian canyon or into some abysmal Alaskan crevasse, or lifting himself in triumph upon the summit of some Himalayan or Andean peak whose snows never have received the impress of man's footprints.

David Starr Jordan, naturalist, educator and author, shines in all three of these important vocations. He was born in 1851. For a time he was instructor in botany at Cornell University, then professor of natural history at Lombard University. In 1875 he was professor of biology at Butler University and in 1879 he was professor of zoology at the University of Indiana, of which he was later made president. From 1891 to 1913 he was president of Stanford University and has been a resident of California for thirty-two years. Most of his important work has been done in this state. In his younger days he was, as he still is, an ardent naturalist. He went with Agassiz to Penikese Island, where the great science teacher labored lovingly with a little Harvard class whom he taught to read the great open book of nature. So far as California is concerned Agassiz has been immortalized very largely through Jordan's splendid tributes to him. Jordan has talked Agassiz in school and out. He set up a statue to the great naturalist in the "quad" at Stanford and when the earthquake of 1906 threw it down and it made a big hole in the cement walk, Jordan said: "I always have liked Agassiz, but I think I like him better in the abstract than in the concrete."

This jovial remark gives the key to Jordan's character. He has been and is a big, all-around man, and has been a leader in many fields of intellectual activity. When I asked him once to what he attributed his success as a college president, he replied quite readily: "I attribute it to the fact that I never wanted to be a college president."

Always he has been as unconventional as any student in his university. When Senator Stanford appointed him president of the great university in 1891 he turned over to him a large trunk which he said was full of applications for positions in the faculty. These came from all over the world. But Jordan selected his instructors from Cornell and Indiana, as a rule, and each appointment was a surprise to the man who received it. As for the applications for positions he never knew from whom they came, for the trunk was never opened.

From the first of his natural science studies Jordan became profoundly interested in fish. To perfect himself in this course of study he traveled over 200,000 miles, going all over the globe. He knows more of fish today than any other living man. The problem of geographical distribution of fishes has been his hobby. He worked harder at this, he says, because less was known than of other branches of the study. To obtain an idea of the extent of his writings on fish one need but to know that about twenty-five years ago he nearly ruined his eyes in the mere mechanical work of reading the proofs of his great volumes on this subject. His textbooks on fish, including "A Guide to the Study of Fishes," published in 1905, are accepted as authoritative literature everywhere. When, as the youngest member of the faculty of the University of Indiana, he found himself suddenly chosen its president, he took it on a tentative arrangement.

"I didn't want the place," he told me once. "I had other fish to fry. On the day I took it I sent in my resignation to take effect in six months, but I had to stay six years." His experience as president of Stanford was similar in a way, and he was glad when he was made chancellor in 1913, and still better pleased when he was made chancellor emeritus in 1916.

There were dark days at Stanford in 1893, when every bank was closed against the borrower and the university was very short of funds, but Jordan weathered the storm. He had been given free rein by the founder of the university and was privileged to travel everywhere. He climbed the Matterhorn, walked under the Cuban palms, paddled a canoe on the Yukon, swam in the surf with the wild men of the South Sea Islands, waded in the streams of Japan, bicycled about California, walked over the desert trails of Mexico and climbed to the top of the Enchanted Mesa of Arizona. When in the first automobile built in California, he drove up to the summit of Mount Hamilton, it was thought at the time a great achievement and the story of the trip was told everywhere.

With C. F. Holder, a brother naturalist, he wrote "Fish Stories," in 1908. In the following year he wrote two books of a religious nature, "The Religion of a Sensible American," and "The Stability of Truth." He is a pacifist and during the World war was severely criticized as such. Against war he has written many books and articles, among them, "The Blood of the Nation," "War and Waste," "War's Aftermath" and "Ways to Lasting Peace."

He has continued his studies and writings about fish until recent years. In 1919 he published "Fossil Fishes of Southern California" and in 1920 "The Genera of Fishes."

Luther Burbank, who is known as the Plant Wizard, has lived for many years in Sonoma County and has done all of his best work there. He is seventy-three years of age at this writing, but is hale and active, and may be seen almost daily working in his wonderful gardens in Santa Rosa. He rejoices not only in his own success, but in that of Sonoma County which now stands first in the state in the production of poultry and eggs, hops, bush berries and grapes. In 1918, the last year of legal wine manufacture, the county produced 10,000,000 gallons of wine. In the combined values of crops and livestock Sonoma ranks eighth among all the counties of the United States, and it is second in California in the annual production of cherries, prunes and apples. In the increase of its production, Luther Burbank has assisted not a little, as he has also done in nearly every part of arable America. Burbank evolved the Burbank potato, which has added millions of wealth to our agriculturists. He also produced the stoneless plum, the thornless cactus, the white blackberry, the beautiful Shasta daisy and many other phenomenal forms of plant life.

Luther Burbank, who designates himself as a naturalist, was born in Lancaster, Mass., on March 7, 1849. He spent his boyhood on the farm and devoted himself to the study of nature and particularly to plant life. He removed to Santa Rosa in 1875 and has lived there ever since. The Burbank potato was among the first of his valuable productions. He originated several new varieties of plums. He also produced the prunes named giant, splendor, sugar, standard and stoneless, as well as a new fruit called the plumcot.

All his life Burbank has been a very busy but at the same time very patient man. He has conducted thousands of experiments in the evolution of plant life, and has at the present day over 6,000 under way. He is also growing over 5,000 distinct botanical specimens from all parts of the world. On the Burbank Experimental Farms more than a million plants are grown every year for the purpose of testing.

One of the most important of Burbank's productions in recent years has been that of his super-wheat. On good common valley soil this wheat

yielded fifty bushels to the acre. It was all raised from a single seed, selected by Burbank and planted in 1906. It required ten years to perfect the wheat. First the experimenter tried grain from different parts of the world, from Norway, Italy, Argentina, Australia, New Zealand and other countries. He sowed these in patches; the best single plant or plants in these patches was selected and a certain number of selected grains from each of these plants were sown in rows, and the best single plant thus produced was selected for another similar test. The super-wheat was produced, after the ten years of experimentation, as a result of the combination of one of the best Italian wheats and a popular Australian variety known as the comeback.

Mr. Burbank is a man of genial personality, with a host of friends and extremely popular in the community in which he lives. Santa Rosa is proud of him and seeks in every way possible to do him honor. Not only does he love plants but he loves children. March 9, his birthday, is celebrated as a holiday in the public schools. It is known as Burbank day, and thousands of children on that day send greetings to the plant wizard.

In 1922 the people of Santa Rosa, in appreciation of his invaluable work, began to make plans for a memorial park on the Redwood Highway, a half mile north of the city limits, to be named for Burbank. This is a unique honor, to be bestowed upon a man in his lifetime. The site of the park covers forty acres and was purchased by the city and by contributions from citizens at a cost of \$32,000. There will be erected in this park an auditorium, an agricultural library, a pathological museum and a gymnasium. Santa Rosa has asked the State to establish here a summer school of agriculture and this probably will be done in due course of time.

Burbank is an honorary member of many agricultural associations in various parts of the world. He has lectured on evolution, and in these discourses has given ample proof of the profundity of his studies, particularly in the matter of the hybridization of plants. Some of his views are opposed to those of Mendel, now so generally accepted by biologists. Nearly everyone in this age of eugenic study has heard of Mendel and Mendelism, for Gregor Mendel's book is the Bible of the eugenists. But for the benefit of those whose memory of his work requires to be refreshed, I will state one of the leading principles of his theory. Experimenting with peas, Mendel found that the second generation of tall and dwarf hybrids will be composed of three tall plants, or dominants, as he called them, to each dwarf, or recessive. In subsequent generations the dwarfs always breed true, as do one out of every three tall. This is but one of the multitudinous aspects of Mendelian lore, but Sir Francis Galton and nearly all other eugenists bank upon the theory in its entirety and apply it directly to animal as well as to plant life. One would conclude that Luther Bur-

bank, with whom hybridization has been a lifelong study, upon which he has concentrated as no other man ever has done, would have learned something from Mendel. But his answer to the question I put to him in 1916 in a long talk I had with him on the subject, "What benefits have you derived from Mendelism?" was, "None whatever." Then he added: "Mind you, I don't condemn it, but there is very little value to the naturalist in all this eugenic talk. Eugenics, as I see it, is very far from being an exact science. What it chiefly lacks to make it so is proof. I have an idea that a very close study of it will drive a man insane. A eugenicist would take that stake fence there along the road and try to show you how animal and plant life might be reproduced in some such regular order as a man would rebuild that fence; but by close observation you might find from two to a million manifestations of dissimilarity of characteristics. Anybody who tries to make cut-and-dried rules for nature is going to have some surprises. I have not found such rules in my work of hybrid evolution. Mendelism, in some of its aspects, is rather an interesting study, but to me it was by no means profitable."

It is fair to assume that the work of the celebrated European biologist in the line of hybridization has been, when compared with that of Luther Burbank, like that of an ant heap to an Alp.

When asked about what some naturalists have called the perversity of plant life in its evolutionary stages, Mr. Burbank replied: "Yes, it seems like perversity sometimes when one notes the strange results of some experiment in hybridization, but as a matter of fact nature never lies. A well-known plant breeder once assured me that he had caught her lying now and then, but I told him he was mistaken; that while some of her manifestations were baffling to us and seemed contradictory, it was only because we did not understand them. I have been greatly perplexed and irritated by the result of some of my experiments, but I found after a while that it was best to accept the conclusions of nature and to act accordingly. The eugenists should have found that out by this time, but many of them haven't done so. And yet I wish to give full credit to the possible value of eugenics where wisely pursued.

"But the chief principles of heredity," he declared, "were known before the modern eugenists came into the field. Certain characteristics, traits and habits may be handed down in families, but when it comes to the transmission of diseases about all we know is that we inherit a tendency toward the disease and, generally speaking, not the disease itself, which is often wholly escaped."

While on the subject of heredity I asked Mr. Burbank to whom he was going to hand down his legacy of plant lore, who was going to carry on his great work after him.

"Nobody," was his quiet reply—"that is, no particular person. The

government will preserve and reproduce all my plants. As for experiments, the government could hardly be expected to carry them on as I have done, for with all its work in that line at its many experimental stations, it never has originated a single plant."

Herbert Clark Hoover, who was born in 1874 and graduated from Stanford University in 1895, after taking an engineering course which has resulted in his receiving honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Brown, Johns Hopkins and other universities, has done an amazing amount of professional labor in railways, mines and metallurgical works in this and foreign countries. His capacity for handling immense affairs has been recognized by the Government in many ways. He was chairman of the Relief Commission in Belgium during the World war, also United States food commissioner during 1917 and 1919. He was later chairman of the United States War Trade Council and of the United States Grain Corporation and of the Sugar Equalization Board. He is at present chairman of the European Relief Council and of other important societies. He was appointed Secretary of Commerce by President Harding and has served in that capacity since March 5, 1921. He has been awarded many gold medals by American and foreign organizations.

The war sacrifices of Hoover never have been understood by his countrymen, most of whom believed that he was paid for his services. As a matter of fact for all his work from the beginning of the war in 1914 up to his appointment as Secretary of Commerce he did not receive a dollar by way of remuneration for his splendid services in Belgium, France or the United States. When he worked for the Food Commission he was not even a dollar-a-year man. His services were rendered absolutely gratis, and when it was proposed that a bill be passed by Congress to repay him, his friends said that it would be useless to adopt such a measure, as Hoover would accept no pay, though the war had greatly reduced his fortune. This is in keeping with the character of the man from the first. As a member of a firm of mining engineers and managers of London he received a substantial income. An agent of the company absconded with funds intrusted in his hands. The embezzled money had belonged to outsiders and the firm was in no way responsible for its loss. Hoover proposed, however, that he and his associates should make good to all those who had been mulcted. Some of the members of the company demurred, but Hoover insisted and the stolen money was repaid. In doing this Hoover wiped out a modest fortune that he had accumulated and was left considerably in debt. Although urged to become a presidential candidate, Hoover, better known to his countrymen than any other man mentioned for the office in 1920, would not seriously consider the idea, though there is little doubt that he could have been elected.

XXXVIII

CAFES, CLUBS AND HOTELS

SAN FRANCISCO, A CITY OF GUSTATORY DELIGHTS SUCH AS ARE NOT TO BE FOUND AND ENJOYED ELSEWHERE IN THE WEST—A PEOPLE OF EPICUREAN TASTES WHO SMILE AT THE "BARBARIC FEEDINGS" OF TOWNS OF LESSER KNOWLEDGE OF CUISINE—SOME OF THE OLD RESTAURANTS—FINE HOTELS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

"Were one to write of San Francisco," says Clarence E. Edwards, "and omit mention of its gustatory delights, the whole world would protest." This is an extravagant assertion. Nine-tenths of the American people seem to be as content with greasy home cooking and lunch counter eatables, poor spongey baker's bread, mashed potatoes and overdone steaks as they would be with properly prepared food. But Mr. Edwards is right when he adds: "In San Francisco eating is an art and cooking a science, and he who knows not what San Francisco provides, knows neither art nor science."

As early as 1850 one could get a well-cooked meal, prepared by a high-salaried French chef in many a restaurant in San Francisco, and good eating became a fixed habit with the pioneers. In 1858 the first Cliff House was opened by Captain Foster. It was originally called the Seal Rock House, and was patronized by all those who could afford to pay the high prices charged for its excellent dinners. In 1861 Foster rebuilt the place, enlarging and calling it the Cliff House. It was the regular habit of persons of wealth to drive out over the sandy road from downtown and dine there in the sound of the surf beating against the rocks and amid the hoarse cries of the seals. In 1879 the hotel and restaurant were sold to Sheldon & Sheldon, who in turn sold it to C. C. Butler. In the early '80s Adolph Sutro, who constructed the famous Sutro tunnel in Nevada, bought the Cliff House and maintained it as a part of his Sutro Heights estate, a large botanical garden overlooking the sea.

In 1890 the schooner *Parallel*, with a cargo of dynamite, foundered on the beach below the cliff. When the vessel struck, the dynamite was exploded and one end of the Cliff House was wrecked. On Christmas night, 1904, the famous resort, the best known of any on the coast, was burned down. It was rebuilt not long afterward and again burned in September,

1907. It was again rebuilt in a very substantial way and has stood for sixteen years without other loss than that sustained by competition with other oceanside resorts in the neighborhood, among them Tait's-on-the-Beach.

The Maison de Fer was among the earliest of the gold-period restaurants, so called because it was covered by sheet iron. It stood on Montgomery Street, between Jackson and Pacific. Here the Society of California Pioneers had its inception. The Maison de Fer was the first to serve the chicken-in-the-shell dish for which so many of the later restaurants of San Francisco gained fame.

Bazzuro's first restaurant was on an old ship at anchor near the Yerba Buena beach. When that part of the bay was afterward filled in, Bazzuro kept the place on the same spot and continued it up to 1906. After the great fire one of the first restaurants of the city to be rebuilt was Bazzuro's.

The French peasant style of restaurant, so popular at the present day, where the diners sit at a common board and pass the food around, had its first representation in Ma Tanta, which soon became well known and was crowded with patrons from 6 to 8 o'clock in the evening. At dinner there was first passed about an enormous bowl of salad, each diner helping himself. Next came an immense tureen of soup, and afterwards came wine, fish, an entree, roast, dessert and black coffee—all for the modest sum of 25 cents. The wine was served in quart bottles, and one drank as much as one pleased without extra cost. After the World war the price of the meal was doubled and with the coming of prohibition the wine was served in teapots and was poured into cups, the patron being charged 25 cents a cup. Prohibition was a great blow to the San Francisco diner, but it did not prevent his imbibing as much wine as he could pay for until in later years and quite sporadically the "dry agents" began to make their raids.

In early days the California House, in California Street, just below Dupont, had a chef of local fame named John Somali, who, in after years, opened the Maison Riche, which went out of existence in 1906. It is said that at this place Michael Reese, the eccentric California millionaire, once ordered two turkeys—one for his guests and one for himself.

Then there was Manning's famous oyster house, first opened at Pine and Webb streets and afterward in the California Market. Here, as in other San Francisco restaurants, one was served with real French bread, the appetizing, sourdough sort beloved of all that know good bread when they taste it.

The old Tehama House, at California and Sansome streets, where the Bank of California now stands, was a favorite haunt of the bon vivant.

It was largely patronized by army officers, Lieut. John Derby, one of the best known authors in the '60s, made his headquarters there. Derby wrote under the pseudonyms of "John Phoenix" and "Squibob."

Marchand's original restaurant was in a room in Dupont Street, between Jackson and Washington. Afterward it was in a house at Bush and Dupont streets. Then it spread out in an ambitious way in a fine home at Geary and Stockton streets, where it was resorted to by high-livers until it was destroyed by the great fire. Marchand's, the Poodle Dog, at Stockton and Bush streets, and the Maison Riche, were among the higher priced and more luxurious of the San Francisco cafes. Then there were Campi's, a very popular place, where a good 50-cent dinner was served; the Pup, Jacques', Delmonico's, Frank's, the Mint and the Maison Doree, besides many others where good food and excellent wine could be had at reasonable prices, that is to say, from 75 cents to \$1.50 for each guest. The Palace Hotel and the Baldwin were resorts in much favor with good-livers in the '70s, '80s and on up to the fire. The Palace and the St. Francis are among the higher class hotels and eating places of the present day.

From 1880 and for about a decade afterward there were several large restaurants where good meals were served at 25 cents, among these being the Popular and Wilson's, and there were many 25-cent and 50-cent eating places scattered about town, particularly in the Latin quarter.

After the fire the cafeteria, or self-service restaurant, made its appearance in a conspicuous way and is still very popular. Many of the largest restaurants in town are cafeterias. Previous to the advent of this class of eating place there were many cafes, some of them quite luxurious in their appointments, where if one bought a drink for 25 cents one would be served with an excellent luncheon free of charge. Among places of this sort were Hoffman's on Market Street, near Second, and the Richelieu, at Market and Geary Streets.

Club membership in San Francisco is large and has been for years. The Olympic Club, founded in 1860, is one of the oldest amateur athletic organizations in the country. Its influence in building up and maintaining public interest in amateur sports has been very great. Some of the most famous boxers, wrestlers, runners and swimmers have been proud to wear the winged "O." The clubhouse is one of the most imposing and best-appointed in the West and is the recreation place of over 5,000 members.

The Bohemian Club, known everywhere as one of the finest organizations of its class in the world, has a splendid home at Taylor and Post streets. It has for its members many distinguished men of literary, artistic and professional renown. The midsummer jinks of the club are held in a redwood grove in Sonoma County, where an outdoor play is given each year.

One of the most exclusive clubs in the city is the Pacific-Union, which now occupies a large brownstone house formerly the residence of James L. Flood. It stands on Nob Hill as does also the commodious home of the University Club, whose membership is made up of college men.

The Union League Club has fine spacious quarters at Powell and O'Farrell streets. The Commercial Club is housed in the Merchants' Exchange Building, and the Transportation Club is on the mezzanine floor of the Palace Hotel, in which are also the Masonic Club and the Old Colony Club. The Engineers' Club has fine quarters in the Mechanics' Institute Building. The Press Club occupies a fine large building in Powell Street. Besides newspaper folk, it also has on its membership roll many men of other professions.

The Concordia and the Argonaut are Jewish clubs of long standing. The Young Men's Christian Association is in a fine building of its own at Leavenworth Street and Golden Gate Avenue, and the Young Women's Christian Association is well housed in Sutter Street, besides having a boarding home on O'Farrell Street. Among other women's organizations are the Woman's Athletic Club, the California, Century, Sorosis, Franciscan, Forum, Sequoia and Town and Country Clubs.

Very prominent in California life is the Sierra Club, a large organization which ranks second in size among America's mountaineering clubs. It makes a tour in the high Sierra each Summer and throughout the year it conducts local walks in the bay region. It has fine rooms in the Mills Building on Montgomery Street, where it welcomes all visitors who wish to learn something of outdoor life in California and particularly the mountain trails.

The California State Automobile Association has its quarters on Van Ness Avenue, where it extends a welcome to all visiting motorists and gladly directs them on their way if they wish to make tours in any part of the state.

The Commonwealth Club is a fine, large organization having for its chief object the study of problems that affect state, city and national government. Other clubs are the Downtown Association, the California Industries Association, Electrical Development League, the Rotary Club, the Advertising Club, the Optimists' Club, the Foreign Trade Club, the Kiwanis and the One Hundred Per Cent Club.

Perhaps the most active organization in the city is the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, with its 5,000 members, with commodious headquarters in the Merchants' Exchange Building. This organization is the parent of the San Francisco Hospitality Movement, part of the program of which is to greet visitors to the city and make them feel at home within its gates.

It is obvious that to give the history of each of these organizations would be beyond the scope of such a work as that attempted by the author, though incidentally throughout its pages will be found occasional mention of some of the more prominent ones. It may be said briefly that most of the clubs suffered great losses during the fire, but that all of them are now better housed and better provided with creature comforts than before that disastrous event. The annalist is tempted, however, to give bits of history in connection with a few of the more prominent associations. The Bohemian Club was to be an association of journalists and was organized in the editorial rooms of the Examiner on February 23, 1872. After a while it began to take in artists, actors, authors and poets. On March 25, 1872, it occupied rooms in the old Astor House at Webb and Sacramento streets. Thomas Newcomb was its first president, Sands W. Forman, secretary, and Arpad Harazthy, treasurer. In 1877 it removed to 430 Pine Street, over the California market. By the year 1880 it numbered among its membership over 500 of the brightest minds of San Francisco. Its coat of arms is an owl perched on an empty skull, with the words "Weaving spiders come not here." An idea as to its present home and its jinks is given in a preceding paragraph.

The Olympic Club was organized in 1860 with twenty-three members. T. W. Bell was the first president, E. Bonnell was secretary and H. G. Hanks, treasurer. Physical culture was taught by H. W. A. Nahl in a small hall on the site of the old Grand Hotel at New Montgomery and Market streets. It moved to other places from time to time until it found a beautiful and permanent home on Post Street, near the Bohemian Club.

A small meeting of artists and art lovers was held on March 21, 1871, to form the Art Association of San Francisco. On the 28th of the same month an organization was effected, with J. B. Wandesforde as president, Frederick Whymper as secretary and a membership of eighteen. The first exhibition given by the association was a private one, and was held in the Mercantile Library hall. There was a small but really creditable display of pictures. The association had no rooms of its own for over twelve months, but held its meetings in the museum of the Mercantile Library. A few private exhibitions were given in Pacific Hall. In June, 1872, rooms were rented in Pine Street, near Sansome. At the first public exhibition there were nearly 300 paintings and drawings by Californian, Eastern and foreign artists. In February, 1877, the association moved to 430 Pine Street, in the building which housed the Bohemian Club. For many years J. R. Martin was secretary. Among various presidents of the club have been William Alvord, J. C. Duncan and Irving M. Scott. Edward Searles, the second husband of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, turned over to the city for an art institute the magnificent Hopkins mansion on Nob Hill. This was

destroyed in the fire of 1906 and only a small number of the many pictures collected there were saved. A temporary building was erected, a large number of paintings have been added to those saved from destruction, and in time the collection will equal the old one. The Art Institute and School of Design, as it is now called, has been affiliated with the University of California. The institute is open daily and in the course of a year is visited by very many people.

San Francisco always has been noted for its fine hotels. The old Palace and the Baldwin were the best caravansaries west of Chicago in their day. Both were destroyed by fire, but the Baldwin never was rebuilt. A feature of the new Palace, reconstructed since 1906, is the Palm Court, a favorite gathering place of society folk. Here they meet, dine and dance. The luxurious decorations of the ballroom, the dining rooms and reception rooms cause favorable remark from foreign visitors as does also the Maxfield Parrish mural painting, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," in the splendid Rose Room.

The St. Francis is the largest hotel in the city. It faces Union Square, a large and beautiful garden, and has fully 1,000 finely furnished rooms and a great banquet room in Italian style, with elaborately carved woodwork, besides commodious dining halls and meeting rooms and parlors. Mural paintings adorn the great cafe, representing a pageant setting forth the gifts of the old world to the new.

The Fairmont is on Nob Hill and it overlooks all the northeastern part of the city, having for its near neighbors the fine building of the University Club and the Pacific Union Club. The grounds are in terraces and are lovely to behold. A feature of the interior is the great Norman banquetting hall. The hotel is the resort of many persons of wealth, not a few of whom live there all the year round. Its commanding position makes it a magnificent viewpoint from which to gaze out upon the towers of trade that lie below it and beyond which spread the bright waters of the bay.

There are many other excellent hotels in the city, among them the Stewart, the Plaza and the Whitcomb. Some were built with a view to the accommodation of the visitors to the Panama Pacific Exposition and the numerous delegates to conventions that throng the city every year. So well known is the fact that San Francisco has ample hotel accommodations that it has become the convention city of the Pacific Coast.

XXXIX

SOCIETY, EXCLUSIVE AND OTHERWISE

PHASES OF SOCIETY IN THE BAY REGION FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES UP TO THE PRESENT DAY—WHAT JAMES BRYCE, THE BRITISH DIPLOMAT AND HISTORIAN, SAID OF IT—A QUAIN'T REVIEW OF THE SOCIETY OF THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES—THE SMART SETS AT BURLINGAME, SAN MATEO, SAN RAFAEL AND BELVEDERE.

The foregoing review of the various aspects of the club and hotel life of San Francisco—phases of Western civilization which are so conspicuously in evidence in the Bay City because of the essentially gay and gregarious nature of the inhabitants, affords an excuse for a survey, however inadequate, of local society in general and of what is known as exclusive society in particular.

James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," undertook to portray the society of San Francisco after his visit in 1881, and his impressions, rather vague and unsatisfactory on the whole, contain one admissible truth. He said that the Californians, living far away from the steady influence of the Eastern states, had developed and were proud of having done so, a sort of Pacific type, which had reached its height in the Bay City. However, it may be said that so far as fashions in attire have been concerned and so far as new-fangled ways of every kind have been considered—in architecture, in furniture, in drama, music and colloquial expression, San Francisco not only has been quick to "catch on," as the saying is, but has actually originated styles in dancing, dress and slang that have spread everywhere.

Like all other American cities, San Francisco takes exclusive society quite seriously. That one may not be deemed lacking in appreciation of the value, importance and worth of that class known as the "smart set," one is tempted to quote from a sympathetic chronicler the story of its beginnings in this large and cosmopolitan community. Here is what the writer of the introduction to the "Elite Directory," the first "blue book" of San Francisco, has to say in that edifying volume, published in 1879:

"The Bostonian can go back with his lineage to the ragged refugees who landed on Plymouth Rock; the New Yorker can trace his aristocratic blood direct to the Dutch market gardener knocking about among the cabbage patches of Manhattan Island; the Virginian is proud of his pedi-

gree direct from the gentle dame sold on the auction block in Jamestown for plug tobacco; the Louisianan can still see, beneath his tingling finger-tips, the tinge of the Creole tide; the Carolinian tells of the Huguenot parent driven from pillar to post; the Washingtonian can prate of the beauty and chivalry developed by the politician's potent touch, and Kentucky's proud flesh, as we all know, is nothing but blue grass; but where, in the name of reason and research, is the fountain-head of California refinement and respectability?

"Something of the pioneer lingers in the manners of all communities that have grown suddenly into wealth and greatness. It is the same in San Francisco, though there is less of the frontier element in our social composition than we might expect when we remember our small beginnings and our rapid progress. We are the result of the mining camp, and of such rude force and skilled energy as commonly seeks fortune in untried regions. Our social life is rich in its coloring, but tropical in its rankness. Our earlier and our later life are sharply contrasted. When California became part of the nation, San Francisco was a wilderness of sand and chaparral, with a few respectable adobe houses and scattering huts dotting the peninsula at wide intervals. The population was Spanish, with a few adventurous traders from the East and from European countries. The De Haros, the Valencias, the Noes and the Guerreros lived in the little village that clustered about the Mission. The Castros, the Estudillos, the Vallejos, the Ainsas, the Bandinis and the Noriegas maintained rural state on ranches scattered about the bay and at points in the interior. The social amusements were bull fights and fandangos. Daily life was like the drowsy existence of the lotus-eaters. There was little more labor than was needed to procure the two essentials, food and shelter. This silence was rudely disturbed by the advent of noisy, fortune-seeking, gold-hunting Americans, who began to come in large numbers in 1849. Few women came with them. Those in pursuit of gold scattered to the mountains; those who desired to obtain wealth without delving for it, established themselves in trade, or sought labor in the city. Life in the mining camps has been depicted vividly, if not always with strict fidelity, by Bret Harte, and has been described a thousand times in public prints and in discourses before Pioneer societies. Vice and crime flourished so rankly in the city as to make the swift judgment of the Vigilantes a blessing.

"The American women first seen in San Francisco were wives of soldiers. A few merchants' wives came in 1850, and a few more in 1851. Places to shelter them were not numerous. One of the first houses suitable for feminine entertainment was the hotel at the corner of Kearny and Commercial streets, kept by Messrs. Hart, Joyce & Sullivan, which was burned in the fire of 1851. In 1850 vessels landed at the wharf at the corner of

Clay and Sansome, from which point the settlement extended westward up Clay, Washington and Sacramento streets. One of the first hotels which could pretend to be fashionable was the St. Francis, at the corner of Clay and Dupont, which furnished good entertainment and made extravagant charges therefore. It was not much patronized after 1852. At the corner of Pike and Clay was a hotel kept by Henry Gordon Walton, whose intellectual wife was the author of the poem read at the celebration of California's admission as a state, on the 19th of October, 1850. On the opposite corner was the Garrett House, kept by Zeke Wilson, afterwards landlord of the Portsmouth, on Portsmouth Square. These hotels entertained most of the male representatives of our aristocracy in the first two or three years of the city's history. The Oriental Hotel, a large and convenient place of public entertainment for those primitive days, was built in 1851 at the intersection of Bush, Battery and Market streets. For six or seven years it was the center of fashion and sociability. Among the ladies who were its permanent guests were Mrs. Ira P. Rankin, Mrs. R. J. Vandewater, Mrs. Jacob Underhill, Mrs. Squire P. Dewey, Mrs. Garnett, Mrs. Henry Haight, Mrs. Robert Wakeman, Mrs. Frank Page, Mrs. A. A. Ritchie, Mrs. Henry Payson and Mrs. Doctor Hitchcock, the mother of Mrs. Howard Coit. The Tehama House, at the corner of California and Sansome streets, where the Bank of California stands, was a rival of the Oriental Hotel, though having a different patronage. Its corridors were brightened by the uniforms of dashing army officers, and loud with the disputes of politicians. Capt. U. S. Grant came from his post at Trinidad, in Humboldt County, and unaware of his future greatness, in Mexican sombrero and serape, smoked the pipe of peace in contented taciturnity on its front steps; and "John Phoenix," the first humorist of the Pacific Coast, was for a long time its respected guest.

"The famous Mrs. Greenough and her daughter, and the handsome Mrs. Samuel Ward were guests of the Oriental during the Winter of 1854. The Brannan House, at the corner of Bush and Sansome; the Rassette House, which stood on the site of the Cosmopolitan, and the International, at the corner of Kearny and Jackson streets, were more or less noted as abodes of wealth and elegance during the same period. None of these hotels ever achieved the position so long and so honorably maintained by the Oriental. The gay society of those early days danced to the music of the military and naval bands, had its assemblies, and listened, at Mr. Thomas Maguire's theaters, to the singing of Kate Hayes, Biscaccianti, and Madame Anna Thillon, and to the ravishing strains of Ole Bull. The sexes were hardly in proportion, there being in attendance at these pioneer operatic performances perhaps one lady to twenty gentlemen. There were fashionable boarding houses in the city, at which some of the bachelors

of the period were entertained. At Mrs. Leland's, on California Street, near Kearny, might be found Judge Botts, Judge Thornton, Governor Low and Judge Hoffman; either then, or not long afterwards, the wearers of these titles. At Mrs. Pettitt's, next door, could be seen a pleasant set, of which Judge Heydenfeldt, Judge Woodruff and Mr. Derby, a Boston gentleman of some fame, formed a part. An agreeable group of ladies and gentlemen made its headquarters at a large boarding house built by Henry Meiggs at the corner of Broadway and Montgomery streets. The list of guests and visitors included Charles Webb Howard, then a young Green Mountain boy, with face as round and red as a Vermont pippin; Edward Goold and his wife, A. J. Moulder, and Mr. and Mrs. Tobin.

"In 1852 society began to crystallize. Its first efforts at local aggrandizement were on Stockton Street, north of Washington, where there remain several stately houses as relics of primitive grandeur. In this neighborhood lived Captain Macondry and his family. One of his daughters married James Otis, afterwards mayor of the city, and another Horace Davis, now member of Congress. Mr. Samuel Herman was one of the local magnates. His daughters, Alice, Louise and Estelle, married, in the order named, Mr. Palmer of New York, Hall McAllister and Bernard Peyton. The reminiscences of the locality are numerous. Doctor Maxwell had a lovely daughter, one of the belles of the day, who died at eighteen. Milton S. Latham lived on Stockton Street, and entertained as elegantly if not as profusely as in later years. Hubert Sanders, distinguished for his hospitality, sailed from this port for Honolulu in the "Elvira Herbeck" and was never heard of afterwards. His daughter, a great beauty, married Alfred Wheeler. They lived on Lombard Street, and next them resided the Darlings, at whose house Miss Lizzie C. Fry was married to William C. Ralston. Other well remembered people were denizens of the neighborhood; among them John Middleton and the Gwins, who were elegantly domiciled at Wozencrafts, a fashionable boarding house at the corner of Stockton and Washington streets.

"There was a knot of stylish people gathered on California Street, west of Stockton, in 1853 and 1854. At the corner of Prospect Place and California resided Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Mrs. T. C. Banks, and where David Porter's house stands was the cottage of Mrs. B. L. Brooks. All of these ladies were the wives of well-to-do business men, and their houses were agreeable places of social resort. The wealth and refinement of the period were not entirely confined to these neighborhoods. There were pretty cottages nestling among the chaparral and behind the sand hills in divers localities. Judge Barrett built the picturesque house of many gables at the corner of Sutter and Stockton streets, which had for successive owners,

Lucien Herman, Doctor Bowie and Mr. Clark of Clark's Point, its present proprietor. It is now known as the Tivoli Garden, and its sociability is convivial and bacchanalian rather than stylish and intellectual.

"Society showed an early tendency toward Rincon Hill and its environs. Among the first residences in that part of town was the old Folsom House on Second Street, near Folsom, and the house of John Parrott on Folsom between Second and Third, which that gentleman still occupies. The dwellings of W. D. M. Howard and Samuel Brannan were on Mission Street, between Third and Fourth. The fashionable ladies of the Oriental Hotel used to visit them, crossing the hills near New Montgomery and Market to save time, and stopping in the friendly shelter of a manzanita bush, just before they reached their destination to pour out of their elastic gaiters the sand, which rendered walking unpleasant, and the poetry of motion impossible. The beaux of the period between 1851 and 1855, distinguished for personal grace and gallantry, were Ned Beale, George Pen Johnson, Capt. W. H. Moor, Charles Webb Howard, George Morgan, Ben Smith, William Botts, Edward Pringle, Joseph Donahoe, Archie Peachy, John B. Felton and Sam Ralston. Charley Strong was a wealthy bachelor, who had elegant rooms over Le Count's bookstore, where he entertained his friends. Society of San Francisco for the first four years after the admission of California as a state, is described by early residents as animated and brilliant. The city was full of bright, intellectual, energetic people. Most of them were young, hopeful and romantic. Their social intercourse had the polish of older communities, mingled with the dash and freedom of the frontier. Houses were well furnished and balls, parties and receptions were stylish, without disagreeable formality. In 1854 and 1855, South Park and Rincon Hill became social centers. The change was partly the result of speculation. George P. Gordon, a wealthy Englishman, purchased of Squire P. Dewey several blocks of land, and created South Park. It was the original intention to lay it out in four sections, but only two were completed. The part finished was built up with substantial houses, and for a while there was little that was stylish or correct in the city, except in its vicinity.

"Young ladies were not as plentiful then as now, but the few who were in society were more observable, the best known from the year 1852 to 1857 were a trio sometimes called "the Three Graces," but more commonly known as "the World, the Flesh and the Devil"—Miss Rose Gore, Miss Lottie Hall and Miss Patsy Ritchie. There was no merry-making at which they were not present; and no mischief brewed to which they did not add some ingredients. During this second epoch of the social history of San Francisco, there lived several ladies of superior accomplishments, who would have adorned the society of any city in the world. One of these was Mrs. M. S. Latham, formerly Miss Sophie Birdsall, a woman of magnificent

mind and vigorous character. Mrs. Doctor Hitchcock had a ready wit and superior attainments. Mrs. Sam Ward, daughter of John Grimes, a celebrated lawyer of Louisiana, was esteemed one of the most cultivated and beautiful women of the day.

"Among the first houses built were those of William F. Walton at the corner of Taylor and Washington, now occupied by William T. Coleman, and that of Captain Thomas at the corner of Taylor and Sacramento, now inhabited by A. E. Head. These, with the brick house on the corner of Washington and Taylor, opposite Mr. Coleman's, where E. W. Gross lived, were erected shortly before the rebellion.

"In 1860, Lloyd Tevis built a residence on the corner of Taylor and Jackson streets. The period was one of transition. Society, cramped for room, was fluttering about over the city seeking places to alight. The hills were steep, and in a measure, inaccessible, and those who objected to climbing selected building sites in the streets further south. Bush Street was at first preferred. A. Adolph Low selected a site on Bush Street, at the corner of Leavenworth, and D. J. Tallant on the same street, at the corner of Jones. The residences of both were considered handsome ten years ago. Fashion afterwards condescended to settle on Pine, Sutter, Post and Geary streets, and since that time has been uncertain regarding the choice of locations."

While the foregoing may seem quaint and amusing to the society people of the present day, it is a more or less truthful picture, though heightened as to color here and there. The uncertainty as to locale has been removed to a certain extent, by the selection of Pacific Heights and other western parts of the city as the habitat of the wealthy. When it left Rincon Hill because of the encroachments of commerce, it took up its home on Nob Hill and the adjacent precincts. William Sharon built a mansion on Sutter Street and S. M. Wilson a beautiful house on Pine Street, both above Stockton. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, James C. Flood, James G. Fair and David Colton erected magnificent homes, which were no less than palaces in the Nob Hill district, and furnished them like the castles of European princes.

The Spreckels families all built fine homes in the western part of the city. The mansion of Claus Spreckels on Van Ness Avenue probably cost as much as any other in the West. M. H. de Young and Charles de Young, Jr., erected handsome houses on California Street, and the Atherton home was built on the same thoroughfare. These houses all escaped the great fire, though the Claus Spreckels mansion was threatened by the dynamiters who wrecked an outlying portion of it.

San Francisco is a very compact city, covering less than fifty square

miles, and this probably has been one reason for its extreme gregariousness. The hotel and club life, which was persisted in for many years by its residents, also has been an annealing factor. But of later years the tendency has been for the wealthy members of the population to build houses in town and country and to gravitate between them according to the season or the caprice of the owner. A town house and a country house must now be maintained by each prominent person in exclusive society and even those who have only ordinary means have adopted the plan in a smaller way.

Burlingame, San Mateo, Menlo Park, Sausalito, San Rafael and Belvedere are among the suburban towns where city people can go home for the Summer or for week-ends. Monday has become a favorite day in town for suburban women. With their week-end house guests they come to the city to visit over luncheon at the fashionable hotels or clubs or for bridge or dancing at the St. Francis or the Palace. The rage for bridge during recent years has been as much in evidence in the bay region as elsewhere in America, and there are no indications of its dying out. Mah Jongg is another very popular game, here as elsewhere. This game, which is of Chinese origin, was first introduced in America by San Francisco.

For years the acknowledged leader of San Francisco society was a clever, debonnaire clubman, whom everybody knew as Ned Greenway, who was the Ward McAllister of the local "four hundred." Greenway was at his apotheosis in the later nineties when his rule was undisputed, but of later years society has been dominated by feminine leadership. The rise of woman's clubs and their great and growing strength in the community has had a tendency to place the social scepter in woman's hands, where it would seem properly to belong.

While San Francisco women are as correctly and expensively gowned and otherwise equipped as any in this country or in Europe, and have been ever since the gold days, there is less of lavish display in their homes than formerly. In the Nob Hill mansions of the '80s everything glittered. There were full-length mirrors all about the house, chandeliers that cost many thousands of dollars, furniture of the richest and most luxurious sort, rugs and silken hangings that were worth a prince's ransom and costly bric-a-brac everywhere. The modern San Francisco millionaire does not go in for barbaric display and his house is less like a museum. He has fine paintings by the best artists and his library is worth visiting.

Hospitality is the keynote of San Francisco social life. This was expressed in an amazing way during the exposition of 1915, when homes were thrown open to strangers within the city's gates, many of whom were embarrassed by an excess of invitations. As one lady expressed it, "We wore ourselves out in the year of the fair, and some of us haven't re-

covered since." It was the old true Spanish hospitality, with few limitations or any trace of niggardliness. Fortunes were spent in entertainment by persons of wealth who had already contributed thousands of dollars toward the bringing in and establishment of the exposition, and this expenditure, as much as anything, helped to make the great fair the most successful in the history of such events in America.

XL

CHURCHES AND CHURCHMEN

SAN FRANCISCO NOT GIVEN CREDIT FOR THE GREAT AMOUNT OF RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT TO BE FOUND WITHIN ITS BORDERS—THE MISSION FATHERS AND THE CHURCH WORKERS THAT FOLLOWED THEM—SOME OF THE EARLY PROTESTANT CHURCHES OF THE BAY REGION—COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF RELIGIOUS DEVOTEES.

"The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world," says Gibbon, "were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false and by the magistrate as equally useful." And while it may be that in these present times there is more agnosticism than in the days of the Cæsars, these observations of the old historian of Rome are still fairly applicable; for without conscience man becomes sinful and the church, either Christian, Jewish or Buddhist or Mohammedan, tends to feed, upbuild and maintain conscience.

The first white people to come to the bay region of San Francisco were religious men and they were followed by others still more religious—the Spanish priests who built the missions of California and undertook to spread the Gospel among the aboriginal tribes whom they found here. They were all Roman Catholics of one of the most pious orders—the Franciscans. Their zeal knew no bounds and they were ready at all times to visit upon impiety the most severe flagellations. The story of these worthy churchmen has been told in that part of these annals which relates to the settling of the bay region and it has been duly chronicled that the Mission Dolores was the first place of worship on the peninsula of San Francisco.

Other Catholic churches followed. The Jesuits built a chapel on Vallejo Street in 1849. Fathers Blanchet and Langlois, who came from Oregon to establish this place of worship, were the first to conduct services there. Father Blanchet did not remain long in San Francisco, but Father Langlois stayed and continued his pious work here. He knew but little English, but he was a very useful member of the community in those early days when crime and vice threatened the new gold camp on the Pacific. "In honor of his truly Catholic spirit and pious zeal," says a Protestant preacher of those times, "I recall his successful effort in causing the suppression of a Sabbath-profaning circus, his countenance given to temperance meetings

and to the Bible Society and his permission accorded to the free circulation of copies of the Holy Scriptures in the Spanish language among the Spanish Roman Catholic population."

Rev. Father J. S. Alemany was consecrated at Rome as Catholic bishop of California in 1850 and was later made archbishop. For over twenty-five years he was a true leader of the Roman faith in this state and was then succeeded by Archbishop Riordan.

The St. Francis Church on Montgomery Avenue, erected in 1859, is the second oldest in San Francisco. Its walls remained intact after the great fire of 1906, so that the expense of its restoration was not great.

Right in the heart of what was formerly the tenderloin district of San Francisco stands the church known as "Old St. Mary's." The eyes of many a youth tempted to tread the primrose path have been arrested by the warning displayed on its tower clock, "Son, observe the time and fly from evil." It was in former years the leading place of Catholic worship, and many a grand society wedding has been solemnized there. The church is now used by the Paulist fathers.

St. Mary's Cathedral, at the corner of O'Farrell Street and Van Ness Avenue, was finished in 1887. On the morning of the great earthquake it was resorted to by crowds of the faithful, who stood or sat on its broad steps and prayed that it might not be consumed by the flames that were sweeping toward it. Their prayers were heard, for though the fire devoured the buildings on the opposite side of the avenue and caught for a time in the belfry tower of the great church, it was saved from destruction. But it was a case of work as well as of prayer, for devout priests, who were determined that the house of God should not be burned, climbed to the top of the tower, and, aided by the firemen, cut away the burning wood and extinguished the flames.

It is a singular fact in this connection that the fire stopped on the eastern side of Dolores Street, opposite the old Mission Dolores, which escaped with little damage. The newer mission church, built of brick, which stood beside it, was wrecked by the temblor.

St. Ignatius' Church and College, belonging to the Society of Jesus, covering a whole city block at Van Ness Avenue, Hayes and Grove streets, with its beautiful mural decorations, artistic windows and mighty organ, the finest west of Chicago, was completely destroyed by the fire. A fine brick and steel structure was erected after the fire, at the summit of a commanding hill on Fulton Street, to house the church and college.

The Dominicans have a church on Pierce Street, between Bush and Pine, with a priests' house on Bush Street and school on Pine.

Then there is the Notre Dame des Victoires, served by the Marist fathers, on Bush Street, near Stockton, and the church of Pietro e Paolo,

directed by the Salliesian fathers, on Grant Avenue, near Filbert Street. There is also the church of Yglesia de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe on Broadway, between Mason and Taylor streets, replacing the one that stood there before the fire. There are also St. Boniface on Golden Gate Avenue and St. Anthony's on Army Street, both German places of worship, and the Church of the Nativity on Fell Street, used by the Slavonians.

Edward J. Hanna is the present archbishop of San Francisco. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1860 and was made a priest in 1885. He was nominated coadjutor archbishop of San Francisco in 1907, but failed to receive the confirmation of Rome on account of a charge of modernism which was afterward disproved and the matter dropped. On October 22, 1912, he was appointed by the Pope auxiliary bishop of San Francisco and was consecrated bishop of Tetopolis in 1912. He was appointed archbishop of San Francisco on June 1, 1912. In 1913 he added to his churchly honors one of a lay nature, being appointed commissioner of immigration of California.

Rev. George Montgomery was one of the Catholic priests of former days who was forward in all good works. He conducted a campaign against one of the worst resorts in San Francisco, the Cremorne Theatre and drinking palace, in 1891, and won the fight, as he succeeded in having the liquor license of the place revoked. He was afterward made a bishop and finally given an archbishopric.

From April, 1847, till November, 1849, Protestant worship was conducted occasionally by different clergymen. The first Presbyterian church was opened in the latter year by Rev. T. D. Hunt. In 1850 Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches were built and opened. Rev. W. I. Kip was made bishop of California for the Episcopal Church in 1853 and continued his labors in San Francisco for many years.

Despite the impression that has gone abroad that San Francisco is a very wicked city, it always has supported churches in the same or better proportion to its population as the older communities of the east. The old pioneers liked their glass and were much given to profanity, but they respected a church and many of them would go miles to listen to a very poor sermon.

Cosmopolitan San Francisco has churches of nearly every creed extant. There is a Hindu temple, a Japanese Buddhist temple, besides Hebrew synagogues, negro churches, joss houses and other places of worship. The church property is valuable. Many of the edifices are large and costly.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Jackson and Fillmore streets, has had an enviable history. It was organized in the year 1854 and its first pastor was Rev. W. A. Scott, who came from New Orleans.

Mr. Scott was a very popular preacher, but as he had come from the South and had southern sympathies during the Civil war, it was deemed advisable for him to go abroad, which he did. He preached in London for a while, then in New York, and in 1870 he came back to San Francisco, to the delight of his old friends and became pastor of St. John's. Before the fire, Calvary Church was located downtown and its Sunday meetings were always large and full of religious interest. Mr. Scott and the Rev. Robert Mackenzie were instrumental in organizing the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo. Dr. Mackenzie was pastor of Howard Church and the First Presbyterian Church, which he left in 1901 to become pastor of Rutgers Church in New York city.

The first Baptist church of San Francisco was built in 1849. It was only a very small meeting house, and its roof was made of ship canvas. The denomination now has handsome church edifices in San Francisco, as well as in Oakland and other towns of the bay region.

Grace Episcopal Church was founded by the Rev. Dr. Van Mehr in 1850 and in the same year Trinity Church was also established. There was hardly room for two churches of that persuasion in the little town at that time, but when Bishop Kip arrived in 1854 he accepted the rectorship of Grace, though it had a congregation of only about twenty people and was deeply in debt. By 1856 the congregation had grown so large that a new church had to be constructed to accommodate it. St. Luke's Church is a beautiful white stone edifice at Clay Street and Van Ness Avenue.

The Methodists held meetings in various temporary places previous to 1849, but in that year they erected a house of worship at Jackson and Powell streets. The First Church remained here until the fire. It then built a fine temple of worship at Clay and Larkin streets. The Central Methodist Church was on Howard Street near Second, but is now located on O'Farrell Street, not far from Leavenworth. "The Church of the Stranger," as Howard Street Methodist Episcopal Church is known, was erected in 1912. This church was organized in a schoolhouse in 1851 by Rev. M. C. Briggs.

Temple Emanu-El, the home of the oldest Jewish organization in San Francisco, formed a beautiful and stately landmark on Sutter Street, near Stockton, before the great conflagration. It was built in 1866 at a cost of about \$200,000. Since the fire it has been restored, but its lofty domes, in Moorish style, are no longer in evidence. For many years Dr. Rabbi Elkan Cohn presided over the congregation of this synagogue, followed at the later period by Rabbi Voorsanger, both men of high learning and full of religious as well as civic sentiment. Doctor Cohn's views were

a little too liberal to suit a part of his congregation which withdrew and formed a new society, Ohabai Shalome, which built a fine synagogue on Mason Street and afterward one on Bush Street.

One of the handsomest places devoted to the worship of God in San Francisco is Temple Sherith Israel, at California and Webster streets. As it was very little damaged by the earthquake of 1906 it was occupied as a courthouse after that disaster, and it was here that the trials of Mayor Schmitz and Abraham Ruef were held. Another Jewish synagogue is that of Congregation Beth Israel on Geary Street, near Fillmore.

At Webster and Filbert streets stands a unique edifice, in East Indian style, the only Hindu temple on the coast. It bears a tablet that is of interest, reading as follows: "This is the first Vedanta, or Hindu mission in the West; erected 21 August, 1905. The Vedanta is the oldest literature existent, consisting of the highest and sublimest thoughts in the world. Rama Krishna Mission, Calcutta, India, founded by Swami Vivekanada."

One of the most famous of San Francisco clerical orators was Thomas Starr King, who presided for some years over the congregation of the First Unitarian Church after coming from Boston in 1860, at the age of thirty-six, with a fine pulpit reputation. In 1861 King, by his powerful and passionate utterances, kept California in the Union. He was a man of slight physique and the intensity of his speeches as well as his fervid public work during the Civil war caused the sword to wear out the scabbard. He died in his forty-first year, 1864, and for years his body was interred before the door of his church which was on Geary Street, near Stockton. When the congregation removed to Geary and Franklin streets, in after years, his body found new sepulture there. There is a statue to King in Golden Gate Park.

Of late years the Christian Scientists have erected several church buildings in San Francisco and in Oakland. The finest of these is at Franklin and California streets, in San Francisco. These churches are attended by large and constantly growing congregations. Immense meetings are held in Dreamland Rink and other large halls when traveling lecturers of this faith visit the bay region. The lectures are generally printed in full in one or more of the local newspapers. Berkeley has a very handsome Scientist church, designed by Bernard R. Maybeck, on original lines. Christian Science has its advocates and meeting places in San Jose, Alameda, Haywards, Vallejo, Benicia, San Rafael, Mill Valley and other cities and towns about the bay.

As to Sunday observance it may be said that while Californians in times past have not been quite so strict in this respect as New England or the middle west, at various times attempts have been made to pass Sunday

laws, but these never have been popular. Except in the cases of cigar stores and delicatessens there are few places where goods are exposed for sale on Sunday, though the theatres and recreation parks remain open on that day.

XLI

ASIATICS IN THE BAY REGION

PROBLEMS ARISING FROM CHINESE IMMIGRATION—DENIS KEARNEY AND THE SAND-LOTTERS DENOUNCE AND ASSAIL THE CELESTIALS—THEIR IMMIGRATION CURBED BY EXCLUSION LAWS—COMING OF THE JAPANESE SINCE THE RUSSO-NIPPON WAR—BOARD OF EDUCATION TRIES TO SEGREGATE JAPANESE FROM WHITE PUPILS, BUT IS THWARTED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

So far as is known and recorded the first person of Chinese birth to settle in California after the American conquest was one Chang Ming, a merchant of Canton, who came in 1847. Soon after the discovery of gold in 1848 Ming went to the mines, and it is said that the letter he wrote to his countrymen of the vast wealth that was being unearthed there had a considerable influence upon them in inducing them to leave their homes and migrate to the western land of promise, which they did in vast numbers.

The splendid prospects of the gold fields and the high wages paid to the Chinese who first went there remained as a lure to the Celestials for many years; but though they received much better pay than in China their wages were very low here, and as they came in direct competition with American workingmen in many channels it was only natural that there began to arise a demand on the part of the laboring element that their immigration should be restricted and that those already here should be deported.

This sentiment against the Chinese was in strong contrast with that held in California in 1850 as well as at the present day, for in both the earlier and the later periods Californians have had a feeling of tolerance for them which at times, particularly after the great fire of 1906, has evinced itself as genuine affection. But the miners of 1853 voiced the sentiment of Bret Harte's Truthful James who declared,

"We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"

and were almost universally opposed to their encouragement as immigrants or as laborers.

"The Chinese must go!" the hoarse cry of Denis Kearney from his

rough platform on the sand lots in 1879 and later, became the political slogan of a large number of California voters. It was said at that time of the Chinese in the bay region that they were immoral, that coolie labor was a sort of slavery obnoxious to our institutions and that it degraded American labor by its competition, particularly by its depreciation of wages.

The voice of capital rarely was opposed to the Chinese. Men of wealth declared that but for their presence here the construction of the first transcontinental railroad would have been delayed for years, as it



SCENE IN CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO

would have been almost impossible to build the line with high-priced white labor; that if the Chinese were permitted to remain and others to enter there would be no check upon the industries of California, but that they would be greatly multiplied and the State would be enriched.

The element which most directly menaced and harassed the Chinese in San Francisco was a class known as hoodlums. This term first came into use in the bay metropolis, but has since been used elsewhere to signify toughs and gangsters. At present it is but little employed, yet how easily the mind of the old-time San Franciscan weaves the fabric of the visions of the past and how clearly the phantoms of those hoodlums of the '70s and '80s, all in their spring-bottom "pants," stiff-brimmed hats and puffed hair, rise before him in his ruminations upon those days. This uniform of the gangs of those times is never seen in the streets today, and our rowdies have no distinctive dress, nor are they so numerous. It would seem, when he put off those spring-

bottoms and those stiff-brimmed hats and ceased to puff and pigeon-wing his hair, that the hoodlum lost no little part of his badness, for one rarely hears nowadays of roughs that are quite so rough and tough as those of the days of cobblestones and wooden sidewalks.

As wagonloads of new Chinese immigrants, fresh from the steerage of the old Pacific Mail liners, would be driven up Mission Street toward Chinatown in the '80s the hoodlums would gather at the street corners, yell at them derisively and often go so far as to treat them to a shower of stones and brickbats. That these hoodlums were not toilers, but idle, dissipated young fellows who spent most of their time in the Chinese quarter playing fan-tan, lottery and other games, smoking opium and consorting with courtesans of the lowest order, while during political campaigns and at the polls they acted as heelers, stuffers and floaters, went far toward giving an air of respectability to those who favored Chinese immigration, though these latter were by no means in the majority even among the better class of residents.

Sunday was the great day for the hoodlum. Then he and his Moll would take the ferryboat and train and hie themselves to the groves of Marin County for revels of the most Sybaritic order. For the sake of the experience and the story I attended one of these picnics in the later 'eighties, and may say that Stevenson's description of them in his "Wrecker" while very good literature, is hardly representative of the type of entertainment in which the Sunday reveler of those days so freely indulged himself and his "lady." On the day when I went out with the gang, there was a great crowd of hoodlums and chippies, as they were called, off for a Sunday saturnalian holiday in the redwoods near Guerneville.

The fun began as soon as the ferryboat left the pier. Hilarious couples waltzed all over the boat, the girls at times being swung off their feet. Concertinas droned, violins squeaked and bones clattered, while everybody sang and hopped and cavorted. After leaving Tiburon for the inland trip there were wild scenes on the train, including gang rushes and fisticuffs, while the girls squealed and there was a hullabaloo of song and yells. Nearly every man had a flask and was treating everybody else, imbibing freely himself and forcing the cheap liquor upon the girls, who soon became as boisterous as the rest.

The train stopped for a few minutes at a wayside station where a number of Chinese were working in a vineyard. These the hoodlums fell upon with loud yells, pulling their pigtailed, slapping their faces and tearing their loose garments. The coolies managed to escape amid a shower of clods and stones, and as the train left the station they stood in the middle of the vineyard, trembling with righteous rage and shaking their bony fists at their persecutors.

On the way home, after a day of free fights among themselves and of bacchanalian revelry of the wildest sort, the toughest of the gangsters ran up and down the train, smashing windows, tumbling the girls out of their seats, jerking the bellcord and twice cutting the train in two by pulling the coupling-pins. They even took the brass lamps out of their sockets and rolled them up and down the aisles, yelling all the while like fiends. They "rough-housed" the trainmen who protested against their pleasantries, and tried to throw one of them off a car platform.

There may have been some merit in the assumption by the more respectable of the anti-Chinese population that the close competition of the Mongolians against the white workers in many lines was the chief cause of hoodlumism, creating, as it may have done, a condition of idleness among the young men of the town, but the "vicious circle" sought to be established by this argument did not really account for the genesis and the deviltry of the hoodlum. He loved to be idle, to drink, to gamble and to abuse the Chinese as the cause of his idleness and dissipation.

The anti-Chinese sentiment grew from year to year. A law created by the Legislature imposing a heavy penalty upon common carriers, contractors and others for bringing in any subject of China without first presenting evidence of his or her good character was pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, but an ordinance adopted by San Francisco against the employment of Chinese in any public work stood the test. In 1875 the Celestials were deprived of the rights of naturalization. In 1881, by a treaty with the Chinese empire, it was agreed that the United States might suspend for a time the immigration of Chinese laborers. A year later the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed by Congress, after many long and heated discussions, and was approved by the President on May 6, 1882. The new law forbade the immigration of Chinese for a period of ten years, but did not in any way affect those already in the United States. At the termination of the ten-year period the Geary Act went into effect, continuing the policy of exclusion, and is still maintained, though some of its provisions have not been enforced.

"It cannot be denied," says Rockwell D. Hunt, "that the sentiment against the Chinese was to a very large extent the result of a purely mercenary spirit and a strong race prejudice. On the other hand it must be admitted that among those who set themselves against the free admission of the Chinese were many men of foresight, statesmanship and patriotism. That the Chinese in California were shamelessly abused and insulted by ruffians and hoodlums is certain; that their race was subjected to deep humiliation was understood. It does not necessarily follow, however, that they should be permitted to come to our shores in unlimited numbers and so thrust upon us a problem so grave as to suggest a national peril."

Although the various political parties each tried to make capital out of the anti-Chinese planks in their platforms, the movement against the Chinese was, on the whole, of a non-partisan order, being shared in by most of the voters.

Sentiment toward the Chinese always has been strong in religious quarters. The Catholics, at an early day undertook their conversion to their faith and other churches made similar endeavors. It was found, however, that where a Chinese joined a church or his child went to Sunday school it was generally for the acquisition of a better knowledge of English and the ways of Americans, though it would be unfair to say that this was invariably the case.

So strong ran the feeling against the Mongols in the days when Denis Kearney was demanding that "The Chinese must go," that mobs occasionally threatened the invasion of Chinatown, and once some rioters attempted to burn the Pacific Mail docks because its owners carried into San Francisco so many of the unwelcome Asiatic immigrants.

All attempts to boycott those who employed Chinese labor or the Chinese themselves proved futile and were in time wholly abandoned.

Chinatown was a part of San Francisco much frequented by tourists, many of whom, after weeks' stays in the city were better acquainted with it than the general run of private residents, for these latter rarely went there. San Franciscans regarded the quarter as unclean, a haunt of lepers, prostitutes, criminals and opium fiends. Little Pete was a noted criminal of the quarter. He belonged to a tong that was constantly at war with other Chinese societies, and these battles were sometimes of a sanguinary nature.

The most alarming aspect of Chinese immigration was the great increase of these Orientals from 1870 to 1880. In the former year there were but 45,429 of them in California, but ten years later the census reports showed the number to have swelled to 71,328. The Exclusion Act prevented the further increase of Chinese, save by birth in this country, and many of those already here returned to China, so that when the census of 1890 was taken it was found that the number had declined to 69,382. So that since that time the Chinese question has been no longer a live one.

Several times during the '90s I met Denis Kearney who plumed himself upon being the instigator of the Exclusion Act. The former drayman and political agitator had become a quiet, prosperous citizen. His daughter, Mildred, was a beautiful and well-known elocutionist and singer. Once I asked Denis how it came that he, who always had inveighed against capitalism, had consented to become one of that despised class.

"Oh," he replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I never set out

to get money—it simply came to me, and why should I dodge it when it came my way? Money in itself isn't a bad thing—it's only the misuse of it that's to be decried."

It was the trying times subsequent to the great fire of April, 1906, that made the Chinese more endurable to the white residents of San Francisco, and it was not long before a genuine friendship for them grew up in the hearts of all classes. They were fellow sufferers with the rest of the people, and they bore their losses and other tribulations with such fine spirit that we came to have a genuine affection for them. And here is to be noted a large and luminous sign of the perversity, or at least, the variability of human nature in its racial manifestations: We had regarded Chinatown as a most undesirable feature of our city's growth—a great wen upon the face of San Francisco—yet when, immediately after the fire, most of the Chinese made their way to Oakland, we looked upon their going as a distinct, and, as we began to fear, a permanent loss. We asked each other, "What would San Francisco be without its Chinatown?" It was one of those conditions pointed out by Browning as "Time's revenges." And surely Time had revenged itself upon us. We had despised, spurned, ridiculed and humiliated the Chinese, and here we were praying that they might not leave us and offering all kinds of inducements to them if they would but return!

But the leading spirits among the Chinese of San Francisco always had been their merchants, and they saw that the burned city soon would be restored and that it would be to their best interests if they would return and reestablish themselves in the old quarter. All the rookeries that had housed the thousands of Orientals who crowded the narrow streets and alleys had been swept away by the great conflagration, leaving a purged district upon which to erect substantial stores and other buildings. This was quickly done and a new and exceedingly picturesque Chinatown, with vari-colored walls, Canton-roofed and pagoda-turreted, rose from the ashes of the unsightly structures along Grant Avenue, Commercial, Washington, Clay, Jackson and other streets where the Oriental had his abiding place and his smoky, ill-smelling mart.

The Chinese resident of the bay region in the year 1923 is little like the loose-garbed, pigtailed Mongol of 1880, and whatever remains of the former religion, etiquette, customs and costumes of the old days is fast disappearing. As Ng Poon Chew, editor of *Chung Sat Yat Poi*, says of his countrymen in Chinatown: "They are carried along upon the wave of the changing sea of modernism in spite of the ultra-conservatism which had characterized almost everything Chinese. As one strolls along the streets of Chinatown one sees no longer the sight of Chinese children garbed with the pleasing raiments of the Orient, in the colors of the rain-

bow, with their skull caps bright and colorful, chattering in the speech of their fathers, playing the games which were played by their forbears centuries before in the valley of the Yangste. But he will see the Oriental children with closely clipped hair, in smart American clothes, and many in khaki uniform of the Boy Scouts, playing American games, mostly delighting in parading with wooden guns, carrying the Stars and Stripes in martial array, singing 'Dixie Land' and 'Marching through Georgia.' The Chinese children in their everyday speech prefer English to the Chinese language. They are masters of American slang and their vocabulary in that line of expression is surprisingly large."

In former times, and not so very long ago one rarely saw a Chinese lady in the streets and never at a public assembly. When a merchant's wife chanced to appear in the street she shielded her face with a fan. She never dreamed of donning the attire of the American woman, but always wore her colored blouse and pantaloons. She went bareheaded and on her feet were the little impossible sandals that gave her the tripping gait so ineffectively imitated by white actresses on the stage and in the films. Today the Chinese lady not only dresses in American garb, but she dresses as fashionably as many a European woman of her relative station in life. In one respect the young women of Chinatown never were behind American girls and that was in the use of powder and rouge, but now they not only use plenty of these "aids to beauty," but carry the vanity box, bob their hair, wear French heels and short skirts. Mr. Chew says that the years are gone when all matrimonial affairs were settled by the parents and elders of the young people of Chinatown. He says that today the young men and young women perform their own courtship with little or no aid from others. Formerly one never saw a "spooning" couple in the quarter, but today ardent lovers are so common as hardly to be commented upon.

The Americanization of the younger generations of the Chinese people here as in other parts of California is almost complete, and a few more years will see it in full blossom. Many of the young people are well educated, not a few of them holding college diplomas, and they take part in everything pertaining to American citizenship.

As for their religion they have left their gods and have embraced what they fancy to be Christianity, though it is oftener churchianity. There is but one Chinese temple remaining in San Francisco, and its lone god attracts more attention and respect from white tourists than it does from the Orientals. Eight protestant churches are supported by the 15,000 or 20,000 Chinese in San Francisco, and there is a well-attended Young Men's Christian Association as well as a Young Women's Christian Association, besides other religious and intellectual clubs. There is also a large and much frequented Catholic mission.

Of course the older generation of Chinese looks askance at all this, but it is becoming more and more inclined to let the younger people shape their own destiny. "To those of real vision," says Editor Chew, "the change is for the better in the long run, and this is a self-evident truth. To these people with a vision then, the passing of the old is not the passing of the glory of old Cathay, but the foretelling of a glorious future."

Rudyard Kipling, who marveled at San Francisco's Chinatown, wrote of it that it was "A ward of the city of Canton set down in the most eligible business quarter of the city." Chinatown is north of Market Street and its main artery is Grant Avenue. It consists of about twenty square blocks and is the largest gathering place of Chinese outside of the Orient. The tourists who goes there today will find the quarter just as interesting as it was before the great fire and far less squalid. The quarter is on a hillside and one of its outstanding and most picturesque features are the fantastic Oriental towers, rising above the great bazaars—wonderful shops filled with the art treasures from the Orient and eagerly viewed and patronized by visitors from near and far. Here is seen a great array of lacquer-work, carved jade and ivory, hammered brass, China ware, translucent porcelains, and art objects of great delicacy and high value—antique jewels, exquisite gold and silver work, costly laces, flaming silks, rich brocades, bright-colored panels and screens. The names of two of these art temples are Sing Chong and Sing Fat, meaning living prosperity and living riches. There are many quaint shops patronized almost exclusively by the Chinese, which the tourist always finds interesting. Then there are the strange markets and the outdoor stands where may be seen barbers, shoemakers, tailors and others busy at work, generally for the poorer classes. One of the show-places is the Chinatown Exchange of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. All the telephone operators are Chinese girls and the white man who could not get a smile out of their quaint little catchwords and their clever way of speech would be past all smiling.

At the southeastern corner of Chinatown is Portsmouth Square, which was the favorite haunt of Robert Louis Stevenson when he resided in San Francisco in 1879. There is a monument to Stevenson in this little park. On a granite base stands a bronze galleon in full sail, the *Hispañiola* of "Treasure Island," and there is an inscription taken from "The Christmas Sermon," beginning, "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less," a moral preachment approved by many San Franciscans who consider this part of town, not so far from the Barbary Coast and lining Kearny Street, which Stevenson called "the street of the adventurers," as in constant need of all the spiritual admonitions that it can receive and assimilate.

The antipathy entertained by the people of the bay region and all California toward the Chinese transferred itself in the course of time to another Oriental race, that of the Japanese. Before the year 1900 there were comparatively few of the little brown people of Nippon in the state. In fact they were not seen here in sufficient numbers to cause much comment, adverse or otherwise, until after Japan won her war with Russia. It was not until 1905 that any step was taken by San Franciscans to counteract the effect of the steadily growing wave of Japanese immigration. As they became more conspicuous in numbers and more aggressive in their relations with the white residents, it was seen that something would have to be done to protect the latter from what had become the new Oriental menace.

Accustomed to the docile ways of the gentle Chinese, the white residents were not pleased to find that the Japanese were of an entirely different order of beings. They were extremely independent, inclined to resent any act that they chose to regard as an offense against their dignity, and, on the whole in their affairs with white men and women were by no means so dependable nor so scrupulous. Whatever else Californians had held against the Chinese, they were found to be persons who, when they made a promise or a bargain, could be depended upon to carry it out if possible, while their honesty was proverbial. To be sure, there were many Japanese who were persons of strict integrity, but they were by no means in so large a proportion as with the men of Cathay. Then, too, the Chinese kept to themselves, and were not scattered about the city like the Japanese, who, proceeding upon the idea that they were every bit the equals if not the superiors of Americans, tried in every way possible to prove the fact. They were bent upon securing every advantage that American institutions might afford, particularly in the line of education and in the acquisition of the industrial arts, for which latter they evinced considerable adaptability though they were by no means very proficient, as a rule, being merely clever imitators of the white man's skill and rarely showing anything that smacked of initiative in mechanical or other lines.

On May 6, 1905, the Board of Education of San Francisco adopted a resolution to the effect that it had become desirable to establish separate schools for Japanese pupils, not only to relieve the congestion existing in the public schools of the city, but also "for the higher end that our children should not be placed in any position where their youthful impressions may be affected by association with pupils of the Mongolian race."

One of the conditions which had been found intolerable by the parents of white pupils in this connection had resulted from the fact that grown men of Japanese birth were thrown in contact with girls of tender age in the lower grades. This was one of the main reasons why the board had

decided to segregate all Mongolian pupils from those of Caucasian parentage.

On October 11, 1905, another resolution was adopted directing principals to send all Japanese, Chinese and Korean pupils to the Oriental public school on Clay Street, near Mason. No bar ever has been placed upon Asiatics in the universities of California; they were welcomed both at Berkeley and at Stanford. Nor was there any attempt whatever made to curtail the educational advantages of Japanese or other Orientals in San Francisco or other bay cities, though the giving of these placed an additional burden upon the white taxpayers. All that was required was that in the common schools there should be a division of the obnoxious Asiatics from children of white parentage.

It was therefore with no little surprise that the people of San Francisco learned that President Roosevelt had taken up the "big stick" against the Board of Education and stood ready to exert all his authority to compel the board to recede from its position.

On December 3, 1906, about seven months after the great fire, when San Francisco was struggling with the problem of rehabilitation, Roosevelt sent a message to Congress in which he recommended that "the criminal and civil statutes of the United States be so amended and added to as to enable the President, acting for the United States government, to enforce the rights of aliens under the treaties. Even as the law now is something can be done by the Government toward that end, and in the matter now before me affecting the Japanese, everything that it is in my power to do will be done, and all the forces, military and civil, of the United States, which I may employ, will be so employed. It is unthinkable that we should continue a policy under which a given locality may be allowed to commit a crime against a friendly nation."

Thus threatened as criminals with "the military and civil forces of the United States," the San Francisco school board could do but one thing, and that was to permit adult and other Japanese to resume their studies in the primary grades, side by side with white girls and boys. But Roosevelt gained no friends in California by what was considered his arbitrary stand on the purely local question of whether or not San Francisco had the right to govern its own school affairs. Of course Roosevelt had his reasons for his peremptory decision in the matter, though he did not disclose them to Mayor Schmitz whom he summoned to Washington and with whom he discussed the affair at some length. Without setting forth all that was behind the scenes, the President managed to impress the Mayor with his point of view, and he in turn, having a strong political affinity with the Board of Education, was able to induce it to alter its position and let the Japanese have their way.

It was a bitter pill for San Franciscans to swallow, and in their rage parents withdrew their children from the public schools in many instances. However, as private tuition was high and involved considerable expense for the education of the children, they were in time nearly all permitted to return to "the Mongolized schools," as they were at times derisively termed by white citizens.

Roosevelt's attitude was probably the result of a keen desire not to antagonize the Japanese. The doughty T. R., so ready, as a rule, to assume a belligerent front to any nation that frowned upon our government or its people, was not willing at that time to risk an encounter with the heroes of Nippon who had become very pert and self-confident after their victory over Russia. "He shared the foolish fear," says one annalist, "expressed by many, that Japan would send her fleet to the United States and punish us." As if the United States would have dreamed of a similar course of action had the positions been reversed, and Japan had sought to segregate white school children from Japanese in its own country! Soon San Francisco lost sight of the affair in its most offensive angles, submerged as it became in far more menacing troubles in which Mayor Schmitz and his partisans played the leading roles.

Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese never have established themselves in any particular quarter of the city, but have scattered into many places. There are streets in which there are rows of houses occupied almost exclusively by the people of Nippon, and in all such sections there has been a distinct decline in the value of real estate, as Japanese cannot afford to pay very high rents and white citizens will not reside among or near them if they can find other localities in which to live. A house occupied by Japanese is generally swarming with them, so that the landlord would gain little if he were to receive full value for the leaseholds, which in most cases he does not, for after a neighborhood has been subjected to deterioration by the presence of Orientals they virtually fix their own monthly rentals and refuse to pay more. Even where landlords have exacted higher rents than they could have received from white tenants for houses originally built to contain one or two families, the conversion of such residences into crowded lodging houses has reduced the value of them in the realty market; and as under the law the Japanese cannot own them or other real property in California, such places have naturally receded in price, as have also those in the immediate vicinity occupied by white people.

California now has within its borders about 50,000 Japanese, and about 40,000 Chinese. There are also many Coreans and Hindus scattered about the state. All these have been useful in building up our industries, particularly agriculture. There are a few branches of agrarian industry, notably that of the production of rice, that probably would have amounted

to but little had it not been for the presence here of these Orientals, but on the whole it is now a question whether this country has profited by their immigration in such great numbers. During the war their aid in food production was of great value, but at the present time the white farmers of California are opposed to their competition.

One Japanese, George Shima, of Berkeley, produces more potatoes than any other person in the state. Shima is known as the "Potato King." He is the wealthiest Asiatic in California and probably in the United States. He grows his potatoes on leased land and has a vast acreage at the delta of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. Other Japanese have grown rich by the production of rice in the Sacramento Valley, and three or four Chinese have made large fortunes in the rice fields. Most of the more successful Oriental operators do not live in the country, but occupy fine residences in San Francisco or other bay cities.

The Chinese have not greatly increased their number in California by birth, but the Japanese, breeding like rabbits, are multiplying at an amazing rate, in far greater proportion, in fact, than any other race. Families of seven to nine small children, all native Californians, are not uncommon, especially in the country. This increase is viewed with alarm by the white residents, who fear that in the event of a Japanese invasion in some future year the military forces of Japan would be considerably augmented by foemen already within their borders. It is to be hoped that this fear never may be realized.

XLII

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

ATTRACTIVE AND ENJOYABLE CLIMATIC ADVANTAGES OF THE BAY REGION
—NO EXTREMES OF HEAT OR COLD—WINTER AND SUMMER SPORTS—
GOLF, TENNIS, POLO, YACHTING, FISHING, MOTORING OVER THE
SMOOTH HIGHWAYS AND HIKING OVER THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS—A
PARADISE FOR THE TOURIST AND PLEASURE-SEEKER.

While Padre Serra was a missionary prelate of wise discernment and scrupulous piety, it is not recorded of him that he ever made anything like an effective protest against the brutal sports of the Mexicans of early days when bull and bear were pitted against each other in gory contest or when the toreador slew his bovine victim by a clever twist of the wrist in the high-walled arena.

The old chroniclers testify that the sanguinary spectacles witnessed in San Francisco and other places in the bay region were fully up to the standard of Madrid and Seville and that they continued until California became a part of the Union, being enjoyed as much by Americans as by Mexicans.

Horse racing was also much in vogue in the early days, though it was not always of a professional nature, not yet having become a business, as later developed, in which the innocent outsider invested his money to so little profit. In the '50s the meets were generally informal and nearly all the races that were run had in them the elements of true sport. In later years the gamblers virtually took possession of the track and it was not long before the general public became disgusted with the sport in its degenerate aspects.

But horse racing still enjoyed great favor up to the '80s, when the newspapers made it obvious that it was merely a "bookmaker's game," The Legislature of 1873-4 passed an act condemning certain property near Golden Gate Park for the purpose of creating a fine, large race track. Leland Stanford, who owned a large string of fast horses, was prominent in this movement, and when the old Bay District Track was established he was one of its chief patrons. Stanford provided the money by which a San Francisco photographer named Muybridge was able to make the first successful experiments with a camera in the production of pictures that

showed how a race horse appeared in action, thus perfecting instantaneous photography and pointing the way to the introduction of motion pictures, the evolution of which was based upon Muybridge's work.

There were for a considerable period no legislative enactments against horse racing, but as the system became more and more apparently a persistent scheme for the separation of people from their pelf, restrictive measures were adopted, and now the reckless Californian who is willing to "buck" the bookmaker's game goes over the Mexican border to Tia Juana, a vile little town where vice of all kinds flourishes as it is not permitted to flourish in gringo land.

For many years prize fighting was looked upon with much favor by thousands of sport-loving San Franciscans, and whenever there was a great contest in the roped arena the papers were full of it. These fights were to a finish and often they were bloody and long-drawn. Tommy Chandler, Yankee Sullivan and John C. Heenan, "the Benicia Boy," were among the first of the fighting favorites, and later James J. Corbett, James J. Jeffries and Jack Dempsey, all accounted as Californians, won hotly fought pugilistic encounters.

As will be seen by the New York World's Almanac, San Francisco enjoyed for many years the dubious distinction of being the scene of more prize fights, with heavier gate receipts, than are credited to any other American city. In fact it was not until after the great fire of 1906 that fights to a finish were successfully interdicted. This was due to the courageous efforts of Mayor Edward R. Taylor, a man who saw prize fighting in its true light, held that it was a disgrace to the city and caused its restriction within reasonable bounds.

Strange to say, baseball, the great national game, did not begin to intrigue the public to any great degree until the early '80s. The first man to cross the Sierras and join the National League was Andrew J. Piercy, who became nationally known as a champion player in 1881. After that year baseball took a strong hold upon the sport-loving people of the bay region and has retained that hold very tenaciously. In proportion to population there are probably as many "fans" here as elsewhere.

Six-day walking contests were very popular in this section of the country in the latter '70s and early '80s, but afterward gave way to bicycle contests of like duration. At first these were very well attended, but interest in them gradually waned.

Yachting on the bay always has been a sport that has had many devotees. Some great races have been sailed over the inland sea, but the public interest in them has not been so intense as in many other outdoor sports.

At this point a digression may be permitted that will explain why

our people have so generally gone in for recreation, but also why year by year they are able to do such a prodigious amount of professional, commercial and industrial labor.

For work or for play out in the open air, the bay region, because of its mild, salubrious climate all the year round, is preferable to many other sections of the Pacific Coast. It has no tormenting summer heat and dry dust storms, no violent winds, no lightning; and in winter there is little or no frost, no snow nor hail, the temperature being much more nearly even than in other regions. True, there are occasional and at times periodical fogs, particularly on the peninsula of San Francisco, but the number of sunny hours year by year all round the bay is as great as in many other urban districts, as reported by the United States Weather Bureau.

In Alexander G. McAdie's bulletin on "The Climate of San Francisco," published in 1913, the only extensive report of the kind ever made, we find that the amount of sunshine received each year in San Francisco "compares favorably with that of other cities in the United States." Professor McAdie says that the average number of hours of sunshine in a year, based upon the hourly records for six years, is 2,807, or 63 per cent of the possible. The month in which most sunshine occurs is in June and the month of least sunshine is January. This is about the same as in most other cities. McAdie has summarized many of the yearly reports and he quotes the Chief of the Weather Bureau as authority for the statement that only two other large American cities had a greater number of hours of sunshine than San Francisco during the year 1910, as shown in the following table.

	Hours	Per cent of pos- sible.		Hours	Per cent of pos- sible.
Baltimore	2,838	63	New York.....	2,750	61
Boston	2,547	56	Philadelphia	2,545	57
Chicago	2,778	60	Pittsburgh	2,164	47
Cincinnati	2,668	58	St. Louis.....	2,530	56
Denver	3,232	72	San Francisco...	3,019	66
Kansas City.....	2,946	66	Washington	2,659	59
New Orleans....	3,151	71			

It is unfortunate that McAdie does not cite the figures representing the total hours of sunshine in any given year in Los Angeles; as a rule,

the southern city enjoys more sunny hours than San Francisco, but there have been years when the reports showed a greater number for the Bay City, or when the average was above that of Los Angeles. This was true in 1918 and 1920, while as for Seattle the figures are invariably below those of San Francisco year by year for many years.

The fact that New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati and Philadelphia are reported in the McAdie table as enjoying less sunshine than San Francisco, should set at rest the ideas of outsiders that the Californian city has more fog and more clouds hanging over it from year to year than have those other large urban centers.

At my request the Weather Bureau has prepared the following table for the eight years from 1913 to 1920 inclusive, which shows that those who have been calling San Francisco the "Gray City" could apply that title with equal propriety to New York, Seattle and Los Angeles, as there is little difference in the figures to favor them as against San Francisco, while in some years the Bay City is seen to have enjoyed a distinct advantage in that respect:

Hours of Sunshine

Year	New York	San Francisco	Los Angeles	Seattle
1913	2,840	2,991	3,209	1,805
1914	2,530	2,673	3,051	1,996
1915	2,685	2,756	3,128	1,920
1916	2,667	2,931	3,175	1,913
1917	2,588	3,146	3,337	1,827
1918	2,774	3,200	3,103	2,141
1919	2,543	3,063	3,390	2,121
1920	2,771	3,270	3,219	2,107

The climate of the bay region of San Francisco is, as a rule, uniformly cool and invigorating, approaching more nearly to the ideal for mental and industrial activity than that of any other great urban center. This is a factor that is being accorded more and more consideration by industrial engineers and factory managers, and it is one reason for the tremendous industrial growth of the bay cities. With an abundance of sunshine and a freedom from extremes of temperature, the business man, the scholar, the hustling salesman or the hard-working mechanic finds a climatic condition that is conducive to the very highest efficiency. What is known as "pep," a physical and mental stimulus that aids one so wonderfully in one's daily work, is enjoyed by a greater number of people in

the bay region than elsewhere in this country. Here is a table presented by the Weather Bureau officials covering ten recent years which would tend to bear out these assertions. Significant, indeed, are the figures representing the small range of temperature, the freedom from extremes and the ample hours of sunshine:

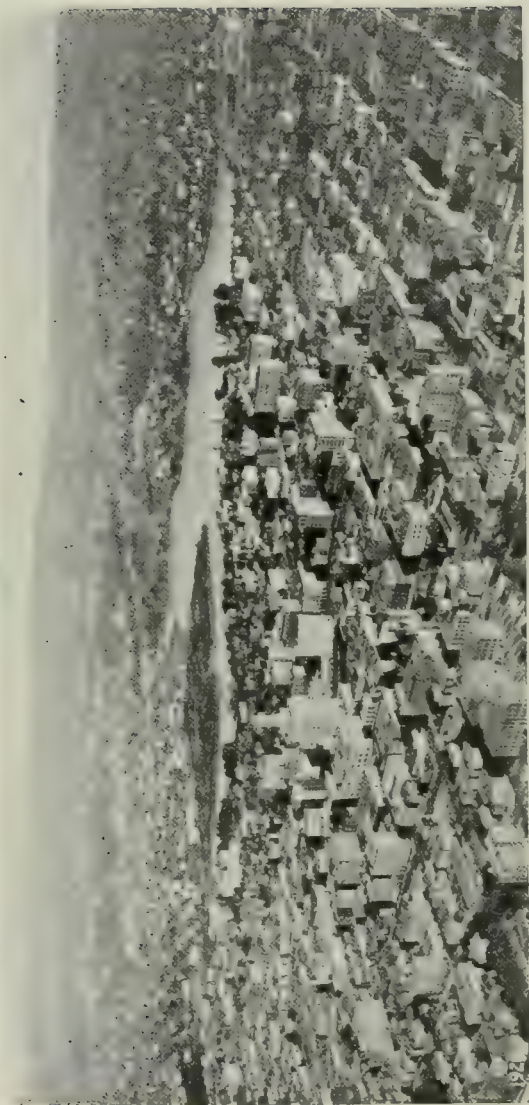
CITY	Extreme Temp. Range			Per Cent of Possible Sunshine	Clear All Day	Number of Days when Temp. was	
	Max.	Min.	Range			Above 90°	Below 32°
San Francisco.....	94	39	55	62	185	1	0
Los Angeles.....	101	38	63	69	190	13	0
Seattle	80	19	61	42	62	0	21
Chicago	97	8	89	59	118	9	110
Buffalo	88	0	88	45	84	1	120
Cleveland	95	10	85	51	102	7	103
Detroit	96	9	87	53	120	12	127
New York.....	93	4	89	59	108	7	95

It will be observed from the foregoing that while San Francisco enjoyed the highest degree of minimum temperature—39—it enjoyed the lowest range and, with one exception, that of Seattle, the lowest maximum temperature, while there was but one day when the thermometer mounted higher than 90 degrees. The percentage of possible sunshine was higher in San Francisco than in any other city except Los Angeles, and there was no time when the temperature touched the freezing point, or was, indeed, within six degrees of it. The annual mean for forty years has been 56 degrees.

This splendid climatic advantage explains why so many great nationally-known industrial plants are located about the bay, with their thousands of workmen and their enormous annual output of products.

It has been estimated that at least 10 per cent more efficiency is observable among workmen in this district than in other localities where extreme heat and cold are felt every year. The superintendent of the Mare Island Navy Yards, near the north end of the bay, has built ships in many eastern ports. He says that with a given force of men he can turn out 25 per cent more work here than in the East. This is true of several other industries. One of the large automobile factories, with assembling plants in various parts of the United States, is turning out more motor cars at a lower cost here than at any other place in the country. This is because the working force is not shivering in freezing temperature in winter nor sweltering in torrid heat in summer.

And here I would repudiate anything of provincial prejudice that



THE HEART OF OAKLAND AND LAKE MERRITT

might be imputed to the foregoing statements. The San Francisco bay region has no reason to be inordinately vain simply because God has favored it more than other localities. We who live in this delectable district wish that other places might enjoy the same favors from the Almighty. We are appreciative of our blessings and never cease to thank a benign Providence for them. We are glad to share them with new-comers, particularly those who come from the East to make their homes near the bay shore. To all these we extend our hands and say, "Welcome! Come with us, live with us and be happy!"

In certain respects Alameda County, on the east side of the bay, with Oakland as its seat, has a better climate than San Francisco, as there is less wind and fog. Santa Clara and San Mateo counties enjoy comparatively better climatic conditions on the whole, though the temperature at times ranges lower than on the peninsula. Contra Costa County has about the same climate as that of Alameda, where the average temperature is 57.5. Napa and Solano touch lower and also higher temperatures than those of San Francisco, the same can be said of Sonoma. All these counties outside the peninsular region enjoy more sunshine than San Francisco, as a rule. Marin County, northwest of the bay, comes in for liberal sunshine, for the most part, though this is not so true of the ocean shores, over which the fog frequently drifts in summer.

Mount Tamalpais is in Marin County, but though it is only fourteen miles from its summit to San Francisco, the Weather Bureau's station on the lofty peak reports that in some of the summer months when San Francisco receives but 68 per cent of the possible sunshine, as high as 90 per cent is enjoyed by Tamalpais and the surrounding region.

It will thus be seen that the bay region is the true home for sports as well as for work. And sports are here in abundance all the year round. Athletic accomplishments attain their perfection in this favored section, and the lure of the great outdoors is nowhere felt as it is here. Practically the whole population turns itself over to healthful recreation in the open air whenever there is an hour or a day that can be devoted to such exercise. There are scores of public parks in San Francisco and roundabout where all comers are free to play. The greatest of these breathing places is Golden Gate Park which reaches four miles inland from the Pacific Ocean and covers 1,013 acres—a great garden of greenery, threaded by beautiful roads that wind in and out and along which flies many a chariot beside which that of Cæsar was a tame affair, wholly unfit as a vehicular conveyance. Here one may sit by a sparkling lake and watch the numerous waterfowl gracefully moving over the silvery surface or flitting above its bright, clear waters. Sea gulls and wild ducks have become so domesticated from long immunity from the obsession of the fowler's eye that they



THE CAMPANILE, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

will eat bits of food scattered along the lake or ocean shore tossed by the hand of the visitor only a few feet away. So that feeding these birds has become a popular form of sport.

Oakland, a city of homes, spends enormous sums on playgrounds and recreations. It has fifty-one public playgrounds, 280 acres of park lands and boasts of Lake Merritt, the only salt water lake in the world within the limits of a city. The lake, which covers 160 acres, is only a few minutes' walk from the business district. It is connected with the bay by a narrow channel which conveys the incoming and discharges the outgoing



OAKS ON BERKELEY CAMPUS

ocean tide. About its shores are a series of fine parks and behind these rise the stately homes of some of the most wealthy residents of the town.

Here on the waters of the lake is held the "annual duck pageant" for which the place is famous. Thousands of ducks, flying in from all parts of the country, make Lake Merritt their winter home. They are fed at stated intervals by the city and, thus encouraged, they flock there in increasing numbers every winter and remain until spring. They have become so tolerant of the presence of human beings near their rendezvous that each year the children of the public schools stage a pageant in which the ducks form a conspicuous part. It is a novel sight and one not to be enjoyed elsewhere, that of these happy waterfowl and happy children, **enjoying each other's company and reveling in the freedom of a joyous holiday.**

Then there is the famous campus of the University of California at Berkeley, covering an area of 254 acres, shaded by enormous liveoaks and

graceful eucalyptus trees, where the outdoor sports of the largest body of college students in the United States are to be witnessed out of doors in any month of the year. Some of these sports, notably the annual night serpentines, are held in the Greek Theatre, presented to the university by William Randolph Hearst, the largest of its kind in the country.

The campus of the Stanford University at Palo Alto is also a beautiful landscape garden and is probably a better example of what California may produce in the way of semi-tropic foliage. For here are to be viewed many species of palms and wonderful flowering plants not to be found elsewhere in America. To the discerning tourist it is a matter of wonder that the example of Stanford has not been more generally followed in the selection of plants and trees for the public parks all about the bay. Nowhere in California do palms and dracenas attain such luxuriant and successful growth as in Golden Gate Park, and it seems strange that they do not form a more conspicuous feature of the landscape instead of the less attractive cypresses and pines which can be grown almost anywhere. In the vicinity of the great bandstand there are many noble examples of the dracena, a native of the Canary Islands, which attains a finer growth in San Francisco than elsewhere in the state. There was formerly a number of these beautiful trees in the old City Hall Square before the great fire, but they have been replaced by sycamores, greatly to the disappointment of those who believe that if tropical trees will grow so wonderfully in San Francisco and the whole bay region, they should be planted there as evidence of the mild climate and rich soil, instead of commoner trees that the traveler can find anywhere in America.

There are many country clubs in the bay region and these have done much to popularize the game of golf, which is played not only by the sedate and senile, but by the frolicsome and virile. There are many fine playing links about the bay and most of them are eighteen-hole courses. Fine links are maintained by the San Francisco Golf and Country Club at Ingleside, in the southwestern part of the city. Then there is the Lake Merced Golf and Country Club which has its links a quarter of a mile south of those of the San Francisco Club, while near-by, within sight of pretty Lake Merced, are the grounds of the Lakeside (Olympic) Golf Club and the California Golf Club. On the gently undulating grasslands of the Presidio, overlooking the Golden Gate, are the finely kept links of the Presidio Golf Club and not far away are the free Municipal Links in Lincoln Park, which also overlooks the classic Gate. In San Mateo County and environs are situated the well-kept grounds of the Burlingame Country Club, the Menlo Golf and Country Club, near Redwood City, and the Beresford Country Club in the neighborhood of San Mateo. At Linda Vista are the grounds of the San Jose Country Club and down on

Monterey Bay are the courses of Casa del Rey at Santa Cruz and of Del Monte, near the Hotel Del Monte. On lovely Carmel Bay are the Pebble Beach links, exceptionally well equipped grounds on which many championship contests have been played.

Oakland has a splendid municipal links to the east of town and there are also those of the Claremont and Sequoia clubs, picturesquely located in the sunny foothills.

Berkeley is not behind in the sport. The Berkeley Golf Club grounds are well maintained and patronized. They are on the oak-dotted slopes to



BELVEDERE AND TIBURON NEAR SAUSALITO

the north of the university city, and from them are enjoyed the best views of the bay and the Golden Gate.

Beyond the eastern hills are the fine links of the Monte Diablo Golf and Country Club, and on the northern shores of the bay, near the pretty suburban town of Belvedere, is the Belvedere Golf Club's course. Near San Rafael, in Marin County, the Marin Golf and Country Club has fine links.

Taken all in all, the golfers have wonderful opportunities in which to indulge their penchant for this royal sport, and the coming of winter never deters them from its enjoyment, save on rainy days.

Polo is a game that finds more devotees in the bay region than elsewhere in California, or, in fact, on the whole Pacific Coast. There are many gay gatherings of "society" people at Del Monte and at Burlingame, which are the chief polo-playing centers. Not a few international tourna-

ments have been held in those two places, and the contests have been fervid and hard-fought.

White-clothed tennis enthusiasts are to be seen banging the ball in many an open-air court all about the bay, winter and summer. The large number of tennis championships won by players who live in the bay region may be accounted for by the widespread interest in this sport among the people here and the large proportion of them who know the game and keep up their practice.

The baseball season is from April to October, though it might easily be extended through the year. The San Francisco "fans" betake them-



BURLINGAME GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BURLINGAME

selves of an afternoon to Recreation Park, at Valencia and Fifteenth streets, while those of Oakland go to the grounds at Park Avenue and San Pablo Avenue. There are also well-established and largely patronized grounds at Berkeley, San Jose and Palo Alto, while the number of amateur athletic club fields are numerous and well favored by the lovers of the great American game. The Pacific Coast Baseball League ranks as Class AA and has won recognition as the speediest organization of that rating in the United States. There is never any falling off in baseball interest about the bay, and year by year it seems to take a tighter hold upon the sport-loving Californians.

Here, as elsewhere, motoring is one of the principal pastimes, the only difference being that it may be enjoyed as well in winter as in summer, and closed cars are not considered necessary by most of the motorists, though, of course, they have their advantages, particularly in the rainy

season, which lasts from October to May, after which one may go far afield with no danger of a wetting, for the sun shines brightly from May to October and such a thing as a shower of rain is hardly to be looked for save in the Sierran region, and then only infrequently.

There are enough short pleasure trips, ranging from fifteen to a hundred miles, about the bay to keep the tourist pleasurably employed for months. There is the motor tour, over delightfully smooth roads, through Golden Gate Park and down the ocean shore as far as Half-Moon Bay, the bay shore trip down the peninsula to San Mateo and beyond, and the other peninsular jaunt which leads by the Ingleside race track and on



SAN MATEO COUNTY COURT HOUSE, REDWOOD CITY

down through Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood City, Palo Alto, Menlo Park, Santa Clara, San Jose and Los Gatos to Santa Cruz and Monterey, on the Bay of Monterey, and which may be extended to lovely Carmel, the most beautiful of pebble beaches, where the wind sighs softly over the shingle and through the pines. All along the peninsular road and down to Monterey are beautiful homes, set among the flowers and semi-tropic shrubbery. It was a motor trip over this delectable route that inspired Elbert Hubbard to the writing of one of his most attractive "Little Journeys," and he declared that there was none to equal it in all California. Not far from Santa Cruz is the redwood big tree grove, a delight to the eye of the touring motorist, and to the west he will come to the famous old missions of San Juan Bautista and Carmel, about which he will linger long and dream of the old Spanish days, the padres and the Indians whom

they sought to teach the word of God. Perhaps he will camp for the night among the big trees and climb the peaks seen through their verdant branches, singing as he goes the "Song of the Forest Ranger":

Come and learn the joy of living!
Come and you will understand
How the sun his gold is giving
With a great impartial hand!

How the patient pine is climbing
Year by year to gain the sky;
Where the rill makes sweetest rhyming,
Where the deepest shadows lie.

I am nearer the great Giver,
Where his handiwork is crude;
Friend am I of peak and river,
Comrade of old Solitude.

Not for me the city's riot!
Not for me the towers of trade!
I would seek the house of quiet
That the Master Workman made.

To motor down the smoothly paved roadway through Santa Clara Valley in the spring when the orchards spread mile after mile, all in the white and pink blossom time, or when the fall fruitage is hanging from hundreds of thousands of trees in this, the richest section of California, is to enjoy a day of pure delight. Or one may motor up the Mount Hamilton road to the great Lick Observatory and from the high peak obtain a view not to be excelled in grandeur or wide expanse by that of any to be found elsewhere, for, as referred to in another chapter, one may here look out upon more of the earth's surface than from any other particular point in all the world.

Then there is the delightful journey up the east side of the bay, through Alvarado, San Leandro, Elmhurst, Melrose, Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley, Richmond, Port Costa and Martinez, at which latter point one may gaze out upon the tule-fringed Suisun Bay, more beautiful and more expansive than the Marshes of Glynn, and one may motor on and on, past grim old Monte Diablo to Stockton and Sacramento, all within a half-day's journey from San Francisco.

Crossing the bay strait of Carquinez from Martinez to Benicia, on a commodious ferryboat, the motorist now finds himself in lovely Solano County, and a little farther along the road is Vallejo, while a short distance

to the north is Napa, set among the vineyards and orchards of the lovely Napa Valley, with hazy mountain ridges to east and west. And if one travels farther north to St. Helena and Calistoga, it is but a short distance to the place made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Silverado Squatters." It was in this mountain retreat, about fifty miles north of San Francisco, that Stevenson took possession of all that was left of an old mining town and lived in isolation and independence among its ruins.

From the Napa Valley the road winds over into the great vale of Sonoma, the Valley of the Moon, celebrated by Jack London and in which he lived for many years, near the little town of Glen Ellen. Sonoma County possesses many scenic wonders. The motorist may spend many days within its delectable borders, seeing new sights daily and with little fatiguing travel. A beautiful drive extending from Cloverdale to Healdsburg and beyond leads to the weird and wonderful geysers, spouting from many acres of rugged hillside and canyon. These geysers, which rival those of the Yellowstone, are well worth the half-day's travel from San Francisco, and what is even more curiously interesting to the eye of the stranger is the Petrified Forest, which for beauty and for the size of trees turned to monolithic marvels, exceeds the famous Arizona forest, though not so widely advertised. This natural wonder may be reached in an hour's drive from Santa Rosa, a city which in itself is worth a day's visit or more, for it is the home and the seat of activities of Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, who welcomes visitors to his unique botanical gardens here and in Sebastopol, a few miles away.

Farther south and nearer the bay lies Petaluma, the home of the hen, where one may see more White Leghorns, Minorcas and Rhode Island Reds than anywhere else in the country. Near Petaluma may be seen the old adobe built in 1834, where Gen. M. G. Vallejo, the first white settler in the county, lived, and not far away is Sonoma, where the Bear Flag was raised by the Americans in 1846 to claim the land from the Mexicans and to set up an independent republic. Near Sonoma is also the last of the series of missions built by the old Spanish padres.

Then the picturesquely winding road takes you over to and along the lovely Russian River, with all its beauty spots for camping, boating, swimming and fishing. The river is visited by thousands of people from San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, San Jose and other towns near the bay, as well as by tourists from the East and abroad.

The Bohemian Club's redwood grove, where the summer jinks of that famous organization is held every year, is not far from the Russian River, and near by is the great Armstrong grove of big trees, which was purchased by Sonoma County for a county park and which affords a superbly beautiful Mecca for the nature lover.

Motoring southward again through Petaluma, one passes lovely San Rafael, and farther along catches glimpses of Mount Tamalpais and the bay. Mill Valley, with its Swiss chalets and low-roofed bungalows, nestles in its hollow of the hills under towering Tamalpais, the summit of which may be reached by that marvel of engineering, known as "the crookedest railroad in the world." Farther to the southeast, along a fine, smooth stretch of road, one approaches the unique and lovely town of Sausalito, sitting on its steep hillsides overlooking the placid bay. Near Sausalito is a fine yacht anchorage and winter and summer one may see white sails glimmering in the offing or whisking about in the near-by waters.



SAUSALITO AND BAY FROM HEIGHTS

And now your machine is run aboard one of the big ferry boats which ply between Sausalito and San Francisco, and in half an hour you are at the foot of Market Street, ready for a scramble through the city traffic to your home or hotel. The whole of this motoring tour around the bay may be made, by wise selection of your route, in a single day, but it would be wise to devote two or three days to it and to include all of the places of interest mentioned in this chapter as well as many others.

The peninsular situation of San Francisco makes it more difficult for the motorist as a starting point than many other places in California, and to this difficulty is added the enormous number of automobiles running in and out of the city, making the traffic very heavy along some roads, particularly that to San Mateo and San Jose, while the machines that crowd aboard the ferry boats on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays make motor travel by the transbay routes rather inconvenient and uncertain at

times. Long lines of automobiles waiting for the ferry may be seen on every week-end, winter and summer, and the handling of this traffic has been the despair of the ferry managers; but gradually conditions will improve in this respect, as more boats are built for motor ferry service, and when the great bridges across the bay long contemplated and now not many years away, shall have been constructed, the San Francisco motorist will lose no more time in getting into and out of town than is experienced by those of other cities.

Oakland is now the starting point for many enjoyable drives on the eastern, southern and northern sides of the bay of San Francisco. One of the finest of these is by the Tunnel road which climbs and perforates the eastern mountains, giving the motorist breezy glimpses of the great valley to the south, superb views of the bay, of the Golden Gate and of San Francisco. After passing through the tunnel near the eastern summit, the road runs through the Contra Costa canyons and into the fair San Ramon valley. From this valley a fine boulevard runs to the summit of Monte Diablo, where a wonderful expanse of landscape spreads before the eye. The return trip may be made by a different route running by San Ramon, Livermore Valley and Niles. A pleasant motor tour is over the Lake Shore Boulevard, from Peralta Park, Oakland, skirting Lake Merritt and passing through Indian Gulch and Piedmont to Laundry Farm and Redwood Canyon. There is also the Highland Drive, circling Lake Merritt, and then passing through Rock Ridge Park, Claremont and the campus of the University of California at Berkeley. Berkeley, the beautiful, is worth a special trip of the motoring tourist. There is only one Berkeley and it will not take long for the new-comer to recognize that palpable fact if he has journeyed far afield in other lands and then motored through the flower gardens and past the hillside homes where architectural fancy has been given free rein to uniquely picturesque purpose.

The Berkeley hills and also those of the San Mateo district are favorite haunts of the hiker and picnicker, but by far the most popular region for those who prefer walking to any other form of recreation is the Tamalpais country, in Marin County. There is not a healthier or more hopeful sign of our West Coast civilization than the hiking habit, and the best demonstrations of it are witnessed every week-end in the thousands of men and women, boys and girls, who, in easy walking garb, go striding over the Marin hills from Mill Valley to Muir Wood or on to Willow Camp and Dipsea. Train after train whirls into Mill Valley from Sausalito, bearing the gleeful, expectant ones. From San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley, from San Rafael, San Anselmo and Larkspur they come, all eager for the breezy trails that lead away from towns and temptations to the redwoods and the sea.

If you never have joined these joyful climbers of the trail it would be worth your while to do so, even if you were to walk no farther than Muir Wood, a matter of three miles over the ridges from Mill Valley. For there you shall see such sights and have such a large and noble profit of life as you rarely have had before, and you may experience such a brisk bit of adventure along some of the steep scarps as shall set all the blood in your body a-tingling.

On those breezy sky-paths you shall see men and women you never saw before, whose faces are new and strange to you—faces tanned by sun and wind and all wearing the hopeful, aspiring look of those that tread



COURTHOUSE, SAN RAFAEL

the upward trail. You shall see girls in brown and gray outing suits and felt hats, their hair blowing wildly about their rosy faces; you shall see girls in smart costumes, pink striped and blue, with white shoes and brown and yellow, some of them in the most abbreviated skirts and many with no skirts at all, but breeches and leggins. You shall see young men walking by their sides—the loving couples so close together you couldn't slip a piece of paper between them; old men and old women and middle-aged ones, and all walking as if for dear life, many of them so full of the joy of the fresh sea wind that they seem scarce able to keep their feet to the ground; others running and chasing each other down the sprawling serpentine trails through the gray green chaparral, over the brown grass or under the live-oaks and laurels, from the branches of which the jays are scolding at you like so many sour Carlyles or Schopenhauers.

Above in the bluest of blue skies you shall see from those rare

uplands great circling hawks that shall delight your eye like the stars. You shall see them rising upon the wind, and perhaps you shall witness one of those aerial miracles when, with widespread wings, the Taube of the canyon maintains a perfect immobility in the high rushing air and makes the heart of the quail or the gopher below stand still in fear of the expected swoop.



MARIANO DE GUADALUPE VALLEJO

Upon your face and over your whole body you shall feel the brisk massage of the wind which flaps your clothing, roars in your ears, yells in the scrub oaks and claps the heavy leaves of the laurels together, while it sets the ridgeside grass and brush a-flutter and on the whole making such a natural, wholesome tumult as to sweep away all morbid thoughts and to set whatever may remain in you of the savage gloating as over a long-coveted, hard-won prize.

When at last the Muir canyon opens to you and over to the northwest you see old Tamalpais shouldering out the sky, its splendid bulk impending grandly over the lesser heights that swim in the blue blur of the mid-

distance, you shall look down upon the tops of the tallest trees to be found within fifty miles of the Golden Gate—taller than any to be seen east of the Sierras—and up to where the yellow, ribbon-like trail leads skyward to the lone, gale-embattled redwood and then on down to the ocean beach.

Near the Muir Wood, six miles from the sea; there is a strong marine sentiment afloat which you shall not lose until you stand in the quiet twilight of the redwoods on the floor of the canyon. Go into that grand old forest, planted before the gentle Jesus walked the earth, and you shall see splendid examples of that gigantic vegetation of which Californians are so proud. The Emerson—the largest of these trees—was dedicated by the present writer to the Sage of Concord on his hundredth birthday, May 25, 1903, and it still wears its copper nameplate. Under that noble tree on that day gathered a party of which Edward Robeson Taylor, George Sterling, H. S. Allen, Hermann Scheffauer, Morrison Pixley and Austin Lewis, all of the literary fraternity of San Francisco, were members, together with many others. There we listened to a message from Mary Emerson, written with her famous father's pen and read by one of the speakers; and after those moments of exaltation we fell, like the natural human beings that we were, to feeding upon sandwiches and other unpoetic things. The tree was then sixteen feet in diameter near its base, and when I saw it over ten years later, it apparently had not added one inch to its girth, so small is the visible growth of giants.

Near the Emerson tree stands another noble sequoia, though considerably less in size, which was dedicated in 1906 to Gifford Pinchot, the "Friend of the Forest," as the bronze tablet calls him.

Here in the stillness of the redwoods is the place of all places to "loaf and invite the soul," in the true Whitmanian sense. As a minor poet has sung of this beautiful sylvan scene:

From the twilight deeps, bedappled by the glances
Of the sun-gaze, where the hazel lifts and dances
In the soft airs and the sweet, low forest lyre is
Lightly thrumming, I will look out on the iris,
See the supine ceanothus and the supple,
Trailing creepers there in shadow where they couple
And so lovingly entwine;
There to feel this heart of mine
Freed from earth and far upborne and lightly pendant
As my gaze runs fleetly up the tall, resplendant
Titan trunks that lift aloft dim tops transcendant
And divine.

Some of the more intrepid spirits among the hikers do not hesitate to scale the high peak of Tamalpais either by trail or along the track of the "crookedest railroad in the world." For most of the distance through the chaparral the trail is clearly marked all the way from Mill Valley to the summit. The last quarter-mile up the hog-back is exceedingly steep and is covered with loose rocks making tramping rather difficult. On a shoulder of the mountain at West Point there is an inviting little Alpine tavern, and from it good trails radiate in divers directions. There is an



MT. TAMALPAIS

automobile road to this tavern and on down to Willow Camp and Bolinas Bay on the west side of the mountain.

After the steep ascent of the hog-back one passes on to the top of Tamalpais which is only thirteen and one-half miles from the San Francisco City Hall. Here, at an elevation of nearly three thousand feet, the hiker is repaid for his hard toil up the mountain by a magnificent view which includes hundreds and hundreds of miles of landscape and ocean.

In October, 1902, there was published an extract from an extended paper by Prof. George Davidson, written for the Geographical Society of the Pacific, giving a list of forty-two prominent landscape features visible from Tamalpais. Among these were the following:

The Sierra Nevada mountains, first observed by Professor Davidson from Tamalpais in 1858. Extent of range visible runs from Mount Lola

to Round Top, a distance of fifty-six miles. The distance from Tamalpais to Mount Lola is 158 miles and to Round Top, 151 miles.

San Jose Courthouse, distance fifty-six miles.

Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, distance sixty-five miles.

Monte Diablo, distance thirty-six and two-thirds miles.

From Monte Diablo, 3,848 feet in height, may be seen Mount Shasta, 250 miles to the north.

University of California, distance eighteen miles.

The Cliff House and Sutro Heights, on the ocean shore of San Francisco, distance eleven miles.

Monticello, in the Coast Range, overlooking the Sacramento Valley, distance thirty-six and two-thirds miles.

Vaca Mountain, in the same range, distance forty-one and one-half miles.

The Capitol Building at Sacramento, distance seventy-five miles. Under favorable conditions the dome of the Capitol is clearly visible.

Mount St. Helena, distance fifty-one and two-thirds miles, and Snow Mountain, seen as a small peak close under the flank of St. Helena, distance 102 miles.

Drake's Bay, distance twenty-one and one-half miles.

The Farallon Islands, about thirty miles distant, in the Pacific. San Francisco Bay and the entire bay region, with its cities and towns, the homes of a million people.

In 1908 the Muir Wood, at the base of Mount Tamalpais, was set aside as a national "monument," or park. It was named in honor of John Muir, the world famous California naturalist. There are about 300 acres in the park and more than three-fourths of the trees are towering redwoods, some of them over 200 feet in height. These trees may be seen from Tamalpais. There is a beautiful creek flowing through Muir Wood, on the banks of which are great masses of ferns. The air in the forest is soft and fragrant with many blossoms and the pervasive scent of the redwoods.

It was in the year 1895 or thereabout that hiking over the hills to the redwoods and the ocean beach beyond the high ridges that separate the southeast base of Tamalpais from the Pacific became popular in a small way, and ever since that time the sport has increased in favor, until at the present there are thousands of people that indulge in it for a week-end jaunt, many of them carrying their blankets and sleeping along the trail and others patronizing the little inns and tenting places at Willow Camp and Dipsea. Those who hike to the ocean take the picturesque Lone Tree trail from Mill Valley, many of them donning outing suits at the latter place for the nine-mile up-hill-and-down-dale tramp that terminates at

Stimson Beach, one of the finest bathing beaches on the coast. Beyond Willow Camp, and only a few miles away, lies the sleepy little town of Bolinas, a delightful resort in summer or winter. It is between Bolinas Bay and a lovely land-locked lagoon, dotted by fishing boats, and where crabs and clams are to be found in abundance.

I have expatiated upon the beauties and advantages of the Tamalpais region only because of its popular preference to other places about San Francisco Bay, but there are many other outing districts which the visitor may find more to his fancy, particularly if he is looking for a place to tramp or to motor where brisk winds do not so often prevail. But the



HIGH SCHOOL, SAN MATEO

winds are encountered only on the hills and by the ocean beach. To the east of Tamalpais, and protected by its peaks and ridges, the air is generally soft and quiet, and all the way from Mill Valley to San Rafael one may tramp or motor with little risk of being blown away by a frisky gale.

The history of roadmaking in California has no page more interesting than that which tells of the old camino real, or king's highway, running down the peninsula from San Francisco through the Santa Clara Valley and on to Southern California. In a former chapter we have seen how the first road was established from San Jose to San Francisco. What a dusty, rutty, bumpy affair it was! And yet it was nearly fifty years before any great improvement was made in it. Along in the '80s the travelers along this highway became weary of "bumping the bumps," and made an appeal for a better road surface. This resulted in a very fair highway, which was maintained for years until the automobile came honk-

ing along, and then something vastly better was required. The road has been built and rebuilt and now it may be considered one of the best in the State, with many divergent branch lines equally well constructed. Passing along the camino real to San Mateo, one may take a road leading off to the south, running through a wonderful country of canyons and ridges on easy grades, and past a beautiful chain of lakes which are at the present writing the source of San Francisco's water supply, soon to be transferred to the Hetch Hetchy valley, in the Sierras. The road leads on down to quaint old Half-Moon Bay, much loved of fishermen and picnickers. Half-Moon Bay may also be reached by the many-curving ocean shore route, and the motorist may continue southward from Half-Moon along the seashore to San Gregorio, Pescadero and along to Pebble Beach. Thence he may turn eastward along the Alpine Drive and scale the high ridges through a virgin forest of tall redwoods and out upon skyland spaces affording far-sweeping views to the south across the Big Basin which encloses the great California State Redwood Park. Passing the town of La Honda, the route runs to the north along San Gregorio Creek through bosky dells and open glades, coming out in one spot at an elevation of 1,600 feet where the eye takes in a wonderful panoramic picture—the whole of the beautiful Santa Clara valley. In making this trip the automobile ferry is not used, but for most of the others about the bay, if one starts from San Francisco, patient attendance upon ferry time cards is necessary and will be until the transbay bridge shall be constructed. But waiting at the ferry is not such an unpleasant experience at times. In the long triple and quadruple lines of motor cars of every description one has an opportunity to study the divers makes of automobiles and, best of all, human nature. For

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

San Franciscans may say without boasting that they need not be ashamed of a comparison between their machines and those of any other city in the country. There is no other city on the coast where so many high-grade cars are to be found or where automobiles of every brand are kept in such good condition either as regards mechanism or exterior appearance. San Francisco is not the home of the unwashed car. It is a city full of proud people who present a more nearly metropolitan appearance in person and in belongings than any other in all the West.

Flying as a pleasure is being encouraged by a score of aviation concerns about the bay. These companies have large machines and they carry passengers at \$5 to \$10 or more according to the length of the trip. In and around San Francisco are some fine flying fields, nearly all belonging to private individuals or companies.

In 1919 the San Francisco Bulletin made a special effort to secure the Marina, a part of the old Exposition grounds, as a government aviation field, and pushed the enterprise with such vigor and urgency that it was chosen by the federal authorities as the Pacific aviation base. Since that year the government has been carrying the mails across the continent to this field, the only one of the kind on the coast. A bit of postal history is that concerned with the carrying of mail from San Jose to San Francisco in March, 1920. This was done by Postmaster Byron Millard of San Jose in person, and a record flight was made on that occasion.

The Marina is divided by a broad boulevard into two parts, the larger of these being about 1,000 by 2,000 feet, while the smaller is 275 feet by 1,200. Each section lies so that its longest dimension is with the prevailing wind, which is from west to east, thus affording the most favorable condition for lighting or for "hopping off."

So great is the interest in flying that the number of aeroplanes is increasing from year to year. Not only are the machines used for sport, but in a commercial way, and many important pieces of business have been expedited by their employment at some critical time when a few hours' delay would have meant the loss of thousands of dollars.

Aeroplanes have come into use in many ways that were little dreamed of by Curtis or the Wright brothers. For example, they have been employed in frightening ducks from the rice fields north of San Francisco, and they have been employed in advertising in the skies by means of what is known as "smoke-writing," first introduced in California in 1923. This "defiling of God's blue Heavens" by commercialism in its most "offensive form," as some of the more spiritually minded people have put it, has raised a question as to how far the advertiser may be permitted to go in flaunting the names of his wares before the public. Of course, he can see no harm whatever in "smoke-writing," but those of the artistic temperament will never look approvingly at huge signs written across the blue arch of Heaven. However, as commercialism generally has its way in this country, the protest of the artist and the spiritually minded ones will probably be without avail.

But aviation as a sport has come to stay, and will grow apace in California, where it has been fostered under the favorable atmospheric conditions here existing. Longer and longer flights are being made from month to month, and as the 'planes become more dependable they will be more generally used.

Taken all in all, as is shown by the foregoing meager account of sports and pastimes about the bay, it will be seen that this part of California is particularly blessed as a field for the activities of the lover of the great outdoors.

XLIII

MAGIC STORY OF OUR COMMERCE

HOW IT HAS BEEN SWIFTLY BUILT UP FROM YEAR TO YEAR SINCE THE DAYS OF THE PADRES—GREAT STRIDES DURING THE '80s AND AGAIN DURING THE WORLD WAR—SHIP-BUILDING AT SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND AND MARE ISLAND—ENORMOUS TONNAGE PASSING THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE ANNUALLY.

Commerce is a word of wide meaning and yet there is not a sense in which it is employed that does not find application in each of the varied phases of it as witnessed in the San Francisco bay region. It is but natural that the largest landlocked harbor in the world should have drawn to its shores great fleets of ships and an exchange on a large scale of goods, productions and properties, and that in the course of time three-fifths of the world's population should buy through the port of San Francisco; or, in other words, 900,000,000 people are potential purchasers of American goods that pass through the Golden Gate and the waters of the bay.

It was the little Spanish packet *San Carlos*, 100 days out of San Blas, that opened the harbor of San Francisco to commerce on August 5, 1775. Then followed the sleepy days of Spanish and Mexican rule. The first permanent white settlement dates from June 28, 1776, but there was little commerce on the waters of the bay for many years afterward. Each of the missions at San Jose and at San Francisco had a thirty-ton schooner that had been built by the Russians at Fort Ross, but they carried but little freight and few passengers and after a time, as they became leaky and unfit for service, they were abandoned.

Then came William A. Richardson, who settled in Sausalito in 1822 and removed to San Francisco in 1835. Richardson put the old schooners in good sailing condition and carried the freight of the missions as well as that of private citizens. He charged one dollar a bag for the transportation of tallow and 12½ cents apiece for hides from any part of the bay to tidewater, where they were put aboard ship for export. During the years 1835 and 1836 the exports were about 20,000 hides and 1,000 tons of tallow, which would not have made a good shipload at the present day. It was in one of the old ocean vessels, the *Pilgrim*, that Richard H. Dana made his famous voyage, as described in his "Two Years Before the

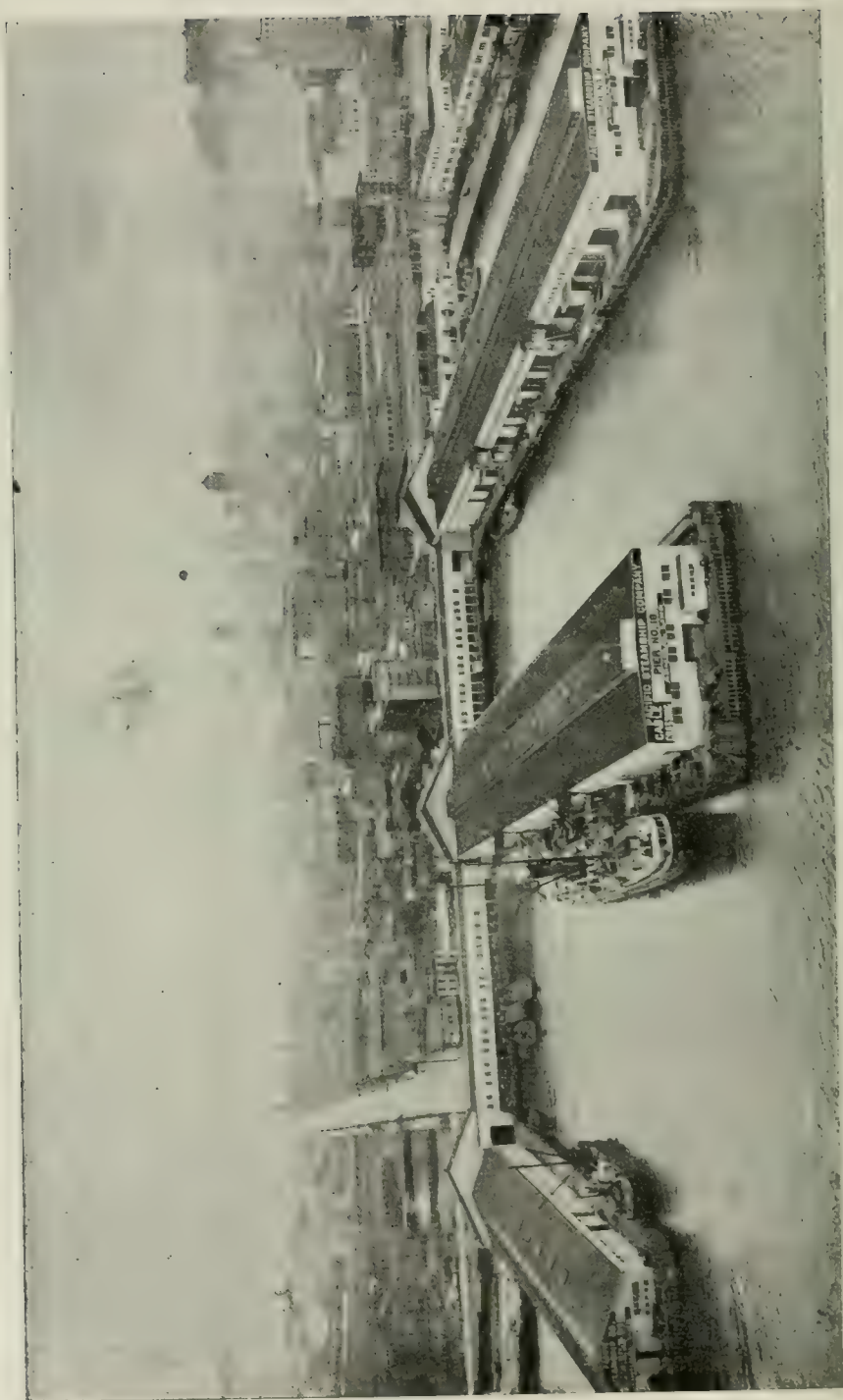
Mast," entering the bay of San Francisco on December 4, 1835, and taking on hides and tallow near San Jose. All the hides came to the Pilgrim in a heavy rainfall and were soaked with water, so that they had to be triced up to dry.

"Between the tops," writes Dana, "and the mastheads, from the fore to the main swifters and thence to the mizzen rigging and to all directions athwart-ships, tricing lines were run and strung with hides. The head-stays and guys and the spritsail yard were lined, and, having still more, we got out the stringing booms and strung them and the foreward and after guys with hides. The rail, fore and aft, the windlass, capstan and sides of the ship and every vacant place on deck were covered with wet hides, on the least sign of an interval for drying. Our ship was nothing but a mass of hides, from the catharpins to the water's edge and from the jib-boom-end to the taffrail."

For years the chief export trade was in hides and tallow, chiefly produced by the pious padres of the Santa Clara valley, but as the port of San Francisco grew in importance other products were carried out. Soon after the establishment of a shipping center at old Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was called at first, the lure of California was felt in eastern commercial centers. Poets would have us think that commerce and trade are essentially material, but the dream of the merchant and the shipowner, looking afar to the uttermost ends of the world, certainly has something in it of romance, if not of poetry.

The first ship to enter San Francisco harbor with any considerable number of passengers was the Brooklyn, which left New York on February 5, 1846, bound for Oregon with 238 passengers, chiefly Mormons, under the leadership of Samuel Brannan, and arrived in the Bay of San Francisco on July 28th of the same year, within three weeks after the hoisting of the American flag by Captain Montgomery of the United States ship Portsmouth on the spot now known as Portsmouth square. Then in March of the next year came the transports, Loo Choo, Susan Drew and Thomas H. Perkins. The Portsmouth was still at anchor in the bay, so that with the coast schooner Vandalia, there were altogether four ships in port. Up to March 30, 1848, there had arrived in port for the year ending with that date eighty-six vessels, including four naval ships, fifteen whalers, eight small craft from the Sandwich Islands and fifty-eight from coast ports. The discovery of gold in January, 1848, probably drew a number of these vessels into port, particularly those from the islands, but in the months following they came in in constantly increasing numbers.

A small steam vessel built by the Russians at Sitka, Alaska, and sent down to San Francisco on the deck of a large sailing vessel was the first steamer to ply the waters of the bay. She was not a fast boat. On her



GROUP OF PIERS

return trip from Sacramento, the only river voyage that she made, she was outdistanced by an ox team that left that town after her departure. So chagrined were the owners by this experience that they removed her engine and converted her into a sloop.

The Pacific Mail steamers, subsidized by the government at \$200,000, built three 1,000-ton paddlewheel steamers and launched them from eastern ways in 1848. They were named the *California*, *Oregon* and *Panama*. The *California* left New York at noon on October 5, 1848, for Panama and San Francisco via the straits of Magellan and arrived in this port on February 28, 1849, while the guns of five American warships boomed a welcome and the entire population turned out to cheer her. The voyage had consumed 145 days. Many clipper ships made much better time than that in later years. The *Oregon* and the *Panama* followed in the order named, one reaching San Francisco on April 1, 1849, and the other on June 4th.

Four thousand passengers were landed in San Francisco by these and other steamers in the last ten months of 1849. The three Pacific Mail steamers, after their first voyages, ran only between San Francisco and Panama, where they received passengers and freight from across the isthmus. The isthmian service was greatly increased by 1851, and in 1855, when the Panama railroad was opened for traffic, it bulked larger than ever; but in 1860 to 1869 there was a considerable falling off. This was partly due to the Civil war and partly to the reduced number of immigrants as the gold fever wore off, and yet the net registered tonnage arrivals in the port of San Francisco showed no diminution, as a rule, from year to year. Passing from decade to decade from the year 1848, we have the following figures as indicative of the growth of ocean tonnage arrivals: 1848, 50,000 tons; 1858, 472,700; 1868, 1,089,400; 1878, 1,647,400; 1888, 2,064,700; 1898, 2,392,900; 1908, 4,509,700.

Few ports, anywhere in the world, ever have shown such a remarkable increase in the volume of tonnage arrivals in a like period, and yet the figures showing the growth of both imports and exports from 1912 to 1918 inclusive are in themselves significant of wonderful growth. These are given in values and are as follows:

IMPORTS		EXPORTS	
1912.....	\$59,235,471	1912.....	\$49,249,734
1913.....	62,501,681	1913.....	66,021,385
1914.....	67,111,081	1914.....	63,374,909
1915.....	76,068,028	1915.....	81,500,979
1916.....	113,645,919	1916.....	94,558,987
1917.....	144,027,410	1917.....	142,890,207
1918.....	245,519,466	1918.....	214,694,501

Since 1918 the figures have fluctuated, but from the standpoint of exports the figures for 1922, which were \$143,673,927, were greater than those of the prosperous year of 1917 and only less than the three "high price" years of 1918, 1919 and 1920. The foregoing enumeration was made by Henry F. Grady, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, who says: "Taking into account the decrease in values [in the more recent years], there is every indication that San Francisco commerce, both imports and exports, shows a most remarkable increase over the years shown as highly prosperous."

Coast-to-coast traffic has grown enormously since 1869 when the first transcontinental railroad was opened and the port of San Francisco had the advantage of overland freight haulage. Before that the sea afforded the only routes by which humanity or merchandise could enter or leave the port.

During the period from 1875 to 1895 there was a tremendous tonnage of wheat and barley proceeding from the port. During the summer and autumn months the bay bristled with the masts of clipper ships, mostly of British ownership, which came with coal and went away with grain, but primarily because of the great falling off of the production of wheat in California and secondarily because of the wonderful increase of sugar offerings from the Hawaiian Islands, this picturesque feature of bay shipping gradually disappeared. California has become a fruit and vegetable growing state. Where enormous wheat fields once flourished there are now miles and miles of orchards. This has changed the character of the freight shipments, and to the great cargoes of canned and dried fruits are added another class of merchandise, that of crude petroleum which is shipped out in tank steamers by the millions of gallons annually.

Dearborn & Co., a New York firm operating the largest fleet of sailing vessels in the New York to San Francisco trade, entered into sugar transportation on a large scale. In combination with Williams, Dimond & Co., the Dearborn people formed the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, the first of the intercoastal lines to establish and maintain a direct service between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

A vessel named the *Californian*, constructed by the Union Iron Works in San Francisco in 1900, was the first of what was destined to be the greatest fleet of privately owned American steamers. In September, 1910, the California and Atlantic Steamship Company, operating chartered vessels, began to ship freight via the Panama Railroad and its steamers. This service was discontinued in 1913 and was succeeded by the Luckenbach Steamship Company which still operates a number of steamers.

All this time San Francisco was looking forward to the completion of



STANDARD OIL BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

the Panama Canal upon which work was commenced by a French company on January 20, 1882, under the direction of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal. The French completed over seventy-eight million cubic yards of excavation. The work proceeded slowly and was accompanied by a laxity of performance and such an exhibition of recklessness and dishonesty that it went into the hands of a receiver in 1889. De Lesseps died in 1894 and a new company resumed work under direction of the receiver, continuing until the Americans gained possession of the Canal Zone on May 4, 1904. The American drive, which was pursued briskly and efficiently, was continued for ten years and three months. Less than half of the French excavations were utilized by the Americans and for these the United States Government paid \$40,000,000. The total cost of the canal, including the fortifications, was \$400,000,000.

The canal was opened on August 15, 1914. Slides caused several interruptions to the traffic, the most serious being one which closed the canal to traffic from October 15, 1915, to April 15, 1916.

After the close of the World war several new steamship companies were formed in San Francisco, most of them using United States Shipping Board tonnage. Twelve regular lines are now operating 150 ships. Sailings from San Francisco in the Atlantic-Pacific coast trade now average from twenty to thirty a month, though prior to the great war they were only five or six a month. The following table, compiled by Fred A. Hooper of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, setting forth the movement of the more important Californian commodities from the port of San Francisco during three representative years shows the nature of the bulk of the outgoing tonnage:

Commodities—	1907	1914	1921
	Tons	Tons	Tons
Canned fruits.....	89,488	99,066	255,355
Canned vegetables.....	58,253	90,847	78,478
Canned pineapples.....	5,601	6,771	157,875
Dried fruits.....	78,000	127,000	160,000
Dried raisins.....	60,000	91,000	234,300
Dried beans.....	145,250	117,000
Nuts	11,500	26,000
Wool	7,500	7,500	6,500
• Hops	8,400	9,700	7,500

The canned pineapple is of Hawaiian production, but most of it moves through the port of San Francisco. The figures representing the dried fruit and raisin tonnage are for the year 1922 instead of for 1921, as those

for the latter year are not available. About eighty per cent of the canned fruits and vegetables are produced within a radius of less than two hundred miles from San Francisco, ninety per cent of the raisins, sixty-five per cent of the beans, ninety per cent of the nuts and ninety-five per cent of the hops.

Mr. Hooper gives an approximate idea of the enormous development of intercoastal tonnage to and from San Francisco in the following table, covering the greater portion of the period from 1911 to 1922, inclusive, definite figures for the years 1915 to 1920, inclusive, not being available.

Eastbound tonnage—

Tons	Tons	Tons	Tons
1911	1912	1913	1914
310,984	237,054	249,632	343,192

Westbound tonnage—

Tons	Tons	Tons	Tons
1911	1912	1913	1914
255,224	284,792	213,214	284,028

	Tons	Tons
	1921	1922
Eastbound tonnage.....	361,334	505,175
Westbound tonnage.....	435,768	690,764

In referring to the railroads' share of this coast-to-coast haulage the same authority says:

"Undoubtedly the great increase shown in tonnage for 1922 is partially chargeable to the rate war, which started late in June, and in many instances on account of the low rates some commodities have been moving from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri through the Atlantic seaboard ports destined to San Francisco.

"A total of 1,003,759 cars were loaded from October 15 to 21, and this was within 14,780 cars of the highest mark ever achieved, and has been only exceeded four times in the history of American railroads. No better business barometer can be found than the movement of freight, and the statement can undoubtedly be safely made that the economic and general business conditions of the country, and particularly California and the Pacific Coast, are sound and free from unnecessary inflation."

The control of the waterfront of San Francisco was placed in the hands of the people of California in 1863 and the Board of State Harbor Commissioners was created. In the bay there are seventy-nine miles of safe

anchorage. All the navies of the world could lie here snugly behind the best breakwater that the hand of nature ever built. Along the shores of the bay there are nearly four hundred structures from which foreign and domestic vessels are served and an enormous amount of tonnage can be handled in a single day. The work of freight handling is greatly facilitated by a fine system of spur tracks. Freight may be loaded directly from the cars into the holds of outbound ships, as the ship sling can take the merchandise from the car and lower it directly into the vessel. The Belt Line railway which serves the long string of warehouses located on the waterfront makes it possible to deliver freight to each warehouse from the train, thus eliminating additional switch trackage.

One reason why the port of San Francisco has maintained its primacy on the Pacific Coast is that it offers more direct routes to the center of American industry than any other of its competitors. There are three trunk lines, with an option of five routes reaching all parts of the United States where raw material is demanded.

The foreign export trade has increased tremendously in the past decade, and is increasing from year to year. Figures representing the values of imports and exports for the annual period from October 1st to September 1st, taken from the list for 1921 and 1922, showing the increased trade with several countries, are as follows. San Francisco has for its customers nearly every country in the world, both large and small, from little Cuba and Costa Rica to China, Great Britain, France and other nations of large production and consumption:

IMPORTS		EXPORTS	
1921	1922	1921	1922
From Europe.... \$3,261,677	\$12,636,267	To Europe.... \$40,503,122	\$42,653,149
From S. America 6,415,056	11,421,243	To S. America 3,336,329	2,789,144
From Asia..... 49,413,619	95,721,439	To Asia..... 56,124,758	58,795,762
From Africa..... 51,468	2,516	To Africa..... 69,342	62,218
From Oceania... 18,647,931	9,852,757	To Oceania... 20,454,469	15,719,545
Totals\$77,789,751	\$129,634,222	\$120,488,020	\$120,019,818

While it will be seen that there was a slight decrease in exports, the volume of imports was enormously augmented, but in neither case do they represent the entire trade of the port, for to them must be added imports amounting to \$13,710,356 in 1922 and exports totaling \$13,655,385 for the same period. The statistics for 1922 show that San Francisco was sixth in the United States in cargoes cleared and seventh in cargoes entered.

The year from July 1, 1918 to June 30, 1919, was a wonderful one for Asiatic trade. The accompanying table of commodities exported from

San Francisco in that year shows the widely diversified demands of Oriental buyers:

Commodities	Quantity	Value
Aeroplanes and Parts.....		\$ 459,642
Automobiles	5,502 (No.)	7,198,454
Automobile Parts		1,474,548
Barley	3,669,098 bu.	4,665,468
Chemicals, Drugs, etc.....		8,921,204
Cotton	64,953,396 lbs.	22,119,906
Cotton Manufactures		11,193,634
Electrical Machinery and Appliances		5,864,117
Engines and Parts.....		4,098,774
Explosives	5,150,613 lbs.	1,407,985
Fertilizer	8,265 tons	957,215
Fibers and Manufactures.....		640,184
Fish	1,305,867 lbs.	214,557

Fruits:

Canned and Preserved.....		1,845,619
Dried	7,763,167 lbs.	2,021,984
Glass and Glassware.....		1,618,244
Hops	1,687,919 lbs.	479,655
Iron and Steel.....	496,051,199 lbs.	46,137,454
Leather Manufactures.....		6,522,389
Lumber	84,534 M ft.	1,861,122
Machinery		6,863,368
Oil—Petroleum	182,428,584 gals.	26,103,155
Paints		3,335,212
Paper		7,390,252
Rubber and Manufactures.....		5,800,595
Rice	3,244,325 lbs.	160,620
Salmon (canned)	5,783,115 lbs.	956,489
Vegetables		1,768,214
Wheat Flour	4,229,491 bbls.	406,304

TOTAL VALUE \$182,217,716

All the cities about the bay and its tributary waterways have participated in the great increase in trade in the past decade and in its resulting prosperity.

Oakland, with its twenty-nine miles of waterfront, nine and one-half miles of which are within the inner harbor, has been building new docks until it now has an expanse of dockage floor space amounting to nearly 10,000,000 square feet. The Federal Government has expended \$7,500,000 in the improvement of the inner harbor and its approaches. The inner harbor has a depth of thirty feet at low tide, with a width of 300 feet



CITY HALL, OAKLAND

from San Francisco Bay to the bridges between Oakland and Alameda. There are three miles of waterway navigable by ocean-going vessels of deep draught below the bridges. The City of Oakland has expended millions of dollars in widening and deepening harbor improvements and extensions, including the dredging of a channel thirty feet wide along the western waterfront. In 1921 the Oakland City Harbor Department made plans for a dock over a mile long in anticipation of the demands of commerce to supplement those of the Oakland estuary and West Oakland which afford docking facilities for vessels of every class. Oakland has been made the port of call of big steamship lines operating vessels through the Panama Canal to Atlantic ports and Europe. It is but natural that a city having

within its borders some of the largest manufacturing plants in California and the greatest collection of big shipyards in the country and with one-third of the canning industry of California in the county of which it is the seat, should thrive as a shipping center. Sixty-six new industries located in Oakland during the year 1921. Among these were the Westinghouse Company, which bought twelve acres on the north side of Powell Street,



BROADWAY, OAKLAND

the Durant corporation, an automobile manufacturing concern, with an eighteen acre site, and the Virden Packing Company which took over the Western Canning Company. During the same year there were completed the big grain elevators of the California Farm Bureau Exchange and the California Grain Elevator Corporation.

The harbor of Oakland is developing rapidly. Twenty years ago it was used as a sort of wintering place for whalers and a refuge for old hulks and made no pretensions as a port of call; but in 1921, 5,124 vessels docked there, with over 1,000,000 cargo tons. A total of 116,000,000 feet of lumber was included in the shipments which docked at Oakland's wharves. The

revenues for these cargoes, as given by the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, were \$73,720,000.

Alameda, situated on an island just west of Oakland and divided from it by a small tidal inlet, was chosen against all competitors as the United States Naval Base for the Pacific Coast. The site tendered by Alameda County for this base embraces 5,340 acres of tide and submerged lands. Preliminary survey work, filling and dredging were begun in October, 1918. The expenditure of \$51,000,000 on this project, at the annual rate of \$6,000,000 a year in the construction of this plant, will mean the addition of 50,000 people to Oakland and Alameda. The base will have docks and yards for the Pacific fleet, including thirty-six submarines and fifty-four destroyers, and when completed it will be the largest plant of the kind in the United States.

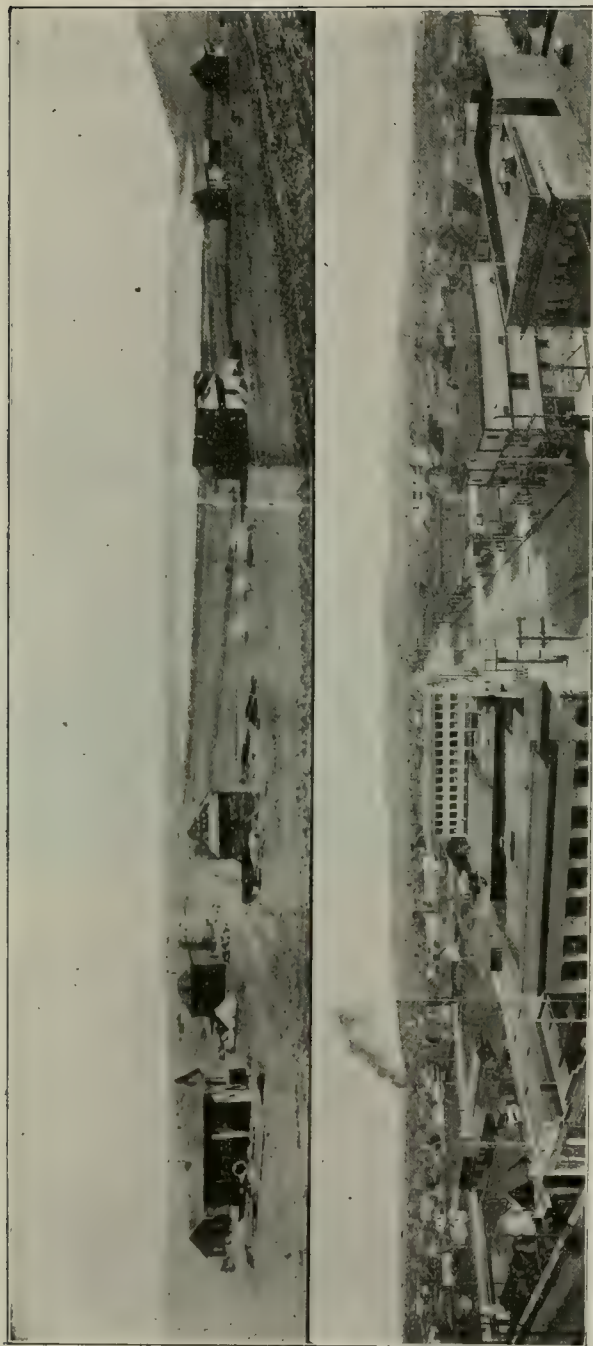
More than one-fourth of all the ships launched in the United States during the war were built by the five shipbuilding plants which have yards located on Oakland harbor as well as the San Francisco side.

To the City of Richmond, a populous and progressive center of commerce and industry on the east shore of the great bay, is due the credit of perfecting one of the largest pieces of harbor improvement on the coast. Richmond is a comparatively new city, being incorporated in 1907. On its western front there is a natural deep water anchorage, but it has been to the inner harbor that the city has devoted its attention, and, with the aid of the government and the Standard Oil Company, it has now large concrete wharves equipped with every modern shipping device.

The Richmond Belt Railroad Company has a line which skirts the waterfront, connecting with the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific roads. In 1919 a channel 1,400 feet long, 200 feet wide and 30 feet deep at high tide was completed, and to this has been added a still greater strip of dredged waterway. So that the inner harbor of Richmond is now a pretentious and commodious one.

The huge soap factories of Proctor & Gamble are located at Richmond, beside many other large manufacturing plants. The California Wine Association invested \$3,000,000 in extensive plants, warehouses and wharves, but these were turned into other channels of trade with the coming of prohibition.

A glance at the shipping industry of Sacramento may be taken here, for though it is rather remote from the bay it is vitally connected with it. The Sacramento River is navigable at high tide by large river steamers. It is now the fourth largest shipping river in the United States. Sacramento is rightly called the "the Heart of California." It is surrounded by an enormous area of rich farming land, orchards and vineyards, the major portion of the rich products of which move to San Francisco markets in the river



ALL THERE WAS OF RICHMOND IN 1901 AFTER THE SANTA FE CAME
RICHMOND TODAY

boats. The Sacramento River, at a conservative estimate, annually carries \$80,000,000 worth of these products and of merchandise handled in the marts of trade.

The City of Stockton is connected with the San Joaquin River by a waterway two and a half miles long which empties into Suisun Bay about forty miles west, where vessels of deep draught may ride at anchor. Steps were begun in 1920 by the government to provide a channel 24 feet deep and 300 feet wide from the mouth of the San Joaquin to the head of Stockton channel, which will admit of navigation by sea-going vessels.

The dredging of a deep water channel by the Federal Government and



PUBLIC LIBRARY, ALAMEDA

the state was completed at Pittsburg, which is at the head of Suisun Bay, twenty-four miles northeast of San Francisco. Pittsburg is taking an important place in the industrial world and its harbor will doubtless call for more improvements from time to time.

Petaluma Creek affords a water connection between Petaluma, a very thriving city near the bay shore, in Sonoma County. The creek is navigable at all seasons and carries a tremendous cargo tonnage, chiefly of orchard and farm products. Petaluma is the largest egg-producing district in the country. Its eggs are shipped by the carload to eastern markets.

Vallejo, at the head of deep tide water, near Carquinez Straits, which form the inner harbor of central California, is an important city. It has a strategic position with respect to Napa Valley, Sonoma Valley and the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, being situated near their con-

fluence. Vallejo is making a strong bid for transcontinental freight. Its Chamber of Commerce points out that instead of such freight being routed by Oakland or San Francisco for ocean shipment to the Orient or elsewhere it should be shipped via Vallejo, thus saving 100 miles of freight haul. Vallejo and its nearby city of Benicia, which also has excellent harbor facilities, were rivals of San Francisco in the '50s, and cannot get rid of the habit, though it speaks volumes for their ambition as well as enterprise. Mare Island Navy Yard, employing several thousand men and including the largest machine shop in the country, is near Vallejo. The California, the deepest draught battleship afloat at the time of its construction, was launched in the straits between Mare Island and Vallejo.

I have referred to rivalry, but there is none in reality so far as the great metropolitan district is concerned. San Francisco aided Alameda in securing the naval base and it aids Vallejo, Oakland and the other cities about the bay in every way possible. It is as Mayor James Rolph of San Francisco has said: "There is no reason for the slightest tinge of jealousy on the part of one unit of our bay district for any other unit. 'Hands across the bay' is our watchword."

It seems hardly credible that any other port on the Pacific Coast can wrest from San Francisco her long-established primacy. According to Nathaniel A. Davis, managing director of the Foreign Trade Club, the tonnage passing through the Golden Gate in 1922 exceeded by eight times that of the other great port of California and was four times that of the next in line on the coast. Take just one item, the copra trade of the Pacific: All the routes of this trade lead to San Francisco and only one city in the world—Manila—exceeds it in the imports of this great staple.

XLIV

FINANCE, TRADE, INDUSTRY

JEFFERSON'S PECULIAR CRITICISM OF BANKS AND WHAT IT IMPLIES—
BEGINNINGS OF THE BANKING SYSTEM OF SAN FRANCISCO, NOW
AND FOR ALL PREVIOUS YEARS THE LARGEST ON THE PACIFIC COAST—
A REMARKABLE CHAIN OF BANKS—FEATURES OF THE BAY REGION
TRADE AND WHY IT LEADS THE WEST.

Despite the caustic remarks made by Thomas Jefferson against the banking system, banks are very useful institutions. There is lurking in the minds of those who seriously consider the Jeffersonian criticisms the feeling that perhaps the great statesman was not treated as fairly by the credit managers of the banks of his day as his dignified station in life should have entitled him. This reminds one of the story of the man who was railing against banks. "They are," he declared, "the curse of civilization. They're worse than any other dens of infamy in the whole world." "Go on, go on," assented the man to whom he was talking. "I'll endorse anything you say against the banks. They won't lend me any money either."

There were forty-seven banks in San Francisco in 1921, or double the number of Los Angeles, Seattle or Portland. The volume of business transacted by the San Francisco banks in that year was \$9,267,030,000, while Los Angeles had a volume of \$5,351,466,000, Seattle \$1,644,191,000, and Portland \$1,788,424,000. The San Francisco bank clearings were \$6,629,000,000, or over \$2,000,000 more than those of the next highest coast city. The San Francisco bank deposits on June 30, 1922, were \$883,010,505, as compared with those of Los Angeles which had \$510,692,987 and Seattle \$146,723,146. In resources the Bay City banks ran high in 1922, touching the billion mark.

Although it is the twelfth city in population in the United States, San Francisco is the seventh in wealth, and for many years it has enjoyed the highest per capita wealth of any city in the United States. This was not wholly due to the free circulation of gold from the mines of California, but to extensive agriculture, horticulture, manufactures and high land values, together with the enormous tonnage of the port, which in 1921 was eighth in America.

It was on January 9, 1849, that the first bank was established in San



CHRONICLE BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

Francisco by Henry M. Naglee in company with a man named Linton. This was also the first bank on the coast. Naglee's venture was quickly followed by those of others, so that in the spring of 1854 there were twelve banking institutions in the city, these being those of James King of William, Burgoyne & Co., B. Davidson, Tallant & Wilde, Bacon, Page & Co., Adams & Co., Palmer, Cooke & Co., Drexel, Sailer & Church, Robinson & Co., Sanders & Brenham, Lucas Turner & Co., and Carothers, Anderson & Co. During the two preceding years there were also in existence in San Francisco five concerns doing what was called an express banking business. These were Wells, Fargo & Co., Todd & Co., Palmer, Cooke & Co., Page, Bacon & Co., and S. F. Adams & Co.

It seems strange that in a land of gold under the American flag that for quite a period the only gold coins in circulation were English sovereigns, yet such was the fact, and there were large amounts of other foreign coins handed about. Nearly \$60,000,000 in gold were mined in California in 1849 and 1850, and yet the nearest approach to legal money in circulation at the time were little ingots of gold stamped by the state assayer, and these ingots did not make their appearance until after April 20, 1850, when the Legislature passed an act authorizing the plan. A little later fifty dollar slugs of gold were issued by private concerns. These bore the stamp of the United States assayer. They were somewhat thicker than a twenty dollar gold piece of the present day and were octagonal in form. There were also gold tokens of smaller denominations.

The United States Mint, a large handsome stone building on Fifth Street between Market and Mission, was opened in 1874. Previous to that time there had been coinage in a small way in a government building on Commercial Street on a lot now occupied by the sub-treasury. First and last the San Francisco Mint has coined over a \$1,000,000,000 in gold, besides large amounts in silver. Between 1884 and 1892 the mint put forth an average of \$22,000,000 a year in gold, and up to the latter date it had coined \$835,000,000.

Up to the beginning of the great war the people of San Francisco used practically very little paper money. Many of them would not accept it. Checks also were used with far less frequency than in other cities. It was to the dismay of the greater number of San Franciscans, particularly the old-timers, that gold disappeared from general circulation in 1916 and only paper money and silver were to be obtained. So little demand was there for greenbacks and banknotes that for twenty-five years after the passage of the National Banking act no attempt was made to establish a national bank in San Francisco, and even after that, for a long period, there was but one. But the prejudice of the people against banknotes was so strong that when they were issued in their city by the several national banks organized

there of late years, the paper currency they turned out was more frequently used in the southern part of the state or in the east than in San Francisco. The reason why paper money has found more ready acceptance in Southern California than in the neighborhood of San Francisco is that by far the greater part of the population of the southland has come in recent years from the Middle West where the people were used to handling printed currency.

"Habits of thrift," observes a writer on banking in San Francisco, "did not assert themselves very early in the history of the Bay City. It was not until 1857 that the first savings and loan society was established in the city, and it required several years of consideration by the lawmakers before they ventured to pass an act providing for the formation of corporations for the accumulation and investment of funds and the savings of depositors. Such a law was passed in 1862 and under its provisions the institutions already in existence, the Savings and Loan Society and the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, which had been established January 23, 1857, and April 12, 1859, respectively, commanded an increased degree of confidence and greatly stimulated the saving habit. * * * Very few Californians were disposed to consider the subject of currency from any other standpoint than that of circulation. They were proud that their system, which forbade the issue of banknotes, differed from that of every other state in the union, and they gloried in the fact that they were unique in steadfastly adhering to sound money. Writers of the period of the Civil war boasted that the currency question had given them no trouble until United States notes found their way to the coast, and they regarded as a supreme distinction their ability to avoid the suspension of specie payments."

Governor Leland Stanford urged the acceptance of the legal currency in 1862, but the people did not fancy the idea. They had been taught to believe and they stoutly maintained that the use of paper money would prove financially injurious to the State and for over forty years after that time they still held to the belief and to their metal coins. During the Civil war and for some years thereafter the refusal of San Franciscans to accept greenbacks or banknotes worked a considerable hardship to federal employes who were paid in paper money, the coin value of which was reduced at times as low as fifty per cent.

John F. Swift, a member of the Legislature, introduced a resolution in the lower house in 1863 making it incumbent upon the people of the state to accept the government's paper money as legal tender. This resolution was voted down by an overwhelming majority. Soon afterward the Legislature passed what is known as the specific contract law. This established a system of specie payments and worked a great benefit to the people of California, for under it they were able to keep to the gold standard throughout

the entire period of greenback depreciation during which paper currency sank as low in value as thirty-five cents on the dollar in comparison with gold. All the old-time Californians who are alive today regret that gold is not the circulating medium of the present time, as under that standard the state prospered prodigiously and was able to maintain the highest per capita wealth of any in the union. Many contracts are still drawn providing for payment in United States gold coin, though comparatively little of it has been in general circulation since the entry of this country into the World war.

Clearing houses were established in various American cities long before that convenient financial system was adopted by the bankers of San Francisco. The New York Clearing House began operations in the autumn of 1853 and other cities followed its lead in this respect, but San Francisco was the last large metropolitan center to avail itself of the benefits of the system. Few, indeed, among the bankers of the Bay City today would deny that a clearing house is a great advantage in conducting banking operations, yet for over twenty-five years the bankers of this city fought the introduction of the system, and balances were settled by carrying around town, under armed guards, wagon loads of coin in heavy bags. Still, cumbersome as this plan was and still more unwieldly as the years went by and financial operations increased, many of the bankers favored it as against the idea of a clearing house "where everybody would know everybody's business" and clearances would be made "just as they are in the East," which to many was sufficient to condemn the plan. For be it known that to many narrow minds of the '70s and '80s it was a sufficiently contemptuous view of a person or of a system to regard he or it as "eastern."

So it was not until 1876 that San Francisco came to have a clearing house. It was soon seen by even the most strenuous objectors to the plan that it was of a decided advantage over the old bank-to-bank clearance system, and as for letting competitors know the volume of their business it was found that no distinct loss was suffered thereby. In fact it has come to be an axiom that to be successful there must be nothing occult or mysterious in the business of a bank so far as statements of operations are concerned.

The following is a list of the members of the San Francisco Clearing House at the time of its opening in March, 1876: Bank of California, Bank of British Columbia, Bank of British North America, Bank of San Francisco, B. F. Davidson & Co., Belloc & Co., Donahue, Kelly & Co., First National Gold Bank of San Francisco, Hicox & Spear, London and San Francisco Bank, Merchants' Exchange Bank, Sather & Co., Swiss American Bank, Anglo-California Bank, Wells, Fargo & Co. To this list were added in the following year the Pacific Bank, the Nevada Bank, Lazard Freres, National Gold Bank and Trust Company and Tallant & Co. Six

years later the twenty-first bank to join the institution, the Crocker-Woolworth Bank, was added to the membership. It is now known as the Crocker National Bank of San Francisco and is located in the magnificent Crocker Building on Market Street.

The clearings of the first year after the establishment of the clearing house were a little over \$500,000,000 and they increased to over \$700,000,000 in 1878. They fell to \$486,000,000 in 1880, but since that year there has been a steady increase and they now range around \$700,000,000. The bank premises in which financial operations are conducted were of far less value before the great fire than they are at present, being less than half a million dollars in 1880 and now estimated at \$30,000,000. The Bank of California, the Humboldt, the Hibernia, the Crocker and the Bank of Italy are all splendidly housed, as are many of the other banking institutions.

The Bank of Italy, which is the largest banking institution on the coast and ranks high in the nation, was founded in 1904 by Amadeo P. Giannini who is still its president. In 1922 Giannini had sixty banks in forty-three Californian cities, and he promises in time to have one or more in each town of a considerable size in the state. For the first half of 1920 the increase in deposits of the Bank of Italy was greater than those of any other bank in the United States. It now owns the largest building on the continent devoted solely to the banking business. The total resources of the bank in December, 1904, were \$285,437. In 1908 they had increased to over \$250,000. In 1916 they were nearly \$40,000,000. By the end of 1920 they amounted to \$157,400,000 and in 1922 they exceeded \$200,000,000.

Amadeo Giannini, to whom the enormous success of the Bank of Italy is due more than to any other man, was born in San Jose, California, May 6, 1870. At the age of twelve years he worked for a firm of fruit and vegetable merchants in San Francisco. His duties required him to be on the docks in the hours before dawn to meet the boats laden with fresh green foodstuffs from up the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. He became determined to learn the fruit and vegetable business thoroughly and to have a commission house of his own. To this end he entered a business college and learned every angle of the trading business. He also studied the food resources of the Sacramento Valley and made himself acquainted with most of the ranchers. At the age of nineteen he was a partner in a commission firm in San Francisco, and before he reached thirty he was the greatest figure in that business in the city. At thirty-one he retired from the fruit and vegetable trade and was entrusted with the handling of several large estates. By this time he was in possession of a fortune of \$300,000 and was one of the directors of a bank patronized largely by Italians. A dispute arose as to the financial policy of the in-

stitution and Giannini withdrew from the directorate and on August 10, 1904, incorporated the Bank of Italy which immediately began business on a small scale; in fact it was known as the "baby bank" of San Francisco and was so called in the spring of 1906. Strange to say, what greatly assisted the Bank of Italy to gain a secure foothold and lay the foundation of its present enormous business was the earthquake and fire of April 18th of that year. While the fire was threatening the bank and, indeed, was but a block or two away, Giannini had the forethought to do what would have been impossible in the case of any of the larger banking institutions of the city because of the great task it would have involved—he loaded all the money and securities that were in the vault into two delivery wagons borrowed from his old commission house, along with all the check books, pass books and other stationery in the stock room, and had them conveyed across that part of the town which had not yet yielded to the flames, and on down the peninsula to Seven Oaks, his summer seat at San Mateo. The wagons were guarded by United States soldiers and they reached their destination in safety. The valuables were buried in Giannini's lawn and were guarded until their removal. Meantime the vaults of the other San Francisco banks were heaped high with smoldering ruins and it was weeks in some cases before they could be opened. In not a few instances where it was attempted to expedite the work of getting out money and securities from the vaults, still hot from the conflagration though deluged with water, the inflammable contents blazed up as soon as the doors were opened, and all except the gold and silver was destroyed.

A form letter was sent out by Giannini to all his depositors on the day following the fire. They were told that most of their money would be paid out to them immediately on demand. The letter also informed the bank's patrons that they could borrow from its funds for the rebuilding of homes or business structures. Many depositors embraced this opportunity very gladly, as the Bank of Italy was one of the few sources from which money might be drawn, and builders were offering as high as fifteen per cent for cash loans. And so it was that the Italian section of the city, in the neighborhood of North Beach and Telegraph Hill, was the first to rebuild after the fire.

The conflagration had not been extinguished before Giannini had set up desks down on the docks and had established tellers there to carry on a regular banking business. This was long before the other banks could resume operations. It was a strange sight to see the commission men depositing and drawing money or checks at this temporary waterfront banking institution, but Giannini's enterprise was rewarded by the tremendous confidence which it inspired and the resultant increase in his business. It was not long before the resources of the little bank arose to the

two million mark. What inspired further confidence was the hanging out of a sign, "Bank of Italy," on the residence of a brother of Giannini on Van Ness Avenue, a portion of which thoroughfare had escaped the flames. Although those were perilous times for financiers and loans were made by many of them with a feeling of dubiety, it is the proud boast of the Bank of Italy that not one of its "fire loans" remained unpaid when due.

Giannini, after a tour of the eastern states in February, 1907, had a strong presentiment of financial troubles that would prevail during that year. He returned home and began at once to prepare for the coming panic. This he did by getting hold of every gold coin that he could reach out and secure by adroit methods of financiering. By this time he had rebuilt his bank building, but there was not room in his vaults for all the gold that he gathered in, so he stored it in another bank. His associates, believing in his prevision of bad days ahead, worked with him and the amount of gold which they managed to amass was enough to finance the building of a transcontinental railroad.

With October came the panic. Most of the banks of San Francisco felt the pressure very keenly. Not so the Bank of Italy, with its immense hoard of gold. It did not limit its payments as the others were doing, to \$100 on a single account and piece them out with clearing house certificates and the unpopular paper money, but it paid in gold coin through the whole period of panic, without a break. This resulted in a still further increase of confidence in the bank. New depositors crowded in and it was not long before the drain on its resources ceased and it was receiving a far greater amount of the precious metal than it was disbursing.

In December, 1909, the Bank of Italy established its first branch, in the City of San Jose, and since that time it has kept adding to the number of branches until it has three score of them in California, all handsomely housed, those of the head office in San Francisco and the great branch in Los Angeles being in magnificent buildings, built by the bank.

It is said that prohibition greatly assisted in the upbuilding of this chain of banks, by enormously increasing the value of the vineyards, which were largely owned by Italians. It was feared previous to July 1, 1919, that the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, which went into effect on that date, would result in the destruction of the vineyards of California, but, to the surprise of all, it operated in precisely the opposite way. Before 1919 the vineyardists had been glad to receive \$15 to \$20 a ton for their grapes, and there were years in which they had been sold as low as \$8; but during and after the first year of prohibition grapes sold at \$75 to \$100 a ton, and there were some sales at as high a figure as \$125. This increase in prices was due to the demand of the home vintners all over the country to whom the grapes were shipped in a dry



OCEAN BEACH AND ESPLANADE, SAN FRANCISCO

state, after which they were soaked in water and converted into wine. As is to be presumed, the trebling of grape prices tended to enrich the vineyardists, many of whom, having a predilection for banks of their own countrymen or those affiliated with them, placed their deposits in the Bank of Italy.

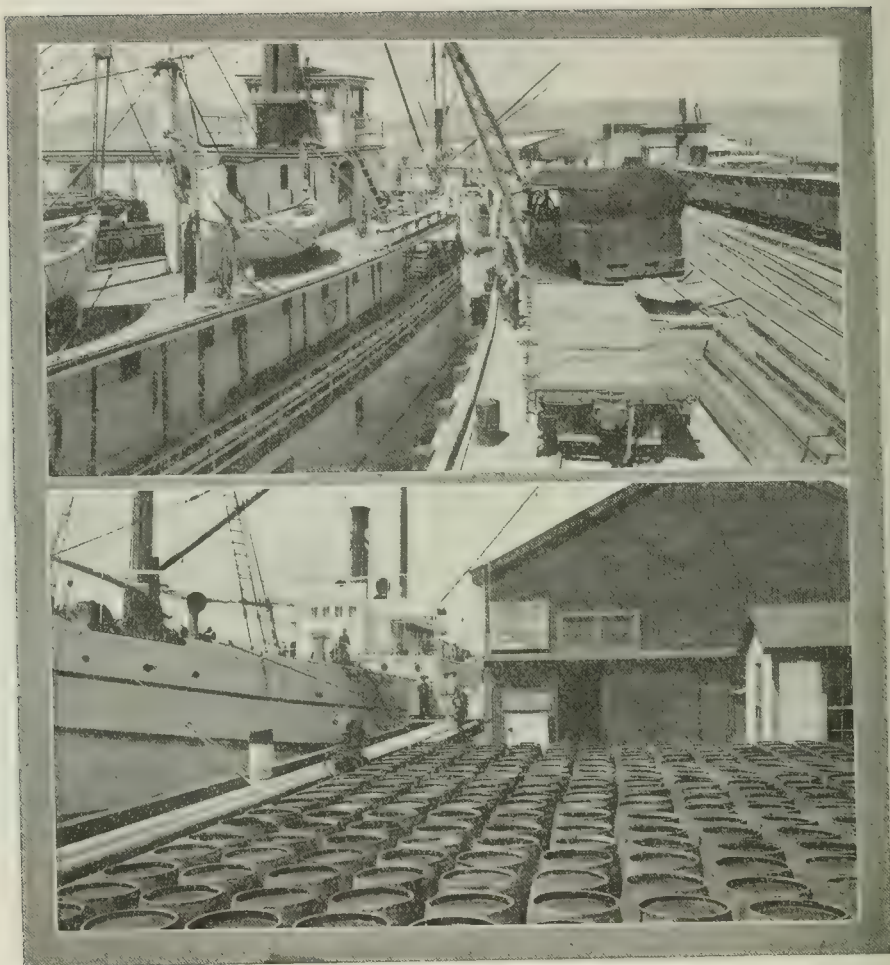
There have been plenty of carpers who have not approved of Giannini's methods, particularly the plan of the state wide system of banks which he has established, but if there are any grave defects in that system they have not disclosed themselves up to the present writing, and the Bank of Italy is still organizing and opening branches in various parts of California.

The Santa Clara valley has a strong and efficient banking system. San Jose has six fine banks, all of which have shown a rapid growth during the past twenty years. On June 30, 1922, they reported total assets of \$37,595,-120. The commercial accounts aggregated \$9,844,630 and the savings deposits amounted to \$21,692,323, the total being \$31,536,952.

The history of no other city of its size shows a more marked advance in recent years than that of San Jose. This is because of its being the financial center of the richest horticultural region in the country. In 1916 the bank clearings were \$44,000,000, but by 1922 they had increased to \$118,511,851, a gain of over \$26,000,000 as compared with the clearings for the previous year of 1921.

San Mateo County also makes a good showing in a financial way, but its proximity to San Francisco tends toward the retardation of the rapid growth of the banking business. Many of its residents transact all their business in the Bay City or so much of it that the local banks do not have as great an opportunity to advance as they would if located more remotely from the metropolis. The same may be said of Marin County and in a way of Sonoma and Napa counties, but the banks of Alameda County do not seem to be similarly affected, as they have shown enormous gains in business during the past ten or fifteen years. In 1910 the Alameda County bank clearings, which include those of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and other east bay cities, aggregated \$157,183,000; in 1911 they were \$172,-484,000; 1912, \$192,580,000; 1913, \$188,730,000; 1914, \$176,064,000; 1915, \$181,466,000; 1916, \$233,044,000; 1917, \$269,219,000; 1918, \$335,-334,000; 1919, \$459,583,000; 1920, \$552,613,000; 1921, \$543,092,000.

It is but natural, considering its location on the finest harbor in the world and its manifold industries and above all, its intense communal spirit, that San Francisco should have an assured primacy in coast finance. For years all California has looked to it for financial aid in whatever great enterprise has been going forward. San Francisco capital has saved the day for crippled banking institutions as far as 500 miles away, and the material growth of outside cities has been greatly enhanced by the



SHIPPING SCENES, RICHMOND

establishment of local branches of San Francisco commercial and financial branches. In fact if one goes to any of the larger central or southland cities he will be amazed to find hung out on the fronts of buildings the names of firms that have been familiar to many San Franciscans since their childhood days, but which have been seen only within the past decade or two in such cities as Fresno, Sacramento, San Diego and Los Angeles.

Ocean trade has helped greatly to build up this condition, and it has assisted in the prosperity not only of San Francisco but of the whole metropolitan district. As Mayor James Rolph, Jr., recently said: "A ship sailing the seven seas departs from the Thames, let us say, around the Horn or through the canal, with San Francisco as the terminus of its voyage. On all its manifests and in all its articles the destination is given as San Francisco, when actually the boat may dock at Oakland, or California City, or Sausalito, or possibly it may have aboard a cargo of sugar or grain destined for Crockett or one of the points of San Pablo or Suisun Bay. San Francisco is not a city of jealousy. We feel the same pride in the advancement of Oakland, of Berkeley, of Alameda, of the cities down the peninsula and in those to the north of the bay. Our destinies are so closely intermingled as to be one. Our fortunes go hand in hand. Our future is written on the same page in the great Book of Fate. We are more than sister cities—we are a unit, a community which some day will rank with Greater New York, Greater London, Greater Chicago."

And this is true, for the interests of the million of people that inhabit the San Francisco metropolitan district are identical, and they feel that the day is drawing near when one great municipal line will encircle them all. The new Sierran water system will aid in this consummation and the bridges to be thrown across the bay to the north and to the east will in time afford actual physical bonds to draw all the bayshore population together in one closely affiliated metropolitan unit.

In the marts of trade San Francisco occupies the same position in comparison with her sister cities of the coast as she does in the matter of bank clearings. It is an assured fact, however, that her growth, judging by all present indications, will be much swifter in the future than it has been in the past, and the same may be said of Oakland, which has shown an amazing increase in the past few years.

As a wholesale center San Francisco has a commanding position that never can be wrested from her. This is because of the fully recognized stability of her trade and industrial concerns and the well known fact that her growth is not of the mushroom order, but is of a healthy, normal nature, and in no respect adventitious, nor evanescent.

On this subject Mr. S. L. Bernstein, chairman of the Manufacturers' and Wholesalers' Association of San Francisco, says: "In textiles of all

classes, wearing apparel of all kinds for men, women and children, this market possesses groups such as women's ready-to-wear, millinery, infants' wear, silks, woolens, domestics, men's furnishings, shoes and the like, to an extent that is not to be found in any other city west of Chicago. We have specialty houses in all these lines in such numbers that the competition is keen, insuring to the traders seasonable merchandise at right prices.

"Style features are of prime importance to all articles pertaining to the wearing apparel lines, and it is on that score that San Francisco depends. The season opens earlier on the Pacific Coast than elsewhere, and for that reason our merchants must be awake to coming events and be able to anticipate the fancies of the trade ahead of other markets. There is an atmospheric something that creates ideas here, as it does in Paris. Each season brings forth new ideas and a profusion of fast sellers. Our markets are no longer confined to the Pacific Slope—many of our creations are nationally recognized and are sold from Maine to California."

There are over two hundred wholesale concerns in business in San Francisco, serving about nineteen thousand retail houses beyond the borders of the Bay City. The volume of sales each year runs up to many millions and is reflected in the enormous bank deposits.

"It must be a source of gratification to many," points out Mr. Bernstein, "to know of the high standards maintained by our merchants. Products of our local factories are not competing with the sweatshop merchandise of the East."

An idea of the extent and character of the foreign trade of the bay district is contained in the chapter on commerce in which it is shown how and why eight times the annual tonnage passes through the Golden Gate as compared with the next most important seaport of the coast.

The value of the industrial output of San Francisco is now about \$500,000,000 annually. There are about twenty-five hundred manufacturing establishments, and the annual payroll is close to \$90,000,000. As has been previously noted, the per capita output is larger than that of any eastern city and it is even larger than that of any other industrial center on the coast, as the following authentic figures for 1919 will show: Per capita output of San Francisco, \$6,804; Los Angeles, \$4,714; Seattle, \$5,829; Portland, \$6,240. This superiority is due largely to climatic reasons, to good pay and to efficient management. And these are also among the reasons why San Francisco has the greatest per capita wealth of any city in the whole country and greater than any other on the coast, as the following figures for 1921 will prove: Per capita wealth of San Francisco, \$3,371; Los Angeles, \$2,974; Cleveland, \$2,372; Boston, \$2,117; New York, \$1,775; Detroit, \$1,775; Philadelphia, \$1,660; St. Louis, \$1,230; Chicago, \$1,204.

As will be seen by the following table showing the industrial activity of the San Francisco bay region, the counties of Alameda and Contra Costa, containing such populous cities as Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Richmond, Haywards and Martinez, have of late years assumed proportions that place them in the category of first-class industrial districts:

MANUFACTURING IN THE BAY DISTRICT

County	Number of Establish.	Wage Earners	Wages	Value of Output
Alameda	875	35,909	\$ 47,193,254	\$219,300,376
Contra Costa	163	13,434	19,300,235	281,943,251
Marin	66	583	739,125	4,300,789
San Francisco	2,360	48,550	59,704,342	417,321,277
San Mateo	117	6,837	11,218,710	47,864,258
Solano	70	1,767	2,455,450	7,469,423
	<hr/> 3,651	<hr/> 107,080	<hr/> \$140,611,116	<hr/> \$978,199,374

The figures are compiled from the Census of Manufacturers for 1919. There is no similar district of the same area on the coast that approaches the bay region in this respect. The nearest is that of the splendidly productive Los Angeles County, with an area of 4,115 square miles and the value of the industrial output of which was in the same year, \$418,009,916, while the value of the output of the bay district, with only 3,286 square miles of area, was \$978,199,374, or over twice that of the former, with only about three-fourths the area.

It is apparent from this as well as from information given in other parts of this history that the bay region is ideally situated in the center of a state producing abundantly the basic raw materials which are so essential to the development of an industrial community.

XLV

CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT

SOME INTERESTING SCRAPS OF SCHOLASTIC HISTORY—HOW THE TWO GREAT UNIVERSITIES OF CALIFORNIA WERE FOUNDED, AND HOW ONE OF THEM GREW TO BE THE LARGEST IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY—PECULIAR ADVANTAGES OF THE BAY REGION AS A SEAT OF LEARNING—RESTORATION OF STANFORD AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

Gladly would I unfold an ordered and adequate history of the cultural development of the bay region of San Francisco, but my limitations are such that only a cursory glance may be taken at its different stages and phases, while it will be impossible to consider all its component elements.

If this district, of comparatively small area, affords greater evidences of culture and refinement than any other on the Pacific Coast it is due to the ambition of as proud a people as have existed anywhere and to the generosity of its men and women of great means and great hearts who learned the lesson that one is rich only as his neighbors are rich, and that the most niggardly man is the poorest. For it is true as Joaquin Miller, one of the greatest of Californian poets, sang of Peter Cooper:

And wisest is he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your dead cold hand
Is what you have given away.

And the best that wealth can give is not money, but opportunity for mental improvement—to afford all access to the masterpieces of art and nature.

And so we have seen in foregoing chapters or shall find in this one how James Lick gave his great astronomical observatory to the people and otherwise aided the cause of science; how Leland Stanford endowed so splendidly the magnificent seat of learning at Palo Alto; how Phœbe Apperson Hearst and her son, William Randolph Hearst, made such munificent gifts to the University of California; how Henry D. Cogswell offered to young men and women his polytechnic school, how James D. Phelan gave so many beautiful works of art to the City of San Francisco and to the state, how Edward F. Searles housed the Art Institute, how

M. H. deYoung so greatly aided in the establishment of the Park Memorial Museum, and stored up in it a hoard of art treasures, and how Adolph Sutro, Hubert Howe Bancroft, the Crocker and Spreckels families and many others lavished gifts upon the people, all of which were intended to further their cultural advancement. We shall also see how the people themselves arose in their pride and gave so largely of their substance that San Francisco should assist in educating the world as to its wonderful



STANFORD MEMORIAL CHAPEL

development by opening to it two great expositions, one of them the largest and most successful ever seen in the West.

The state convention of 1849 showed warm interest in the subject of education and set apart certain revenues for a state university, but it was not until 1868 that the University of California was established. Its site, on the gently sloping hillside in Berkeley, near the foot of the Coast Range, overlooking the Golden Gate, is the most commanding one enjoyed by any in this country. Berkeley is immediately north of Oakland and is so closely contiguous thereto that there is no visible line of demarcation between the two cities. It was named for George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland, whose close devotion to the cause of learning in eastern America in the eighteenth century made the bestowal of his name upon

the capital of education on the coast singularly appropriate. It was he who wrote:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Like all large educational institutions on the coast, and, in fact, all over the country, the university at Berkeley has had its stern vicissitudes. Its genesis may be said to have been of a theological nature. The Rev. Henry Durant, a Yale man, came to San Francisco in 1853 for the purpose of founding a university under the patronage of the San Francisco Congregational Association. The Contra Costa Academy in Oakland was established by Durant and his associates. In 1855 the institution was incorporated under the name of the College of California, and four years later instructions were begun, with Durant, Martin Kellogg and H. I. Brayton as professors and three other instructors. The Rev. Samuel H. Willey was vice president, but there was no president for some years, as the organization was of a rather tentative nature. A tract of 160 acres was secured for a permanent site about four miles north of Oakland, and was named Berkeley. The state already had set aside large tracts of land for educational purposes and some of these in time reverted to the university, when the original college was merged with the state foundation. College buildings were erected and the University of California opened its doors on September 23, 1869, with Henry Durant as its first president. Splendid provision was made by the state and by private individuals for colleges, among them an agricultural and a mining college of grand proportions and wide scope.

The Legislature provided that no fees should be charged and that women as well as men would be received as students. There was at the time a strong sentiment in favor of separate education of the sexes, and San Francisco had established high schools that were carrying out that idea; but the supporters of co-education won the day in state legislation on this subject, so far as the university was concerned, and it is now considered that this feature of the great institution has contributed largely to its success.

Besides Durant, other men who have been presidents of the university have been Martin Kellogg, Benjamin Ide Wheeler and David Prescott Barrows. Each of these officers has shown fine executive ability, breadth of character and liberal views, and under their leadership the institution has expanded wonderfully. It is now the largest university in the world, having over 10,000 regular students and a teaching staff of over 700 professors and instructors. It has a summer session at which there are enrolled over 4,000 students each year, an intersession term with a roster of 6,000, while through its extension program 25,000 other students in

various parts of the state are given special instruction. The College of Agriculture is a large and growing feature of the institution, which is very appropriate in a state of such tremendous interests in that line.

A distinctive feature of the university is the great Greek Theatre, the first ever erected in America, which was the gift of William Randolph Hearst. The dramatic festival which opened this theatre to the world presented Aristophanes' "Birds," Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" and



PUBLIC LIBRARY IN CIVIC CENTER, SAN FRANCISCO

Racine's "Phedre." The theatre is situated in a natural curve of the hills, at the east side of the campus. Every Sunday there is a free musical concert under the direction of the university and the place, which will seat 7,000 people, is often packed to its fullest capacity. The climate of the bay region is rarely so severe, save in the rainy season, as to interfere with the entertainments, although the seats are all out of doors.

Comparatively little damage was done to the University of California by the earthquake of 1906 which was so disastrous to Stanford, so that the noble halls of learning on the Berkeley hillsides remained open during that year. Among these buildings are the Hearst Mining Building, which

was made possible by the munificence of Phœbe Apperson Hearst, the Mechanics' Building, Agricultural Hall, Hilgard Hall, Hearst Hall for Women, the Chemistry Buildings, California Hall, Benjamin Ide Wheeler Hall, the University Library and the Boalt Hall of Law. Other splendid structures the erection of which was begun during recent years are: The Stephens Memorial or Students' Union, which is to cost \$200,000 when completed; the Educational Building, to cost about \$400,000, and the Physics Building, about half a million. At the present writing there is planned a great stadium to accommodate 75,000 spectators and to cost about one million dollars.

In May, 1923, the University of California conferred degrees upon 2,318 students. This was the largest graduating class in its history and probably the largest in the country.

Stanford, said to be the most richly endowed university in the world and certainly one of the most picturesque in point of structure and position, is magnificently situated on the old Palo Alto estate in the Santa Clara Valley, thirty-three miles southeast of San Francisco on the Coast Division of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and an electric line also passes it from San Francisco. It is not far from the bay across which one looks from the university to the Monte Diablo Range.

Although one of the youngest of the larger universities of the country, Stanford is about as well and favorably known as any of them. Its scholastic history embraces a period of only thirty-two years. The idea of founding a great school at Palo Alto was determined upon by Leland and Jane Stanford in 1884. I can still see the large, dark, solemn man, Senator Stanford, sitting behind his huge desk in the railway office at Fourth and Townsend streets, unfolding his plan to me, as its first newspaper chronicler, without any great show of enthusiasm, telling of the millions of dollars and the thousands of acres of land he was setting aside to construct and endow a group of colleges to be known as the Leland Stanford Junior University, in memory of his dead son.

It was on November 14, 1885, that the grant of endowment was made. Construction was begun soon afterward and the cornerstone was laid May 14, 1887. The university was opened to students October 1, 1891. Besides the Palo Alto estate of about 8,000 acres the original endowment consisted of the great Vina tract of 53,000 acres in Tehama County, the Gridley tract of 18,000 acres in Butte County and several other smaller tracts as well as the Stanford residence on Nob Hill, in San Francisco, together with large blocks of interest-bearing securities. Besides the Stanford gifts many others have been added, one of these being from the Carnegie Corporation, amounting to \$700,000 for the establishment of a

Food Research Institute. Charles N. Felton willed \$100,000 to Stanford Hospital in San Francisco, an affiliated institution.

Stanford University is coeducational, but the number of women is limited to 500 and there were during its first thirty years of existence 4,023 women enrolled. The total enrollment for the year 1921 was 3,439, a gain of 490 over the previous year. David Starr Jordan, whose life work is reviewed in another chapter, was the first president of Stanford.



UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
Gift of Charles Franklin Doe

He is now chancellor emeritus. Ray Lyman Wilbur is the present president.

Structurally the university is homogeneous and harmonious. It consists of a central group of buildings in two quadrangles, one surrounding the other, and is an adaptation of the old mission architecture, with a flavor of the Roman which tones down what would otherwise be its severity. The inner quadrangle consists of twelve one-story buildings and the handsome memorial chapel, connected by a continuous open arcade and embracing a huge patio or court 586 feet long by 246 feet wide. It is built of buff San Jose sandstone. In the same general style and of the same material, the fourteen buildings of the outer quadrangle are

also joined together by arcades. The length of the outer quadrangle is nearly 900 feet.

The central unit in the second quadrangle is the library building. Behind the quadrangles are the engineering buildings and workshops.

A quarter of a mile from the main group is the museum, a series of connected buildings, and between it and the quadrangles are the chemical buildings and laboratory. The main dormitories are Encina Hall, for men, and Roble Hall, for women, and are outside the quadrangle.

The university passed through some dark days in the '90s, and for a time it seemed that it must close its doors for lack of funds due to the depreciation of its land values and its securities. It was saved by Mrs. Stanford, widow of its founder, who gave her all to the institution and who died a woman of comparatively limited means.

Unfortunately the earthquake of April 18, 1906, found here the center of its fiercest attack. In less than two minutes of time the splendid group of buildings was dismantled beyond recognition. The columns of the main entrance to the campus were flattened to the ground, the crown was knocked off the great memorial arch, all of the upper front wall of the beautiful chapel was destroyed, the better half of the memorial museum was razed to the ground, while the library building was a complete wreck as was the geology building and large sections of the quadrangle.

By a miracle only one student was killed, though others were badly injured.

Since the earthquake year all the buildings have been reconstructed and restored and additions have been made to them, while the institution has been enriched by many gifts, among them the Hoover War Library, given by Herbert C. Hoover, who is a graduate of the university.

In the heart of San Jose will be found our oldest State Normal School, as already recorded, while in San Francisco is another seat of learning of the same class, presided over by Frederic L. Burk, a man of broad vision and high scholarly attainments.

In Oakland is Mills College, a center of light of which the gifted Aurelia H. Reinhardt is president.

While the College of the Pacific which was to blossom out as the State University, was being projected, the Jesuits of San Francisco were planning a great educational institution which eventually became the leading Catholic university of the West. St. Ignatius was incorporated April 30, 1859, the greater part of the initial work having been performed by Father Maraschi. The first degrees were conferred in 1863. Augustus J. Bowie was the first to receive the honor. Before the fire St. Ignatius College was a conspicuous feature of central San Francisco, but it was destroyed in that conflagration, though its spirit and enterprise withstood

the disaster and it is still one of the leading halls of learning on the Pacific Coast.

Including all grades and classes, it is estimated that there are now attending the public, parochial and private schools and kindergartens of San Francisco about 80,000 pupils.

One of the largest school systems of the state is that of Alameda County, which consists of forty-seven districts, ranging in size from the small rural school of fifteen or twenty children to the large Oakland system of over 40,000 pupils.

Both San Mateo and Santa Clara counties are splendidly equipped in the matter of educational facilities, as are also Richmond, Martinez, Benicia, Napa, Sonoma, Santa Rosa, Petaluma and San Rafael.

The University of Santa Clara is one of the oldest institutions of higher learning in the West, being founded by the Franciscan Fathers in 1777. It was first a mission school, then a college and finally blossomed out as a full-fledged university. Its college of science has excellent scientific laboratories, the college of letters gives thorough courses in English literature as well as other branches, and among other fine features there is a night school of law for both resident and non-resident students.

The College of the Pacific, which was opened in Santa Clara in 1852, was removed to College Park, between San Jose and Santa Clara in 1871. It has seven fine buildings and a beautiful and commodious campus. Its conservatory of music confers the degree of Bachelor of Music and its college of arts confers the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

XLVI

SIGNIFICANT LITERARY LIVES

STORIES OF FRANK NORRIS, JACK LONDON, AMBROSE BIERCE AND OTHER CALIFORNIAN WRITERS WHO LIVED AND LABORED ABOUT THE BAY—HOW NORRIS WROTE "MCTEAGUE," "THE OCTOPUS" AND OTHER NOVELS—FIRST LITERARY WORK OF LONDON—STORIES OF BIERCE, THE LAST OF THE SATIRISTS—PIXLEY AND THE ARGONAUT.

If it is objected that I have stressed the literary side of the life of the bay region of San Francisco it must be remembered that that district has produced more notable men and women writers, in proportion to its population, than any other metropolitan area in the country. But I do not think that any such objection will be made, for their lives and work form a picturesque part of our history and everybody loves the folk of the pen, as they love the artist and the musician, else why should so many of them be made the heroes of stage and screen?

One of the most fervid and vivid spirits of the literary life of California, as well as one of the most celebrated, was Frank Norris, author of "The Octopus," "The Pit" and other widely read novels, who was born in 1870 and died at the age of thirty-two. At first Norris wrote for *The Wave*, a San Francisco society and literary paper, in which and in the *Argonaut* he published several very striking short stories. Then he wrote "Blix," a novel of San Francisco life, and "Moran of the Lady Letty," a colorful sea story. Moran was an immediate success and has of late years been given good screen production. Norris knew little about navigation. Most of the nautical lore of his book was supplied by an old mariner of the Life Saving Service. When Moran came out I wrote a glowing review of it which cemented a friendship with the author that had been of some years' standing. One day Norris rushed into my office, his face flushed and his wonderful brown eyes ablaze.

"I've got it!" he cried in delight.

When asked what his enthusiasm was all about he exclaimed:

"You know I've been looking for a man that I could build a big story around. Well, I've discovered him. He's out on Polk Street, and he's a dentist. I can see a great story in him. I know you're disappointed—you don't like the idea of a dentist hero, but you'll see. There'll be a girl, of



FRANK NORRIS

course, and he's going to marry her and they're going to live a cat-and-dog life and separate. Then she's going to become a kindergarten teacher. And you remember that newspaper story of the woman who was killed in the kindergarten a few months ago—well, it's going to happen something like that, and it's going to be strong low-life stuff—just the kind of thing Zola likes to do."

Then he went on, waving away my friendly objections:

"I don't want to write literature. I want to write life. I can see this dentist come into the story, big, brawny, crude—a regular animal. He's commonplace enough, but that's all the better. I'm going to study him and I'm going to put him bodily into my book—all his vices and everything, and when people read him they'll say, 'There's life.'"

So he wrote the story, reams of it, and there were passages that put Zola in the shade. The book sold fairly well, but it was not a wonderful success, though William D. Howells gave it high praise. As a matter of fact, while the story flows along with a wonderfully realistic swing, it is infused in places with obviously inferior matter, too commonplace for anything like romantic interest.

Norris went East about 1897 and became the reader for a large book publishing concern in New York. But he loved California; he yearned to roam its jovian plains and hills and he wanted to draw upon a large canvas a great story of it and its people. One day he returned suddenly and sprang into my office with eyes aglow.

"I've come back," he said, "and I'm going to get busy on a novel—only it isn't going to be one book; it's to be three—'A Trilogy of the Wheat.' The first story will tell the tale of the Southern Pacific Railroad, bringing in the old Mussel Slough tragedy, where the squatters were shot down by railroad hirelings, and connecting it up with the big grain fields of the San Joaquin valley."

He worked in the San Joaquin and other places, gathering material for some time, and when he sat down to write it he pushed a feverish pencil. Puffing his perpetual pipe, he would write for hours on end, turning out as much as 6,000 words a day—a literary performance that was enough to kill a much stronger man. Much of his writing was done in New York. He wrote all of the latter half of "The Octopus" there, and then began the second book of his trilogy—"The Pit." Both of these were strong novels and brought him immediate fame.

A word as to Norris' physical make-up is here in place, as it has to do with the tragedy which followed: He was dark, tall, clean-limbed, with a fine, smooth, likeable face, big frank eyes, with an easily kindled smile lurking in them, but his hair, even at twenty-five, when first I met him, was as freely frosted as that of a man of fifty. He had a gentle manner of speech,

save when excited, and at times a barely palpable foreign air, for he had lived abroad as a boy, and these were coupled with a charm of presence such as is to be noted in few men. But his fervid nature and the killing pace he set for himself in his literary work sapped his vitality. Never a very strong man physically, he had persisted in laboring far beyond the limits of endurance of the ordinary literary man. His digestion became badly impaired and his heart became weak. It seemed that in writing the concluding chapters of "The Pit" he had been running a race with death. But he did not know it, and it was not in him to capitulate even after the completion of the second book of the trilogy. When he came back to San Francisco and talked with me about his third and final book of the trilogy, I advised him to take a good long rest before he began work upon it. He promised to do so. I had wanted him to meet Herbert Bashford, who was then editor of the *Literary West*, and had invited the two of them to meet on a certain day at the Pleasanton for luncheon. He accepted the invitation, but on the night before the day of the proposed meeting he was taken violently ill with appendicitis, and was removed to a hospital where he underwent an operation from the effects of which he died within two days after the attack of illness.

Soon after his death I had a long talk with his mother—a sweet-faced woman who came as near to my ideal of a lady as I ever have seen. She was calm as she talked with me, but I knew what was beneath that calmness.

There was the more pity in the death of this brilliant young writer at the age of thirty-two because of the sad fact that his work had not satisfied him as it would have satisfied a less ambitious author. His was the artistic conscience of a man to whom intellectual and spiritual growth was the essential fact of life and work.

The Norrises are a well-known literary family. Charles G. Norris, a successful author, is the brother of Frank, and is the husband of Kathleen Norris, whose impassioned novels are read everywhere.* Kathleen is the author of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachel" and many other virile stories.

Jack London, regarded by many as the foremost of Californian writers, was born in Oakland in 1876 and died in Sonoma County in 1916. His early life was that of a bay boatman and was full of adventurous episodes. Some of his first stories were printed in the *San Francisco Examiner* while I was literary editor of that paper. The first time I saw him he came into my office with a bundle of manuscripts under his arm and wanted to know if I would look them over with a view to publication. Never having heard of the man before, I was not much interested in the publication of his stories, but was tremendously interested in the man. He was twenty-three, but looked a mere stripling. He was slim, athletic-looking, with a tumbling mass of brown hair and keen gray eyes that looked straight at you. He

had been up in the Klondike, having joined the gold rush there a few years before, and the stories he showed me were about that romantic region. In his talk he showed considerable intimacy with the life of the gold creeks and the tundra, but as he admitted his inexperience as a fiction writer, I naturally placed no great value on his literature as a Sunday magazine feature.

But out of the mass of manuscripts he brought in I selected one bearing the title "Uri Bram's God," which, after a casual examination, seemed the most likely one of all and which he said he thought was the best. Glancing it over while he sat there, it seemed to me to go very well. There was a punch in it that was refreshing. It smacked of the great Rudyard.

"You've been reading Kipling," I commented.

"Yes," he confessed. "And don't I wish I could write like him!"

"You seem to have struck his gait," I remarked, "or nearly so. But why do you sign yourself 'Jack?' That isn't literary. Why not 'John?'"

"Because my name is Jack," he replied honestly. "That's the name my parents gave me. If I signed another name it wouldn't be mine. My friends wouldn't know I wrote it."

Some years afterward Bliss Perry, the sedate and decorous editor of the Atlantic, made the same objection, and changed the name to "John," but when London read the proof he changed it back to "Jack," and sent word that the Atlantic needn't print the story if it didn't bear that name. So it was printed with the name of "Jack London" at the top of it.

The "Uri Bram" story was published in the Examiner, and was quite favorably received, so favorably, in fact, that others by the same author followed in our paper. Jack came into the office on various occasions, and I became well acquainted with him. Also I came to know some of his friends, among them Austin Lewis who was attracted to him by his socialistic ideas. They told me that Jack was just a wild-mannered boy, one that joked and laughed and rough-housed on the shortest notice. Sometimes a friend of Jack's did not appreciate such pleasantries as having a bottle of tomato sauce poured down his back or being tumbled out of bed in the middle of the night, but Jack seemed to enjoy retaliation in kind, for with him it was anything to keep the fun going, even if it happened to be at his own expense. Perfect honesty and frankness of expression were among his chief attributes. He gave no false report of friend or foe.

Twenty dollars was the sum paid to him for his first story in the Examiner, or only about half a cent a word. Afterward as a magazine editor in New York I was glad to pay him more than ten times that amount for a story or article, and his price rose to 20 cents a word in his latter years.

During his Alaskan travels he had seen enough of the mining camps, the Indians and the life of the North to give him plenty of material. His

work was full of the glamour of the Arctic. He seemed particularly happy in his depiction of Indian character. In his splendid tales are the lure, the urge and the headlong rush of the men who raced up the creeks and over the frigid mountains and down the long yellow Yukon after the ignis fatuus of gold. For one I know that Jack put the right color and the right descriptive touch into his stories, for I have camped on his trail in the Klondike and up along the shores of the Bering Sea, and I know that what he wrote was true.

Jack London was a socialist, but at first he did not seem to have a message. It was not until he had put his ideas into concrete form in an essay on the subject which won the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* prize, that the world came to know him for a close student of the Karl Marx School of Economics. For so young a man—he was not more than twenty-seven at the time—he displayed a remarkable erudition in these matters. About that time he lectured before the student body of the University of California in its assembly hall, at the invitation of Pres. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and delivered himself of some strongly revolutionary arguments. Wheeler was criticized for letting London corrupt the mind of the youth of Berkeley by such talk. In reply the sage university president said: "I believe that when the pot is boiling too hard it is well to lift the lid." Some of the more "advanced" socialists have complained that during his later life London grew lukewarm on the subject of socialism. They said that with the acquisition of wealth from his writings he lost sympathy with the proletariat, but this he denied.

When he had amassed the noble sum of \$7,000 from his literary work Jack London went to live with his wife, Charmian, on a ranch near Glen Ellen, in Sonoma County. Eventually he bought nearly 1,400 acres, chiefly hill land, which had been declared worthless for agricultural purposes, as the soil had run out. This land he fertilized and sowed to oats which yielded abundant crops. He bought fancy stock and in a few years had a fine farm. Then he set to work to build a great house, and it was this display of wealth that is said to have displeased the socialists. The mansion cost \$60,000. There was a living room in it 30 by 80 feet in size, an immense hallway and other large rooms. The house was nearly ready for occupancy when it was burned by an incendiary's torch. Its destruction is attributed to a chance remark in the speech of a radical who called attention to Jack London's wealth and charged him with disloyalty to "the cause." The fire followed the speech so closely that it was considered the work of a fanatic to whom the idea of a wealthy socialist was repugnant.

It was at the Glen Ellen ranch that Jack wrote many of his later novels, among them "The Little Lady of the Big House," "The Abysmal Brute"

and "Burning Daylight." He also wrote there his famous book on "John Barleycorn," which was in a way a plea for prohibition, as he was a man to feel the need of such restriction, though in reality it never affected him very seriously. In this book he openly owned his debt to stimulants in his creative work. Yet at times he would take a different view of the matter, as he did one day when we were seated in his library and he pointed to a long row of books. "There's my work," he remarked. "Quite a lot of it, isn't there? And all in spite of John Barleycorn."

After his death in 1916 his wife, Charmian, who is a well-known author, continued to work there. She wrote a book descriptive of their cruise in a little vessel called "The Snark" to the South Seas and also some memoirs of Jack and herself. Mrs. Alice Shepard, Jack's sister, managed the ranch after his death.

In 1920 the women of Glen Ellen set to work to secure a fund for the erection of a Jack London Memorial Library in their town. The library will in the course of time be well-stocked with books, those of London being given the place of honor. The cost of the building—\$20,000—has proved the pride of little Glen Ellen in her famous author. One may gain an idea of the size of the place by a newspaper item published in 1915 reading as follows:

"Jack London has bought the Glen Ellen blacksmith shop and moved it up to his ranch. Good boy, Jack! Take a couple more loads and move the whole town up there."

Because of his forceful style and because of numerous screen presentations of his work, Jack London's vogue has remained longer than that of Frank Norris or of many another dead California writer, and it is likely that it will continue for many years to come.

For over twenty years, and particularly during the '80s and '90s, literary California was dominated by a strong scholarly personality—Ambrose Bierce. He was worshiped by a literary cult whose adulation he accepted as a matter of course. They laid their manuscripts before him, rejoicing in his chary phrase and received his harshest criticism without murmur. Bierce, the last of the satirists, as he has been called, was the boldest critic of men and their affairs that this country ever has known, and also he was the most daring of story-tellers as well as one of the most original. He was born in Ohio and served the Union cause in the Civil war. Out of his military experiences he was able to write wonderfully vivid and harrowing tales of carnage in battle. His "Son of the Gods" and "The Affair at Owl Creek Bridge" are among the most fascinating of these stories, though he wrote others equally strong, many of them of the most harrowing nature.

Cavalierly handsome of face, Bierce, with his singularly expressive keen

gray eyes, his visage so full of vigor, freshness and refined power, his strong, erect, military figure, which revealed no sign of decrepitude, even at seventy-two—the age of his passing—marked him for a man of power—a power amply exhibited in his writings, especially in his critical essays and stories, and often cruelly wielded in his journalistic sallies.

It was Bierce, the satirist, that we Californians first knew, not Bierce the poet nor Bierce the story-teller, as he is now more generally recognized, though the limits of the recognition of him, once merely parochial, have widened with the years. He came to San Francisco from London, where he had gone from his Ohio home after the Civil war.

In his anecdotage, as he termed his later period of table talk, I have heard him spin yarns by the hour of his adventures among the London literati, by whom, because of his caustic satires, he was known as "Bitter Bierce." He frequented a certain taproom in Ludgate Station where regularly gathered such rare spirits as George Augustus Sala, young Tom Hood and Capt. Mayne Reid. When Joaquin Miller went to England he joined this convivial set, which was greatly addicted, as Bierce expressed it, to "shedding the blood of the grape."

As an example of Bierce in his most acidulated mood in that period he used to tell the story of a certain publisher named Hotten, who was hated by most of the literary fraternity, and who Bierce said died of a pork pie in order to cheat him out of a certain sum owed to him for literary work. Hotten had given him a post-dated check, bearing date of the following Saturday, but because of Hotten's demise the check was worthless. There was a hope, however, that the bank had not heard of the man's death. So Bierce called a cab and drove furiously bankward. Unfortunately he stopped at the Ludgate Station taproom, where Sala, Hood and others of "the gang" were in their accustomed places. As he sat at board he related the sad event of the death of Hotten.

"The deceased," said Bierce, "had not in life enjoyed our favor, and I blush to say we all fell to making questionable epitaphs to him. I recall one of Sala's which ran thus :

Hotten,
Rotten,
Forgotten.

"At the close of the rites, several hours later, I resumed my movements against the bank. Too late—the old story of the hare and the tortoise was told again! The heavy news had overtaken and passed me as I loitered by the wayside. I attended the funeral, at which I felt more than I cared to express."

Chief of his London work was a book called "Cobwebs from an Empty

Skull," which delighted Gladstone. In London he was employed by the Empress Eugenie, then in exile, to write for her several numbers of "The Lantern," in which he flagellated her enemy, Henri de Rochefort. Bierce's "Little Johnny" essays on zoology were featured by a London journal as rare bits of humor. These essays contained amazing descriptions of animals and afforded an attractive vehicle for his satire.

Bierce came from London to San Francisco and lived here and in Oakland and the Santa Cruz Mountains for about twenty-five years, save for a brief period when he was mining in South Dakota. For a time he had a department in the News-Letter and also wrote for the Wasp. He used to sign his effusions "A. G. Bierce," but Arthur McEwen, with whom he had many a literary encounter, ridiculed him out of it by printing him as "Almighty God Bierce," an illusion to the high stand he took against everything and everybody. Bierce's assaults in print upon citizens who were inclined to underscore their resentment by a flourish of firearms, occasionally got him into trouble, but the fact that he was a dead shot generally acted as damper upon those who harbored the fancy of effacing him, and he continued his vitriolic philippics. It is safe to say that his vocabulary of acrimonious invective exceeded in volume and picturesqueness that of any other journalist, east or west. For example, he aired his dislike of the amiable James Whitcomb Riley by this singular quatrain:

His poems—Riley says that he indites
 Upon an empty stomach. Heavenly Powers,
 Feed him throatfull, for what he writes
 Upon his empty stomach empties ours!

When Oscar Wilde visited San Francisco and ran afoul of Bierce, who proceeded to show in his newspaper column that the man's reputation was based upon utterly false claims, the surprised and indignant Briton, heedless of the advice of his friends, replied in print. The delighted Bierce, affecting to disdain the retort, slapped the great man in the face with this:

Dispute with such a thing as you,
 Twin show to the two-headed calf?
 Why, sir, if I repress my laugh,
 'Tis more than half the world can do.

In his serious essays Bierce always took the most unconventional and often the most cynical views of life. He revered nobody's opinion but his own. He wrote some of his most readable essays for the Cosmopolitan Magazine in 1905 and in following years, while he was living in Washington. He also had a column in the New York American, for which W. R. Hearst paid him handsomely, but as he frequently quarreled with

Hearst's managing editor, who wanted to trim out the most acidulous of his diction, he would write no more and would not accept the checks sent by the American's cashier. In his latter life he revised his work and it was printed in several volumes by the Neale Company.

When Villa was threatening the peace of Mexico Bierce, though in his seventy-second year, conceived the idea of going down there and mixing up in the fracas. This he did and after one of the battles of the bandit he disappeared utterly. Nothing really authentic ever was heard from him, but it is believed that he was shot as a prisoner of war by the force that eventually put down Villa.

Bierce's work is best known by the writer folk, many of whom praise it highly. He was, in a way, helpful to the school of young literary men and women of California, for if by his criticism he smothered whatever tenderness they sought to convey in their writings, and thereby restricted and hardened them, he assisted them to clarity of expression and to more nearly perfect diction. For technically his pencraft was of the purest, as is shown on nearly every page. He prided himself as being ruled wholly by intellect, never by emotion. One evening I was discussing Whitman with him. I remarked that French scholars considered Poe and Whitman our greatest voices.

"Poe, yes; but Whitman never!" promptly blurted out Bierce. "There isn't a line of poetry in 'Leaves of Grass.'"

"Not in 'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking?'" I insisted.

"Sentimental twaddle of the worst order," he replied with Johnsonian curttness.

I got the poem and read it to him while he sat back with a bored expression.

"Lanier was right," he said at the close of the reading, "and this stuff you have just read proves it. Why, what is it but 'raw collops from the rump of poetry?'"

"But 'Out of the Cradle' was one of the favorite poems of Robert Louis Stevenson," I persisted.

"Stevenson didn't know poetry from plum-duff," cried Johnson the second, striking the arm of his chair.

But with all his heresies, Bierce held full sway over literary California for over twenty years.

Another writer of vigor, tensy and clear-cut style was Arthur McEwen. In a way he was as merciless in his criticisms of human foibles as Bierce, but he had more appreciation for people of heart, of modest and genuine worth. His work in the San Franciscan was remarkable. Chief of all was his department of "Persiflage," signed "The Twaddler." He did

excellent work in the narrative line, as is shown by his story of "Brother Judas" and another called "Moses Montefiore."

His sallies against women were not enjoyed by the fair sex, but they had no bitterness in them. He was held in the highest regard by his brother writers both in San Francisco and New York. His last work was done as editorial writer for the New York American.

Nor should we overlook Archibald Clavering Gunter, who came to California in childhood and attended the public schools of San Francisco in which city he grew to manhood. Gunter in his day had all America reading his striking novels, while abroad he was regarded as the representative American author. His literature, though by no means elegant, belonging to the slapdash school of writing, is extremely interesting. Among his most famous novels are "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mr. Potter of Texas" and "That Frenchman."

Gunter's plays have been quite popular, particularly "Diplomacy" and "Forget-Me-Not."

Frank M. Pixley, whom all the old-timers about the bay remember as a virile and somewhat vitriolic writer, used to fill the first two pages of the Argonaut, of which he was owner and publisher, with editorials that made San Francisco sit up. He was against the Southern Pacific until he was taken into camp, and afterward he became a close friend of Charles Crocker and Leland Stanford.

Pixley was a laborious writer, never sparing himself anything in the way of hard literary labor. I remember going into his office once and finding him at work, with wrinkled brow, upon a long article. When he remarked that writing was the hardest task in the world, I asked why he didn't dictate his editorials to a stenographer.

"Young man," he replied contemptuously, "that shows how much you know about literary labor. Lazy writers who have nothing to say and don't know how to say it may rattle off their vapidities to an amanuensis; but if I dictated my stuff, the Argonaut would last about as long as an icicle in hell."

Pixley probably exerted a more commanding influence upon the public mind of California in his time than any other man. In his turn he was a lawyer, miner, journalist, politician and capitalist. His voice was heard afar. He made and unmade men, and was almost as much to be feared by an opponent as Ambrose Bierce. He was accused of fanatical utterances against the Catholics, and some of his editorials in that line were rabid enough, but at heart he was not inimical to religionists of any denomination. In his attacks upon persons, parties and systems he was often belligerent and sometimes brutal, but he could be friendly to a cause or to a man, and was not, like Bierce, always attacking something or somebody.

The best thing about Pixley was his readiness to acknowledge his errors. Once he openly announced to his readers a policy which few journalists, ordinarily so enamored of consistency, would ever have dreamed of uttering: "If the Argonaut finds itself in a corner," he gravely declared, "it does not hesitate to turn around and crawl out."

In his latter years Pixley originated the American party, projected as a national affair formed to elect only Americans to office and to see to it that suffrage should be enjoyed only by the American born. This was an attempted revival of the old Know-Nothing party of ante-bellum days, but it came to no great ends. The American Protective Association, which had a weak vogue during the '90s, was given much importance by the assaults upon it of the Rev. Peter Yorke, who took up the cudgels against an organization which never really had much life and which later became a vaudeville joke.

Associated with Pixley for many years was Jerome A. Hart, the talented managing editor of the Argonaut, who became editor-in-chief of the journal on the death of its owner. Hart, with his sub-editor Laurence Vassault, made a good paper of the Argonaut. It dropped many of the intolerances of the old warhorse Pixley and assumed, on the whole, a healthier editorial tone, though many thought that it lacked the "punch" of the Argonaut of the Pixley days.

Frank Pixley spent his declining days in Marin county where he had an estate known as Owl's Wood. A certain maple tree is pointed out in Baltimore Canyon, near his home, where he sat at times during that last phase of his career, gazing up at Tamalpais, dreaming of the days when he was a real power in San Francisco and talking by the hour with his sister-in-law, Emma Pixley, widow of his brother William, who had perished in a forest fire in the canyon.

XLVII

WHAT TWO BRITISHERS THOUGHT

IMPRESSIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO BY STEVENSON AND KIPLING—HOW R. L. S. LIVED, LABORED AND NEARLY STARVED THERE—HE RETURNS UNDER MORE PROSPEROUS CONDITIONS—HOW THE GREAT RUDYARD FOUND THE CITY A PLACE TO SNEER AT—"A MAD CITY INHABITED BY MAD PEOPLE."

About the middle of December, 1879, San Francisco was honored by receiving as a visitor and harboring for a time as a resident one of the greatest literary geniuses the world ever has known. It was also honored by being made the central scene of his most famous novel, "The Wrecker." Robert Louis Stevenson came to California in an emigrant train. He has told of his voyagings in "The Amateur Emigrant" and in "Across the Plains." He has also written of his Californian experiences in a book devoted exclusively to them—"The Silverado Squatters."

One loves to think of Stevenson, in his dingy railway train, topping the high divide of the Sierras and rushing down toward the great Pacific to greet it as his good friend and to remain with it, save for a brief period, for the rest of his natural life. His first impressions on being shot out of the snowsheds into California are of the catchfire sort, so captivating in the man's writing:

"I had one glimpse of a huge pine-forested ravine upon my left, a foaming river and a sky already colored with the fires of dawn. I am usually very calm over the displays of nature; but you will scarcely believe how my heart leaped at this. I was like a man going to meet his wife."

In a sense the words were prophetic, for it was in San Francisco that he was to meet the woman who was to become his wife and who had been known to Californians as Miss Fanny de Grift and afterward as Mrs. Osbourne, the mother of the then boyish Lloyd Osbourne. Stevenson's rhapsodies over his first views of San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate were also rare attempts to convey "the incommunicable thrill of things," and on the beach of Monterey, a little later, he fairly reveled in marine delights, beside which those of his bleak Scotland seemed tame in comparison.

Stevenson went directly to Monterey and took lodgings in the old

Spence House, an adobe structure which has since been torn down. He rented his one little room from Dr. J. P. E. Heintz, who lived there. Mr. Robert H. Willey, a lawyer of Monterey, became well acquainted with Robert Louis, as he had rooms in the same house. "Never did a kinder, more lovable man live," says Mr. Willey. "He was of such fascinating personality that one who once knew him, no matter how slightly, could never forget the kind, simple-mannered man. His mode of dress and his queer walk, or rather stride, made him seem at once picturesque and eccentric. He roamed all over the hills of the peninsula and loved to take long walks on the beach. He was fond, too, of the Spanish garden in the rear of the old adobe, and he would sit for hours amid its vari-hued and heavy-scented blossoms, writing, writing, writing. He told me that he had graduated in law in the old country, but that he hated it as a profession. 'I would rather starve in literature,' he once said to me, 'than live in affluence as a lawyer.' And again he said: 'Although literature is a profession that involves labor, to me it is a labor of love, and one which carries its own reward in itself,' adding jocosely, 'not a very great reward, to be sure, in my own instance.' For the poor fellow was struggling along with a little money that came, perhaps, from some chance magazine article."

When his Monterey friends would ask him what he was writing he would reply with a shy look, as though that were something not to be divulged, "Oh, things! If they're ever put into print you may see them; but I doubt if any publisher will care to take half of my foolishness."

Pere Jules Simoneau was one of Stevenson's best friends in Monterey. Simoneau kept a wine room and restaurant and was in those days the father of the Bohemians—artists, painters and writers—who came from San Francisco and made Monterey their happy hunting ground. Of Stevenson the old Frenchman said, "He came to me for food and drink with the other Bohemians, and it was not long before I felt the soul of genius in the poor emigrant, and I loved him." For his kindness to "Louis," as he always called him, his good friend Simoneau never was forgotten by Stevenson, even after he had become famous. It was to the old man's care that he credits his recovery of health during his stay in Monterey, for he had come to the place a very sick man. It is said that Stevenson never gave away but one complete set of his writings, and this he sent to Simoneau, with the inscription, "A mon bon vieux, Jules Simoneau.—Robert Louis Stevenson."

After living a life of baffling straits and desperate shifts at Monterey, during which he did not manage to dispose of his manuscripts, Stevenson decided to go to San Francisco and undertake newspaper work. He found in the bay metropolis "the most interesting city in the union and

the hugest smelting pot of races and the precious metals." The San Francisco that Stevenson came to know so well and to write about so enthusiastically was the San Francisco of the early '80s, of the era before the completion of the great City Hall at Larkin and McAllister streets, the era that ante-dated the sky-scraper, the time when the Palace Hotel and the Nevada Block were the proudest buildings in town. In that lavendered age the old Merchants' Exchange, on California street near Montgomery, the present heart of the financial district, was the haunt of mighty men of marine affairs, and among them was John D. Spreckels, master of the destiny of many a Pacific-going craft. In Mr. Spreckels I have always seemed to see the Douglas B. Longhurst of "The Wrecker," with whom Jim Pinkerton planned his deal to make himself and Loudon Dodd owners of the Flying Scud on their own terms.

But "The Wrecker" was not planned during Stevenson's first sojourn in San Francisco, for his chief concern was the keeping of the wolf from the door by newspaper and magazine work. He lived in a hall bedroom in a cheap little house in Bush Street, and did not expend more than 75 cents a day for his meals. There was a restaurant in Geary Street called "The Popular," a place that newspaper men often patronized because of its wonderful "two-bit" dinners, and it was here that Stevenson often resorted. The Popular served a good plate of soup, a tender steak or a piece of roast, a salad and a dessert, with coffee, tea or wine—very fair wine, too—for 25 cents, and no tip whatever to pay.

"For four days," the author writes at this period, "I have spoken to no one but my landlady or landlord or to the restaurant waiters. Not a gay way to pass Christmas, is it?"

During this first stay he made but few friends and these were chiefly among newspaper people. He visited the newspaper offices daily in the heart-breaking task of trying to sell impossible manuscripts. From what the editors have told me, these were chiefly literary reviews and impressions of travel. They were painstakingly written and some of them were in Stevenson's best vein, but alack!—they were not "available."

Only two or three of these articles did he dispose of while in San Francisco. These he carried down to the dingy old Bulletin office, in Clay Street, and sold, after some haggling, to George K. Fitch, the editor, at "the usual rates," which were \$5 a column for the longest column a despairing writer ever tried to fill. The Bulletin was then and remained for years afterward, one of the old-fashioned blanket sheets. Stevenson demurred stoutly to the price which was about one-third of a cent a word, but that was all Mr. Fitch thought he could afford to pay. When he had sold two articles and received a little over \$20 for them he made a careful calculation and decided that unless he could give up his fastidious

deliberation in writing and gain sufficient facility to enable him to compete with the pen-scurrying scholars of the staff he could not make money enough to keep himself alive. Still he had the heart to write to Charles Baxter, his British friend, "I have great fun trying to be economical, which I find as good a game of play as any."

And so he plodded through the winter and on until April when the clouds cleared away. His sorry circumstances became known to his father, in Scotland, who sent him a telegram saying that thereafter he would send him \$1,200 a year. In May he married Mrs. Osbourne, who was living in Oakland, and went to the mountains near Calistoga, fifty miles north of San Francisco. Here in a little cabin that had once been the home of some miners, he lived and wrote. Out of this experience came "The Silverado Squatters" which contains his beautiful prose poem on "The Sea Fogs." A curious fallacy of Stevenson's, as shown in this book, is that while he whirled his Indian clubs just outside the cabin, "the rattlesnakes played castanets" all about him. If for "rattlesnakes" one reads "heat bugs" one will arrive nearer to the truth of this statement, but it must be remembered that Stevenson was a tenderfoot impressionist. This was further shown in "The Wrecker" where Dodd's parties had their weekly picnics under the pines along the shores of San Francisco Bay, though as a matter of physical fact no pines ever grew there.

Dodd, in his capacity of picnic manager, was well known in San Francisco. Stevenson copied that phase of his hero's character after a certain Colonel Menton who marshalled the Sunday excursionists aboard the steamer Ukiah of the old Donahue line. Many a time have I seen "the resplendent asses" of the picnics march down Market Street to the ferry, "axe on shoulder," led by "the Pioneer Band," or another equally blatant. The picnic folk assembled beneath the awning of the long, low, brown ferry building under the eaves of which, each on its own attenuated tablet, loomed the signs, "Sacramento," "Sausalito," "Los Angeles," "Overland," and the like. The old ferry building, like the new one, was on the Embarcadero, then called East Street, at the foot of Market Street, where everything in San Francisco began or ended. Here is where the cable cars, branching out over so many lines that ran from the main artery of Market Street, started on their uptown journeys, and here it was that folk from the ferries got aboard them, scrambling for places on "the dummy," for nearly everybody wanted to ride outside.

Upon the long, shed-like ferry building the frowsy facades of East Street stared across a wide expanse of cobblestones, like so many brazen barmaids. Nor is that simile so badly chosen, for about four out of every five of the buildings had saloons in them, with sailors' lodging houses above and an occasional junk shop or ship chandlery in between. East Street,

which ran northwesterly to Telegraph Hill along the musty docks, was where Dodd turned "waterside prowler, a lingerer on wharves." It was here, when blood money ran high, that he saw "seamen knocked down upon the public street and carried insensible on board short-handed ships, shots exchanged and the smoke (and the company) dispersing from the doors of saloons."

This neighborhood and the Barbary Coast further to the northwest, were unsavory enough, and assuredly this is the most romantic thoroughfare upon which one may set foot. "Nowhere else," as Stevenson declares, "shall you observe so many tall ships as here convene from around the Horn, from China, from Sydney and the Indies. But scarce remarked among that crowd of deep-sea giants, another class of craft, the island schooner, circulates low in the water, with lofty spars and dainty lines, rigged and fashioned like a yacht, manned with brown-skinned, soft-spoken, sweet-eyed native sailors, and equipped with great double-ender boats that tell a tale of boisterous sea beaches."

Telegraph Hill, high-topped, steeply cut away on its northeastern or bay side, a place upon which crazy wooden houses perched precariously, but yet a most delightful spot to which one might mount and view the city or the craft-cluttered waters of the harbor, appealed strongly to the imagination of Stevenson. He mentions it several times in "The Wrecker." It was under its steep cliff that Dodd was standing when Nares came ashore from the Gleaner, the hell-ship of which he gave so vivid and terrible an account, gathered from newspaper stories of just such a brutal master and such a horrible ship. It was from the summit of the historic hill that Dodd gazed out through the Golden Gate and saw the huge Cape Horners creeping out to sea and "imminent Tamalpais," twelve miles to the north across the bay. Thence on his homeward way Stevenson would visit "that strange and filthy shed, earth-paved and walled with the cages of wild animals and birds, where at a ram-shackle counter, amid the yells of monkeys and a poignant atmosphere of menagerie, forty-rod whisky was administered by a proprietor as dirty as his beasts." This is in part a description of the famous "Cobweb Palace," only that connoisseurs used to say that the liquors sold there were rare old stuff. It was on the western and southern slopes of Telegraph Hill that an exalted and odorous slum, "Little Mexico," with its dingy wooden houses, endless crazy wooden stairs and perilous mountain goat paths, looked over at the more respectable district of Nob Hill, which, as Stevenson pointed out, "is in itself a kind of slum, being the habitat of the mere millionaire. There they dwell upon the hill-top, high raised above men's clamor, and the trade wind blows between their palaces about deserted streets."

Stevenson was in the Adirondacks in 1888, where he had gone for his

health after a stay in Scotland and a visit to France. He was in New York in April of that year, enjoying the company and conversation of Mark Twain, when a telegram came from his wife, who was visiting in San Francisco, announcing that the yacht *Casco* might be hired for a voyage to the South Seas of which they often had dreamed.

On the 7th of June he reached San Francisco, but was disappointed to learn that Doctor Merritt, an eccentric Californian millionaire, who owned the yacht, had become uncertain as to whether he would let Stevenson charter it, and was on the point of repudiating the bargain made with Mrs. Stevenson. Doctor Merritt had learned that Stevenson was "one of those cranks who wrote books," and there was "no telling what would become of the yacht if he went out in it."

In the meantime Stevenson was foregathering with such choice spirits as Dr. George Chismore and Charles Warren Stoddard, author of the "South Sea Idylls," and his wife was chumming with Mrs. Virgil Williams, widow of Virgil Williams, one of San Francisco's foremost artists and art teachers. These and others tried to convince Doctor Merritt that his yacht would be safe in Stevenson's hands, but it was a long time before he would sign up with R. L. S. for the charter.

Stevenson renewed some of his friendships with the newspaper men. One of them he found in very poor health, and was glad to be able to assist in a pecuniary way. Seven years afterward this man wrote for the London Times his reminiscences of Stevenson, in which he said: "Some years ago I lay ill in San Francisco, an obscure journalist, quite friendless. Stevenson, who knew me slightly, came to my bedside and said: 'I suppose you are like all of us, you don't keep your money. Now if a little loan as between one man of letters and another—eh?' This to a lad writing rubbish for a vulgar sheet in California!"

Finally Doctor Merritt became convinced that Stevenson was trustworthy, and said in an interview with Mrs. Stevenson: "I'll go ahead now with the yacht. I thought Stevenson was a crank, but he's a plain, sensible man that knows what he is talking about just as well as I do." So on June 28, 1888, Stevenson sailed out of the Golden Gate in the *Casco*, and San Francisco saw him no more.

Rudyard Kipling came to San Francisco from India in 1889, and as it so chanced I was the first American to welcome the author of "Plain Tales" to this country. It happened in this way: One evening at the Palace Hotel, my reportorial eye, roving over the register, lighted upon the neatly written signature of "Rudyard Kipling, Allahabad, India." Now at that stage of Kipling's career I was wholly ignorant of him or his work, and this ignorance was shared with the entire population of California and probably of America, for none of his books had as yet been circulated in

this country, though afterward they were broadcasted by the cheap "Seaside Library" and other publishers.

Kipling had landed at the Pacific Mail dock from the old City of Peking, and, like a true Britisher, had walked all the way to the Palace. The ink was still wet on his signature as a guest of the hotel, when the clerk, in response to my inquiry, twirled his thumb toward a dark-moustached little Englishman in a plain suit and said, "That's your man." After introducing myself as one of the Chronicle staff, I invited Mr. Kipling into the smoking room where I proceeded to exploit him. It was all in the day's work, and the likelihood of getting anything worth while as a "story" out of an obscure, and doubtless barnacled Britisher, was small; for not being a Simla barrack room man, to whom this local oracle had spoken through his "Plain Tales," printed in the little Allahabad Pioneer, how was a San Francisco reporter to know that the dark little moustached man, with the eye-glasses and the Anglican air of indifference to everything, was going to all the trouble of living the life of a distinguished literary personage?

Looking back upon that first meeting with Kipling, in the light of his subsequent literary history, and considering how he must have looked upon an American who presumably knew how to read and yet had not read him, one may readily understand his prompt impatience about all things Californian and his vast disappointment in the dozen or so lines which I published in the Chronicle celebrating his arrival. Conceive me then, all unknowing, in the presence of the great, asking the author of "Without Benefit of Clergy" what they did in Allahabad, the kind of tricks the fakirs played or some such simple questions, when my inquiries should have been with reference to his habits of literary composition and whether he wrote best before or after luncheon.

It must have been about the time he had given up his interviewer as a hopeless case in a literary way and had accepted San Francisco as the City Ignorant, because it was not aware of him, that he fared forth into conversational fields of his own seeking and began to talk of the native press of India—curious little papers printed by hand—and had something to tell about the way in which England maintained her supremacy in the land of the rajahs, but what he offered on these subjects is now dim to me, as are many other things he said during this and subsequent talks, though the man had made a cumulative and altogether extraordinary impression upon me.

"What do you think of San Francisco?" I asked. It was the stock question—the one that we reporters always put to overland tourists before they were out of their Pullman seats.

"Oh," he replied, "I have seen little of it, but it is hallowed ground to me because of Bret Harte."

"We Californians all venerate Bret Harte," I said proudly. "Our people nearly tore a fence to pieces up in Humboldt county once for relics of his handiwork; and so greatly do they love him that even yet, when it is known that Pat McCarren of Eureka and not Harte built the fence, they keep the bits of redwood as souvenirs."

"I am glad to hear that," he laughed, "but I have heard that your people resent Harte's expatriation—his long stay in England."

"They do," was the reply, "because it has led Mr. Harte into writing some strange anachronisms. The Californian of today dislikes to read in one of Mr. Harte's stories that the Sacramento Valley is a naked plain, when, as a matter of fact, it is all covered with orchards, vineyards and grain fields. They feel that Mr. Harte has been away from us too long, and that he should return and get acquainted with our prune trees."

"There may be something in that," he said; "but a true artist can always paint very well at a long distance from his landscapes. Harte has done so well in England, and his work is so highly appreciated there, that I should think you might let him stay on our side and work out his own destiny."

Kipling continued to discuss Harte, waxing eloquent over "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "M'liss" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and he did not depart from the ground he had taken nor acknowledge the point that was made when he was told that these stories, which were Harte's best work, and upon which his fame was based, were all written in California—he had done nothing in England to compare with them. This talk led to an argument on the subject of English appreciation of American literature and vice versa, and it was agreed that the home view of exotic writing was generally a very narrow one. It was characteristic of the Briton, however, that Kipling did not seem to care what view was taken of British literature by Americans.

Mr. Kipling has celebrated our Bret Harte interview in his "American Notes," throughout which he exhibits a positive genius for reporting the thing which was not. For some occult purpose he makes me say foolishly that "Bret Harte claims California, but California doesn't claim Bret Harte." This is a very handy hook upon which to hang his epigram: "I never intended to curse the people with a provincialism so vast as that."

Even to a man who knew nothing of his consummate genius, just then beginning to bud, there seemed something distinctive about Kipling, as there is about all men of marrow. Once his Anglican reserve was broken, one could not help being attracted by him and his conversation, and yet somehow one was never convinced of his great culture. In none of the several talks I had with him did he air his really fine learning. Over his brandy and soda he could be eloquent for five minutes at a time, but on the

whole I remember him as a man more given to inquiry than ready to impart information. Indeed, it was only after several talks with him that I learned he was the correspondent of the Allahabad Pioneer and that he intended to write his impressions of America for that paper.

On that first evening of his arrival he wanted someone to pilot him around town, which I volunteered to do. We walked up Market Street while the theatre crowds were pouring into that thoroughfare. He was plainly disappointed in all that he saw, for he was looking for something Western and raw. One thing that worried him was the rapid step of the crowd. He wanted to know if they always walked that way. The gorgeously lighted and lavishly spread shop windows made him stare, and he remarked that it was all vastly different from anything he ever had seen. The wonderfully decorated and bemirrored cafes, which were the boast of old San Francisco, were something amazing to him, and never failed to bring forth admiring comment. The prodigal free-lunch system of the town, by which you could buy a glass of wine and have a whole meal thrown in, appealed to him strongly.

I led him into the big new Chronicle building and showed him the presses, the composition room and the editorial staff preparing the paper for the next morning. In these things he took much interest, and when I introduced him to some of the choice spirits of the press he talked with them in a friendly way, though, as it seemed, with just a little of that condescension which Lowell detected in the relations of Britons with Americans. But we always had looked for this from Englishmen and did not mind it. He made a strong impression upon the folk of the press, and, in fact, upon everyone to whom he was introduced. After his first brief pose of insular indifference he revealed himself as a dynamic personality, readily conversable, strongly assertive and as English as they make them.

Well do I remember our walk that night along Kearny Street, through which thoroughfare I was conducting him back to his hotel that he might not get lost. He had much to say of literature, particularly of the big Frenchmen. He evinced a fondness for Maupassant and Gautier, and we talked of Taine's comparison between Alfred de Musset and Tennyson. As I remember it, he did not greatly disagree with Taine in the salient points made in favor of De Musset's youthful warmth and his abounding love of life, on the one hand, and Tennyson's cool restraints on the other; but being British and tory, he must needs after all, give Tennyson a much higher place than that of the great Frenchman.

On our way we picked up a late wandering friend of mine, who, because he knew all about American politics, greatly interested Kipling. The conversation was a long and, to me, highly entertaining one. Kipling was "the chiel amang us taking notes." I had never known a foreigner who asked so

many questions, and such strange ones, about American affairs. Some of them seemed inspired and touched the very heart of our economic system, but for the most part they were naive enough. Boss methods in politics interested him greatly, and as my political friend, for the sake of drawing his fire, made bold to defend them, Kipling rushed hotly to the other end of the argument, and ventured such opinions upon our undemocratic democracy as would have won him the lifelong friendship of Eugene Debs.

During the fortnight or so of his stay in San Francisco I saw much of Kipling and heard more, for the rather convivial set of men-around-town who took him in tow seemed to revel in the novelty of him. They recounted with delight the various ways in which they "strung" him. They told him yarns, ancient shrivelled ones, baggy at the knees, tales known everywhere except in Allahabad—and these he solemnly related in his book as new stories. His innocence as manifested in his artless questions, was a source of infinite joy to these reckless raconteurs, and it inspired them to outdo themselves for his edification. But on his own side Kipling has told some yarns in his "American Notes" that compare quite favorably with those told by the Californians, while they are almost as moss-grown. For examples I should select the narratives of his experiences with a bunco-steerer and that of the Irish priest and the Chinaman as being purely apocryphal.

Please to remember that none of the club folk who rejoiced in getting hold of this young man fresh from India had the slightest idea that he had literary greatness concealed about his person. We were accustomed to the globe-trotters in San Francisco—the men who dared all sorts of things, even to the wearing of tweeds at formal dinners, and who puffed their pipes and wore their knee-breeches and long woolen hose down Market Street in defiance of the local ordinances in such case made and provided, though today little would be thought of such performances even on the part of sedate business men of the town, so greatly have such matters changed since the World war. Kipling wore no knee-breeches, but he shared one trait with all his countrymen—that is to say, he regarded his visit to San Francisco as a sort of slumming tour and was ready to go anywhere in almost any company. Something is to be allowed for the youth of the man at that period and much for his curiosity which seemed insatiable.

One of the men about town with whom he foregathered was a festive club chap named Bigelow, whom everybody called "Petie." It was "Petie" who showed Kipling through Chinatown and into all the worst dives of the Barbary Coast. Kipling seemed to be "game" for whatever was going forward. Even when he found that his new friend could embrace the flagon with more warmth and frequency than any other man "on the route," and was, in fact, the bibulous prize of the town, he was not terrified.

It was "Petie" who showed Kipling into the Barbary Coast resort where he found his "dive girl with a Greek head," so rapturously set forth in his "Notes" as among the eight American maidens with whom he fell "hopelessly in love." "Item: A girl in a dive, blessed with a Greek head and eyes that seemed to speak all that is best and sweetest in the world. But, woe is me! she has no ideas in this world or the next beyond the consumption of beer (a commission on each bottle), and protests that she sings the songs allotted to her nightly without more than the vaguest notion of their meaning."

After lauding the girls of England and of France, Kipling declares in his book that he found the American girls, as seen in California, "above and beyond them all." His dive beauty was in later years discovered by an enterprising newspaper writer and exploited for a Sunday page, along with corroborative facts that seemed substantial enough. But "Petie" Bigelow, who introduced the Greek-headed damsel to the poet of "The Seven Seas," is no more of earth.

You may be sure that the said poet, who up to that period had sung nothing more world-circling than the "Departmental Ditties," known all the way from Allahabad to Simla, found much in San Francisco to rankle his sensitive soul, and, chief of all, he found it in the Bohemian Club which, with its famous owl, is known wherever men of the world meet at a round table in any part of the globe. Somebody gave Kipling a card to the club and he frequented the place in company with its rarest spirits—men who had painted Salon pictures or written plays or magazine articles. Among these would be Amadee Joullin, William Greer Harrison, Peter Robertson, John Stanton, Henry Latimer and Charles D. Robinson, any one of whom would have looked down from no inconsiderable height upon the young gentlemen from India, no matter how thoroughly convinced he might be of his own greatness.

Of course, personages of such assured local position would not go to any pains to make their guest "sing small," but the easy and sufficient manner in which they spoke of the literary and artistic wares produced by their fellows must have galled Kipling. He was too polite to show any irritation when Peter Robertson, the opera bouffe librettist, was referred to as cleverer than Gilbert, or when Charles Warren Stoddard's "South Sea Idylls" were lauded as the best marine sketches ever written; but the way he must have chafed was fully manifest afterward in his "Notes." Then, too, he was not being banqueted at the big round table under the blinking eyes of the far-famed owl, but outsiders of whom he never had heard before were not only being feasted but rapturously toasted, and he was invited to the board as a mere unit, to drink to the exalted guest.

So, after writing some pleasant verses in celebration of his visit to

Bohemia—which verses remained for some time in the club album—Mr. Kipling left California. Not a soul in all the Golden State had recognized his genius, and as for the Bohemian Club it never became fully aware of him until the publication of his "American Notes," made up from the letters he sent to the Allahabad Pioneer.

When the clubmen read what he had written about them they were aghast, insulted and incensed. Behind the veil of a polite description of the club, its members, their handiwork and their oratory, Kipling quietly satirized all that he had seen under the wings of the owl and used caustic language in relating the doings at a banquet in honor of Lieutenant Carlin of the United States steamer Vandalia, who deported himself so heroically in the great storm at Apia.

"It was," he wrote, "my first introduction to the American eagle, screaming for all it was worth. The lieutenant's heroism served as a peg from which the silver-tongued ones turned themselves loose and kicked. I sat bewildered on a coruscating Niagara of blatherskite. It was magnificent, it was stupendous; and I was conscious of a wicked desire to hide my face in a napkin and grin." And so on, all to the perfect amazement of the Bohemians whose wine he had drunk and whose cakes he had eaten, but who, being altogether unaware of the lion let loose among them, were fit only to be laughed at and lampooned. Of course the seasoned Kipling of today would no more harry a host than he could write of sitting on a "coruscating Niagara." It was the unrecognized, young but self-assured great author who wrote these valiant things. Had the press hailed him for what he knew he was, had the clubmen banquetted him instead of the other and lesser men, and had lean ladies gone gushing about, beseeching him for his autograph, San Francisco would not have been "a mad city, inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people;" the reporter who interviewed him would not have been "a rude child;" the women would not have had harsh voices, and the eagle might have screamed to its heart's content, while the men of the Bohemian Club all would have been the salt of the earth.

One may judge of the feelings with which the Bohemians saw the application of the Kipling caustic when one is told that those farewell verses were torn from the album by an enraged clubman, that undignified epithets were freely echoed and that even to this day the most loyal members of the club refer to the great Rudyard as "that fellow Kipling."

In the San Francisco Press Club they tell a story of how Kipling, who was anxious to raise money to meet his traveling expenses, offered two Mulvaney manuscripts to the Sunday editor of a local journal, and of how the editor, after reading them over, returned them to the author with his thanks and the comment that while they were well written, they were not available for publication, as there was no interest in East Indian tales in California.

This story has been repeated so many times that one is inclined to think it is true, though the editor, probably covered with confusion by the wonderful subsequent popularity of those very tales, never would admit its authenticity. If it was true, as many believe and assert, here was another Kiplingian reason why San Francisco was "a perfectly mad city."

Well do I recall my last meeting with Kipling, on the occasion of his departure from town after his inglorious discovery of us. It was at the Palace Hotel, where he was packing his trunk.

"Where are you bound, Mr. Kipling?" I asked.

"For a journey through the states—Chicago, Buffalo, New York"—he replied. He could not omit Buffalo from his itinerary. There is something about the name of Buffalo that appeals strongly to the Britisher. He considers it as distinctively American and is fond of rolling out the word.

"And then?" I asked.

"To London."

"To engage in journalism?"

"No; literary work."

"You are going to try to live by your pen there?" I asked, and I remember that when he said, "Yes," I was full of grave apprehension for him. Other young men had gone from San Francisco to London to live by their pens. Not a few of them had been starved out.

"Yes," he repeated, "I am going to try for it."

"And he did try for it, working desperately hard with meagre encouragement at first, living in cheap London lodgings, content with small payment for his literary wares. Even when most discouraged he never entertained a thought of going back to newspaper work, but clung tenaciously to literature. But his success did not come slowly. He was not gone from San Francisco a year before we were all avidly devouring the "Plain Tales," "The Phantom Rickshaw" and "Soldiers Three," and the whole country was ablaze with the fame of "that fellow Kipling." But the first harsh chapters of the "American Notes" tempered the literary pleasure of some of us. It is to Mr. Kipling's credit that in his revised edition he diluted his vitriol.

XLVIII

EDWIN MARKHAM AND HIS WORK

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AS A POET—ADVENTURES IN EARLY LIFE—HIS SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS—VERSES IN MAGAZINES—HOW HE BURST UPON THE WORLD AS THE AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS "MAN WITH THE HOE"—HIS SPLENDID SUBSEQUENT LYRICAL WORK—FAME AS A PROSE WRITER AND LECTURER.

There is something in the air of Oakland that lends to literary attainment. Its people love books and art and music. They give aid and comfort to the literary life. They feed, foster and encourage it. They are justly proud of the fact that their city was for years the home of Edwin Markham, of Joaquin Miller, of Ambrose Bierce, of Jack London, of George Sterling and of many others who sent out to the world some of their best and truest work stamped with the postmark, "Oakland."

Of those whose names have been mentioned perhaps the most famous is Edwin Markham whom many scholarly judges of poetry assert to be the greatest of America's poets, living or dead. There never was a poem received with such a furore of applause all over the nation and all over the world as his "Man With the Hoe," written for the most part in Oakland, though it received revision and amplification in other places, notably San Jose whose inhabitants will show you a house on San Salvador Street on which there is a tablet announcing in letters that may be read from the sidewalk the proud fact that it is "The Edwin Markham Home" and that "The Man With the Hoe Was Written Here." Before we proceed further in this story of Markham perhaps it would be well to hear from the poet himself on the point in question. Here is his reply to a letter I wrote to him in 1916 asking him for information concerning the matter:

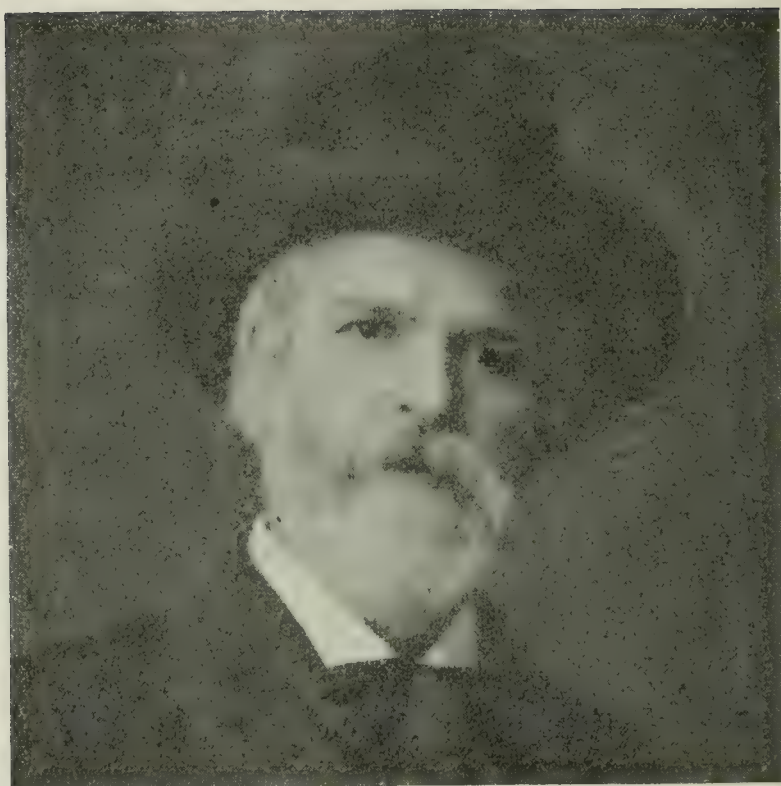
Dear Friend:

New York, September 20, 1916.

I came upon a print of Millet's painting, "The Man With the Hoe," in El Dorado County in 1885. Filled with pity and indignation, I wrote the first stanza thirteen years afterward in Oakland. I crooned over the poem, making some changes, while in San Jose. Oakland was the chief place of offense.

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN MARKHAM.



EDWIN MARKHAM

Just where this places the claims of San Jose as the birthplace of the Hoeman it is difficult to say, but it would seem that to Oakland, as "the chief place of offense," should go the bulk of the honor.

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, April 23, 1852, and was brought by his parents to California in his fifth year. As a boy he worked at farming, sheep herding, cattle herding and blacksmithing. He was educated at the San Jose Normal School and at two other seats of learning, making special studies in ancient and modern literature.

Even in his early boyhood he wrote verse, nearly all of a highly serious nature. The reader of his poetry will find traces of what the outdoor life of his youth meant to him. These are to be seen in his "Mendocino Memory" and also in "The Joy of Life in the Hills," where he sings:

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life, and am satisfied.

He tells the tale of having once met in the foothill wilds the famous bandit, Joaquin Murietta, and of the talk he had with him, and he also relates other adventures of his "eager youth," all full of the true Californian color.

Some of Markham's earlier poems, notably "A Lyric of the Dawn" and "A Look Into the Gulf," received recognition by some of the best New York magazines, and yet he was little known to Californians or others until 1899, when he published "The Man With the Hoe," which gained world-wide attention and was hailed by a distinguished reviewer as "the battle cry of the next thousand years."

Markham finished the poem which made his name and fame in the latter part of December, 1898, and read it to a number of us San Francisco literary men and women on New Year's Eve of that year. While listening to his reading of the stately blank verse it struck me as an unusual poetic utterance, but the room was so full of merry-makers and they were making so much of boisterous demonstration that only about half of the poem could be heard. We were gathered in an old mansion in Bartlett Street, San Francisco, rented by the mother of Carroll Carrington, one of my assistants on the Examiner, of which I was then the Sunday editor and literary reviewer. In this house was an old-fashioned drawing-room that had an air of faded grandeur, and it was here that Carrington had collected his friends, among whom were Markham and his good wife Catherine, whom I met for the first time that evening.

Very little had I heard of Markham or his poetry, but the poem he read that night struck me as something big, though there was so much noisy festivity going on in the house—guests coming in with holiday greetings and all—that I wanted to hear his verses to better advantage. So I asked Mrs. Millard to invite the Markhams to come over to our country house in Lark-

spur Canyon, near Mount Tamalpais, on the following Sunday and to bring the new poem along.

The Markhams labored slowly up the trail about noon on Sunday, and we all went down to meet them. Although it was in January it was a warm climb, and the poet was soon pulling off his long frock coat and carrying it on his arm. After luncheon we sat in the big living-room of the house in the canyon and chatted for a while. The talk was enlivened by the bright remarks of cultured, keen-witted Catherine Markham, who was a fit helpmeet for the poet and of whom he was excessively fond. At that time Markham was the principal of a grammar school in Oakland. His wife also had been in pedagogic work and had written some text-books. They had been married about a year at the time of their first visit to our house.

The picture of the poet as he sat at the long open window with the manuscript of "The Man With the Hoe" in his hands was an impressive one. The large, well-moulded figure, the leonine head, touched by the first frost, the strong, handsome face, the full beard and thick, careless hair, and most of all, the brightly shining eyes, black as obsidian and blackly browed, made him a man to be looked at and admired.

Slowly, in his great vibrant voice, he began to read the verses, the tremendous power of which struck me forcibly. The poem voiced a passionate appeal for the oppressed of all ages, and it was obvious that, properly presented, it would meet with wide acceptance, not only as a large poetic utterance but as a plea for the downtrodden.

We congratulated the poet upon his work and, with the editorial instinct for that which arrests the newspaper reader's eye, I asked Markham what he intended to do about its publication, saying that if it were not already spoken for the Examiner would be glad to have it.

"I had thought," he replied, "of keeping it to read at a Labor Day meeting. That would be a good occasion, wouldn't it?"

My answer was that a poem like that was its own occasion—that it should appear at once. I said it was a long time to Labor Day, but that while he might read it then, if he desired, the publication of it beforehand would not spoil it for that occasion.

He agreed, and the manuscript of "The Man With the Hoe" was passed over to its proud editor, no terms being mentioned.

Again and again did I read the poem and each time with a firmer conviction that it was something that would awaken the world. But I knew that if it were put in ordinary type and stuck away in a corner of the paper it would attract but little attention and probably never would be heard from. So I planned to "play it up," and to set it forth in such a way that everybody who saw the paper on the following Sunday would not fail to find it and to read it. Before going to the Examiner office next day I sat

down and wrote a long and rhapsodical piece of prose to accompany the Markham verses. This flowery appreciation was concluded in the following language, here reproduced after twenty-five years as a curious bit of Sunday paper scroll work:

"Here is a piece of virile verse, 'The Man With the Hoe,' by Edwin Markham, fit to be set down in the testament of our best lyrical heritage. If Millet's picture is great, then here is something just as great. * * * It is tense, sympathetic, interest-compelling, and above all heroically human. It is jealous of justice to mankind and full of refined yet relentless reproach to those who have 'plundered and profaned.'

"Is not here a new, grand voice, singing grandly? In those long reaches of the peaks of song there are not so many crests that peer down upon this poem. * * * I fear that as Californians we shall not exult over this verse as much as we should over a real estate boom or a rise in silver; but when present day markets and prices and the men who make them shall have passed into the blank abysm of obscurity, here is a poem that will live."

If an attempt were made on my part at the present time to write anything that should shimmer with a splendor equal to the foregoing piece of coruscating floridity I should despair of the effort; but my literary grandiloquence split the ears of the groundlings and was Markham's first big "boost." Not that the praise, which partook of the manner and method of ad-writing, was insincere, but it is perfectly obvious to me after twenty-five more years of reading, and a better gauge for comparison, that Markham has written verse of higher quality than "The Man With the Hoe." And, indeed, his "Virgilia" and his "Homing Heart," both of which were contributed to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* while I was its editor in later years, are better examples of poetry.

In the newspaper office next morning I scanned our type chart and selected a great primer art gothic—a big, bold-faced letter—in which type I had the poem set to wide measure. To one of our decorative draughtsmen I gave some suggestions as to a border design which was to frame the poem and a halftone photographic reproduction of Millet's picture that was to accompany the verse. The proof of the design, picture and poem showed that the whole would make a big splash on the page and would arrest the eye of anybody glancing over the Sunday paper. And then how could anybody get away from my wonderful advertisement? Of course I could not be made to see any humor in it even after Life pointed it out in some smiling paragraphs, but Markham was a little afraid of its extravagance. He laughed when he was shown the proof of it along with that of his verse.

"Well, you certainly have an expressive way of putting things," he re-

marked, cringing a little at my crowning phrase. "But aren't you afraid that my work will fall short of your praise of it?"

"Not at all," was the confident reply.

Then he began revising the printed verse. Never have I seen a writer so painfully, so harassingly solicitous as to the correctness and smoothness of his work in print as that same Markham. He read proof after proof of the poem, haunting the office until midnight, going over each letter and nearly driving his editor to distraction with his revisions, deletions and alterations. After I thought I was all done with him and his interminable corrections, he sent over from Oakland a Balzacian proof-sheet that brought down upon him the hottest profanity of the printers. Our impatient mechanics had to tear the form apart after it was stereotyped and make new plates. So broodingly solicitous was the poet on the point of accuracy that he wrote me a long letter in which he said:

"I will pay all expenses involved in the changes, if it is merely a matter of expense. I suppose my interest in such matters springs out of my passion for perfection. Do not be surprised to learn that sometimes a capital letter seems to me to be as large as the Matterhorn, and a comma as important as a bend in the Mississippi."

He discovered many a Matterhorn and many a crook and curve in "The Man With the Hoe." Even after the presses were humming he unexpectedly clutched me again as the Ancient Mariner clutched the wedding guest, with this fervent and hurriedly dispatched appeal:

"If you love me, keep your eye on my poem long enough to see that the last errors I marked are properly corrected."

The Sunday Examiner Magazine, as we called it, went to press on Friday. On Friday and Saturday mornings I had big advertisements of "The Man With the Hoe" inserted in the daily paper. As I looked over the flamboyant "ads" I felt a little guilty. The idea of "yellowing" so really fine and cultured a man as Edwin Markham by these gorgeous announcements gave me literary qualms, and I wondered what he would think of it all. Singularly enough, he took it in good part. When he read the first of the advertisements he wrote to me from Oakland:

"I have this moment noticed the announcement in today's Examiner. Again I say you have an expressive way of putting things. My sincere and heartfelt thanks to you for all your generous words."

No particular credit is claimed by me for the highly successful result of my announcements. I had something worth advertising.

In making up my accounts for the week I entered Markham's name for for \$50 in payment for the poem, but the managing editor considered that amount too much and he reduced the figure to \$25. That was all the poet received for the first publication of "The Man With the Hoe." But

since then I have had the satisfaction of sending him checks for \$200 to \$250 for verse far less popular, though of distinctly higher poetic value.

The idea of making a newspaper sensation out of a serious and, indeed, lofty piece of blank verse was probably the wildest that any journalist ever had and the chances of doing so in the average case were a thousand to one, but, as is now well known, when "The Man With the Hoe" went abroad it was read and hailed by many thousands of people, and, thanks to the irresistible swing of Markham's lines, we actually succeeded in doing the impossible. No new poem ever had such wide and instant vogue. Markham's mouth-filling verse was soon being read aloud in nearly every house on the coast, ministers were preaching sermons on it, lawyers were quoting it in court arguments and every orator and elocutionist in a land of countless spellbinders was spouting it from the platform. The labor unions became very much excited over the poem and applauded it to the echo whenever it was read at their meetings. Its splendid altruism warmed liberal hearts everywhere, and the poem after being reprinted in many newspapers and other publications all over the country, was received with loud acclaim in near and distant places. It was as if the whole population had lifted Markham on its shoulders and borne him in triumph amid loud acclaim.

Still there were those who saw little or nothing in "The Man With the Hoe" save a sentimental appeal for the under dog. Ambrose Bierce was one of these. Bierce had no love for the laborer. He held the Markhamic idea of an oppressed European peasant up to scorn in his "Prattle" column in the Examiner, saying that it was in the nature of things that the Hoeman should be a "brother to the ox," and that Markham was wrong to hold anybody or any system responsible for his condition, which was the result of his environment and his own stupidity. He even attacked Markham's effusion as literature, asserting that it was not poetry at all, though he admitted that the writer was capable of fine lyrical work.

This attack of Bierce's started a great controversy. Bierce, who was a splendid scholar, though cynical to a degree, was the acknowledged literary arbiter of the coast, and everybody read his "Prattle." Soon the letters came pouring in. Most of them scored Bierce and applauded Markham, but here and there was one that was not in accord with the poet, but criticized him severely. We printed page after page of these letters and of course they greatly helped the fame of Markham and his poem. Even our unliterary managing editor, whom Bierce had said did not approve of books or poems, became excited over the Markhamic lines, or rather to the public's great reaction to them, and asked me to prepare a whole page of the poet's work for immediate publication.

When I visited him at Oakland, Markham readily assented to the idea

and gave me a sheaf of unpublished verse together with a few pieces that had been obscurely printed in a magazine. Never have I seen a man in such a state of elation as was my new friend over the publication of his lyrical products. His eyes gleamed like radium. When the proof of the page of verse was sent over to him he and his wife fell upon it and made countless alterations, so that our poor printers came in for another painful experience. We had to delay publication for a whole day owing to a telephonic warning from the poet that he was sending over still another revised proof containing still more changes in his text. With the proof came a letter in which Markham said:

"Word comes to me that the 'Hoe' is to be recited from the platform in three nearby cities in the immediate future. You have set a stone rolling!

"The Bulletin people are here this morning asking for biographical notes and a handful of Markhamic meters for their Sunday issue. See what you've done!"

So there were two San Francisco papers loudly advertising Markham and his verse, and soon there were many others, not only in the coast metropolis, but all over the country.

For weeks the Examiner continued to print letters from all sorts of people, most of whom commended the sentiments of "The Man With the Hoe" and their masterly expression. After the Eastern press took up the story and the publication of the poem, which, luckily for Markham, had not been copyrighted, "The Man With the Hoe" became familiar everywhere.

These tributes to his poetic powers were enough to turn any man's head, and it was no wonder that, after a long life of comparative obscurity, Markham, leaping to so lofty a perch at a single bound should feel the dizziness of the high altitude in which he now found himself. No poet ever came so suddenly to the front nor with such great surprise to himself. He came over to see me one day within a fortnight or two after the first publication of the poem and showed me a bundle of telegrams from eastern publishers, all clamoring for a book of his verse, some of them offering as high as twenty per cent royalty, which, considering the fact that poetry was such a negligible factor from a publisher's point of view, tells the whole story of his tremendous success. Without the slightest intention of committing a wrongful act, Markham soon became involved in a controversy with two New York publishers, each of whom claimed the right to print his first collection of verse, "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems." In his innocence and inexperience it seems that the poet had accepted offers from both McMillan and McClure & Phillips for the publication of the book. The matter seemed to be a hopeless mix-up for some time and the poet was much perturbed about it, but it was ultimately settled on the basis of the priority of the receipt of telegrams of acceptance sent by the poet.

One reason why the McClure & Phillips people contended so stoutly for the publication of the collection was that Hamlin Garland had blown the trumpet for Markham very loudly in the office of McClure's Magazine. Garland went into the office of the associate editor one day with a newspaper copy of "The Man With the Hoe," which he proceeded to read to him. After which he demanded:

"Phillips, why the —— don't you print poetry like that?"

"For the simple reason," replied Phillips, "that there's none like that ever offered to us."

"I wish you'd reprint it," said Garland.

"That's easy," returned Phillips. "I'll wire for a release of it."

When the telegram came to me I readily assented to the republication, stipulating that proper credit be given the Examiner. And so, for once in an exceedingly rare way, McClure's printed a poem taken from a newspaper.

There was another side to the literary sensation made by the poem. Lowell sagely observed in writing of Keats, "It is curious that some men resent more fiercely what they suspect to be good verses than what they know to be bad morals." Many worthy literats of the academic type saw in Markham's popularity his weakest point. Ordinarily this is quite true, for the author of "Mother Is Dying and Baby Is Dead" is a great personage in the eyes of the worldlings to whom the author of "Lycidas" or "Endymion" remains forever unknown. "What," inquires the academician, "should the public know of poetry?" Nothing. Therefore if they applauded it, it must be bad. So they proceeded to attack both lines and sentiment most vigorously, pointing out in long columns and in many magazine pages that his logic was as unsound and halting as his meter, and that both were unworthy of serious attention. At the same time equally able critics subscribed to Markham's sentiments, but belabored the style as "too oratorical" or "too literary." One Swinburnian bard disposed of Markham in florid verse as "a tuneless tyro."

Now all these attacks and the replies thereto added to the bulk of free advertising which the poet was receiving and were of untold benefit to Markham, to whom some of them were a source of infinite delight. I never heard him laugh so loudly as while reading the solemn verdict of an Illinois writer upon Mr. Markham's "vicious attack upon the American farmer." Most of the other criticisms were equally innocuous. He enjoyed the blame about as much as the praise.

"Here I've written about Millet's French peasant," the poet would say, "and they accuse me of anarchy and high treason against the United States Government."

There was call after call for the reprinting of "The Man With the

Hoe" in the Examiner. Copies of the first issue, which was exhausted after a few weeks, were soon selling for \$10 apiece. We republished the poem several times and, first and last, sold over 500,000 copies of papers containing it.

It is a curious bit of history that Markham should have received only \$25 for his famous poem, owing to the lack of poetic knowledge and of poetic desserts of the managing editor of a yellow newspaper, while John Vance Cheney received \$750 for a reply to it, for it may readily be assumed that the original laborer was worthy of the better wage. But, after all, Markham gained it in time, for it put him in the way to receive large sums a little later, though he never has been paid quite so much for a single poem as was the man who made the verbose and inglorious metrical explanation of why "The Man with the Hoe" was all wrong. Still on more than one occasion Markham has received \$500 for a short poem, as in the case of "Peace Over Africa," published by the London Chronicle and by Collier's Weekly, and in that of a Christmas ballad contributed to the Delineator.

As to Cheney's reply to "The Man with the Hoe," it should be stated that Collis P. Huntington had hung up the prize of \$750 and that to the New York Sun was awarded the honor of selecting the winner from a mass of lyrical outpourings that were sent in from all over the country. The Cheney prize poem greatly pleased Huntington. It took the patrician view that to rave against such a natural condition as that there should be peasants and that they should have hoes and be bowed and bent from overwork was a biological error on the part of Markham. It may be said of Mr. Cheney's lucubration that, while it was not bad verse, it was very poor argument, as it did not take into account the greatest of all the factors of civilization—social evolution. But Huntington and other large employers, who fancied—which was not the case—that Markham was having a dig at them in his "Man with the Hoe," were in high glee over the Cheney charge which had placed the Hoe poet in the cold penumbra of eclipse.

Another literary standpatter wrote a withering review of Markham's verse in the Atlantic, declaring that it was not poetry at all, but mere oratory.

"Well, if I'm an orator," remarked Markham, when his attention was called to the Atlantic article, "that, at least, is something; but I never suspected anything of the sort."

This bit of self-deprecation, however, did not prevent him accepting more invitations to speak in public in various towns about the bay than he could possibly fill. He talked in many halls and churches and was

accused of having become a pink-tea favorite among Bohemian literary ladies.

As soon after his apotheosis as his feet again touched the ground he gave up school teaching, crossed the continent for the first time, and has lived in or near New York ever since. Although he never has written as popular a poem as "The Man with the Hoe," he has many times exceeded it in poetic value, notably in a "Lincoln," "Virgilia" "The Homing Heart," "Semiramis" and in his ballads, of which form of verse he has shown a mastery that has surprised critics who had assured us of his limitations. If he had written nothing greater than his "Semiramis" his fame would be safe. Such men as William Dean Howells, Edmund Gosse, Alfred Russell Wallace, Robert Underwood Johnson and Edmund Clarence Stedman have hailed him as the greatest poet of democracy, and in future years there will be many others to note the splendid quality of his work.

I cannot leave this pleasant subject without further reference to the poet's wife, Anna Catherine Markham, one of the most cultured women in the land, who has been of great aid to her husband in his literary work, both poetry and prose. Herself a graceful poet, it is but natural that she should have assisted her husband in his many metrical compositions, suggesting, advising, editing and supporting him through those hours which come to every writer when inspiration and even facility seem to have deserted him. Mr. Markham often has acknowledged to me the aid given to him by his wife, who always sits by his side when he writes and encourages him to higher effort. His book, "Lincoln and Other Poems," is dedicated to her in these tender terms: "To Catherine Markham, the touch of whose fine spirit is on many of these pages."

As an example of her suggestion and its results, he told me this little story: An editor wanted him to write a nature poem. He went home, thought for a while, but no theme came to him. Then he went for a walk with his wife. "What in the world shall that theme be?" he asked her. At that moment they were standing under a blooming apple tree not far from their house.

"Why, there it is," said Mrs. Markham, "that blossoming bough!"

"Good!" exclaimed the poet. And forthwith came that sweet, heart-gripping song, three stanzas of which are:

A blossoming bough against the sky,
And all my blood is aleap with life,
As though glad violins went by
In wild, delicious strife!

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY REGION

And the Suisun hills again are green!
And I am a boy in the canyons deep,
Where the gray sycamores flicker and lean
And waters plunge and sleep.

A light, quick wind blows into my heart,
Faint with the breath of apple trees;
And my lyric lark is back with a start—
And orchards like white seas!

XLIX

SONOMA CELEBRITIES

THE VALLEY OF THE MOON, THE HOME OF LUTHER BURBANK, JACK LONDON, THOMAS LAKE HARRIS AND GEORGE HEBBARD MAXWELL, WHO LIVED AND WORKED IN THAT DELECTABLE LAND FOR YEARS—A PLACE OF INSPIRATION TO MINDS WELL KNOWN ALL OVER THE HABITABLE GLOBE.

Sonoma County, besides being known as a land of scenic wonders, of waving grain fields, of widespreading orchards, of enormous poultry population and of sunny acres of fig and vine, is famed as the home of several celebrated men, among them Luther Burbank and Jack London. Both of these men have loved Sonoma with an intensity that does not seem strange to one who has tarried within its lovely confines for a season. Luther Burbank has said of it: "I would rather own a piece of land the size of a healthy house lot in Sonoma County than to own an entire farm anywhere else in the world, if I had to live elsewhere." And Jack London said to me a few years before his demise: "I wanted beauty—I had wanted it all my life and looked for it everywhere. I found it in the Valley of the Moon and I am going to live all the rest of my days there in the enjoyment of it."

Both Burbank and London are given extended notice elsewhere in this history, so we shall now concern ourselves with two others who have had most interesting and important careers. One of these is Thomas Lake Harris, spiritual leader, sociologist, theologian, and poet. The other is George Hebbard Maxwell, who has shone as an authority on reclamation and has also made original sociological studies of considerable note.

Thomas Lake Harris, of whose unique literature and personal teachings it has been said that they were "the most radical and idealistic in the history of human thought," was for many years a resident of Sonoma County. Harris lived at Fountain Grove, a vineyard, ranch and phalanstery, in the foothills near Santa Rosa. As a young man he was pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd in New York City, a church of which Horace Greeley was a member. He became imbued with mystical ideas and in 1861 he organized the Brotherhood of the New Life, which was at first located at Salem-on-Erie, New York, but which in 1875 removed to

Sonoma County and set up its communistic lares and penates at Fountain Grove, which was his central home until his death. Harris had delved deep into Orientalism, particularly the mystic aspect of it. He was known as a prophet to his followers of the brotherhood, and he even impressed such men as William T. Stead, who has called him "that marvelous man," and said of him that "there has been no seer like Thomas Lake Harris since the days of Swedenborg." Among others who saw in Harris a wonderful poet and prophet were Alfred Austin, who was Tennyson's successor as poet laureate of England, Laurence Oliphant, the famous British novelist, and Edwin Markham, the American poet. Most of these men knew Harris chiefly through his writings, all of a mystic order, intensely Swedenborgian and of vast pretenses of wisdom in matters occult. Markham said of him: "He is a poet as well as a proseman; and his verse is always exalted in message, musical in flow and often beautiful in diction. Many of his writings were dictated and printed from the unchanged manuscript. As unpremeditated dictations they are unquestionably the most remarkable manuscripts in the world. It is almost unbelievable that works so sustained in power and so profound in thought and so finished in style could have been uttered extemporaneously." Alfred Austin had much the same high opinion of the famous mystic as had Edwin Markham, and wrote of him in the same vein. Austin believed that the mantle of Shelley had fallen upon him and quoted passages to prove the truth of his exegesis.

It had been suspected by the newspaper men of San Francisco that Harris, while a man of scholarly attainments, was a charlatan who had managed to amass a fortune by impressing his mystic powers upon a number of wealthy persons who had joined his oriental ring. Reporter after reporter was assigned to the difficult task of ascertaining the truth as to what was going on at Fountain Grove, but all of them had been so impressed by the hypnotic powers of the prophet that they brought back only the most complimentary stories concerning the great leader of the Brotherhood of the New Life.

In 1884 the proprietor of a Pine Street restaurant in San Francisco, who had become intimately acquainted with Harris and the Harrisites, dropped some hints to George Hamlin Fitch, night editor of the Chronicle, which opened the eyes of that newspaper man to the possibilities of a sensation in the form of an expose of the doings at Fountain Grove. He went back to the Chronicle office and detailed one of the special writers of the staff to go to Fountain Grove and make a thorough investigation of its affairs. The reporter whom he detailed has written for this history a special account of his adventures, beginning with his assignment.

"'M——,' said Fitch to me, giving the name of the restaurant man

who had given him the 'tip,' "has become entangled in the net spread by the long-whiskered prophet of the Fountain Grove cult and has left quite a bunch of money in his hands. This prophet has established the millenium in the Sonoma hills along with a phalanstery in which there is a pretty sad sex mixup. The ranchers thereabout know very little as to the cult or its head, and M—— won't give up the details. He wants us to find them out for ourselves. He is afraid of the wrath of Harris, who still exerts a hypnotic influence over him. Now there's a good story for the Chronicle in that old chap, Harris, and I want you to go to Fountain Grove and dig it up. One thing you must be very careful of—don't let him hypnotize you.'

"So," continued the newspaper man, "I went to Santa Rosa, hired a horse and buggy and drove up the mountain road to Fountain Grove. It was a beautiful place—that sunny hillside, dotted with fruit trees and grape vines. I pulled up before a big white house and asked a pretty maid servant to let Mr. Harris know that he had a caller who was greatly interested in his work and was particularly desirous of seeing him. The maid went away and while waiting I looked about and saw several buildings, any one of which might have been the phalanstery, and I did not overlook a couple of young women sitting out upon the veranda. They were reading books, presumably the inspired words of the prophet. Down in the vineyard were a man and a boy plowing. I looked at the house again and from an upper window I saw a man's face, with curious eyes, peering out. From the face depended a long beard. As I looked up the head was quickly withdrawn. In a few minutes the maid came out.

"'Mr. Harris will see you,' she said. 'But please be careful what you say to him. He has been communing with the spirits all the morning and he wishes to preserve his harmony.'

"In the interest of the preservation of harmony I assured her that I would be careful. She went in, and I followed her into a passage which, when the door was closed, became as dark as a pocket. Then she led the way into a dimly lighted room. I stumbled over the furniture, found a seat and waited for the prophet.

"At last a door opened and the great man appeared—tall, dark, solemn and with a long iron-gray beard. I saw at once that I was in the presence of a remarkable man. What I had expected to see was one of those cheap charlatans of the pseudo-religious order or a spirit medium with an oracular and mystic pose. Thomas Lake Harris was none of these. His fine, impressive face was that of a highly intellectual gentleman of the old school, and he had a pair of eyes that looked right through and beyond you. He was dressed in a black frock suit and resembled a prosperous

member of the literati or the bar. He stood before me and looked at me questioningly.

"'Mr. Harris,' I began, 'I have come all the way from Wisconsin to see you. I have been reading your literature and have become much interested in it.'

"'Are you married?' was his first question.

"When I gave an affirmative answer he said, with a deprecating air: 'How nature fools her children!' Then he went on to ask questions that seemed to be leading up to the state of my finances.

"The part I played was that of the son of a wealthy merchant with an interest in a lucrative business. I assured him that I should like nothing better than to come to live with him and become his disciple. He took little apparent interest in what I said about myself or my affairs, but went on to tell of a most remarkable experience he had had just before my arrival. He had wrestled with and overcome two Hindu Yoghis who had come to contest with him for the leadership of his cult.

"'I overpowered them,' he said with an air of triumph—'threw them out of the window of my study, and they are now flying back to India.'

"His talk had a mixture of theosophy and spiritism in it, and of course he was the only living representative of the deity on earth. I could see at once by his gestures and by his gaze that he was practicing a bit of hypnotism upon me. Indeed, hypnotism, as I afterward learned, was his strong suit. I talked with him for a long time, perhaps an hour, but could learn nothing about the inner workings of the brotherhood. I was particularly interested in finding out what went on in the phalanstery, but it seemed that the novitiate period must be passed before its secrets could be revealed.

"After making another appointment for a few days later, I left the house and pretended to be making my way back to Santa Rosa, but instead I drove down a canyon road that led through the estate toward some shacks that were standing among the trees. In the doorway of one of these shacks stood a young man who eyed me curiously. I passed the time of day with him and in the course of a little talk I announced my intention of becoming one of the Fountain Grove colony.

"A pained expression came over his face. He began to talk in a veiled, vague way about Harris and told me of the experiences of some of the former members of his cult. I was surprised to learn that among them had been some persons of considerable prominence. One of these was Laurence Oliphant, the British man of letters, whose 'Picadilly' I had read and enjoyed and whose works of fiction were among the best sellers of the early '80s.

"Oliphant had joined Harris at a place which the prophet had called Salem-on-Erie, near Brockton, New York, several years before. Mrs. Oliphant also had become a member of the Harris faith, which at that time seems to have been only a mild form of mysticism, though it gradually grew to include a somewhat loose notion of the marriage relation. It was not long before the people of Brockton, learning of the peculiar sex ideas and practices of the Harrisites, rose in their wrath and compelled them to leave Salem. Of course they came to California, the refuge of the crank, and Harris bought the Fountain Grove acres with money donated by his various wealthy proselytes. I was told that Oliphant, first and last, put over \$100,000 into the Harris treasury. But afterward he had had reason to regret this outlay, for he had come to know certain things about the community that were decidedly unpleasant. Finally he left Harris and returned to England, where he made a veiled portrayal of him in one of his novels, the picture being anything but a pretty one, though representing Harris as a man of superior learning.

" 'He seeks out persons of wealth,' declared my young informant, 'and hypnotizes them into giving him their all. I can bring plenty of proof to show what Harris is, and you must not join his colony on any account.' He introduced me to several other members of the Brotherhood of the New Life. All of them told me of the state of affairs related by my first informant and warned me against entering the community. These persons all told me that they would leave Harris if they could get their money back, but as they had given it voluntarily there was no legal process by which it could be retrieved.

"My first three Chronicle articles exposing Harris did not arouse the Sonoma Valley people against him. They could not believe that the pleasant, highly educated gentleman in the long frock coat that came to town of a Saturday afternoon and beamed and smiled upon everybody could be what I had pictured him. In fact some of the leading citizens became indignant over the articles and demanded that they be retracted. The San Francisco Examiner sent W. N. Harte, one of its brightest writers, to investigate Harris and his affairs. Harte returned to the editor with the report that Harris was one of the finest gentlemen he ever had met and that there was nothing wrong with him. I doubt not that the prophet threw his hypnotic power over this shrewd journalist, but somehow I had escaped it."

So much for the newspaper man's story, which Harris never attempted to deny, and to which, as a matter of fact, he never made any reply. A year or two later there came corroborative statements from other persons, and then the whole of California became intensely absorbed in the story of Miss A. A. Chevallier, a very talented young woman from Boston who

had gone to live in the Harris colony and who had learned all about the prophet and his people, to her sorrow.

The newspapers printed Miss Chevallier's exposure of Harris, but the indignant lady did not stop at that. She went to Santa Rosa, hired a hall and told from the platform just who and what the pleasant gentleman of Fountain Grove really was. It was not long after this that Harris left Fountain Grove with some of his most steadfast disciples. He went to New York and lived a quiet life there for some years. At his death Edwin Markham was asked by some of the brotherhood to make a compendium of his writings, which he did. Markham never would believe the "newspaper stories" of Harris. He still considers him one of the greatest intellects this country has produced, and to prove it he quotes luminous fragments from his voluminous works. A few of these gems are the following:

"Civilization is the school of the unheroic.

"Corporeal ease and happiness are found only in the old paths.

"So comes the last great infidelity, the utter disbelief of man in man.

"God makes iron, but not horseshoes, except as he makes them instrumentally, through Apostle Smith.

"Pride is for fools, but the wise man sits in lowlihood, looking up because lifting up.

"Where is God?—when whole nations rot down, corrupting the planet—when hundreds of millions multiplying through the generations, are forced ruinward to squalor, disease, ferocity, brutality and every vice of all the vices—where is God?

"The answer is, God is where men find him. His providence is where men organize providence. Let men find providence where they found the steam engine and the telegraph, where they found the reaper and the printing press. Let men organize providence in society and the world will have a providence. Providence is latent: let us bring it forth by evolution."

Enough has been quoted from Harris' writings to show why he was able to attract to him intellectual minds. Of all the leaders of mystical cults who have made large material gains by the heavy assessment of their flocks, Thomas Lake Harris was probably the most learned, the most shrewd, and not the least avid nor prosperous.

On June 30, 1860, there was born at Sonoma, California, a man who has done as much for irrigation in a national way as any other in the country. George Hebbard Maxwell, who is entered in "Who's Who in America" as lawyer, author and irrigationist, was during his early life official stenographer of the United States Circuit and Superior courts of San Francisco. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1882 at the early age of twenty-two. He practiced law until 1899 and then, having become greatly interested in irrigation, he organized the National Reclama-

tion Association. There were vast tracts of idle land in his native state which only awaited the work of the engineer and the ditcher to make it fruitful in the extreme. This was true of enormous sections in Nevada, Arizona and other arid regions, and Maxwell had become imbued with the dream of making these waste places blossom like the oft-quoted rose. He saw that the Government was doing little to make these lands arable and habitable and he resolved to devote his life to this worthy purpose. He assisted in the launching of a campaign that resulted in the formation of a definite national irrigation policy which was accomplished by the passage of the Reclamation Act, approved June 17, 1902.

In itself this was a great work, and many men would have paused here and let others go on and carry out the provisions of the law; but Maxwell's enthusiasm carried him still further. He organized the first Water Users' Association under the act in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, thereby securing the construction of the great Roosevelt Dam by the United States Reclamation Service. This dam is really a monument to the genius and industry of Maxwell.

In 1903 and for fourteen years thereafter Maxwell conducted a campaign for river regulation and flood control which became embodied in the Newlands river regulation amendment to the river and harbor bill, passed by Congress in 1917. In the meantime he was executive director of the Pittsburg Flood Commission for three years and of the Louisiana Reclamation Association for two years. He is now the executive director of the National Reclamation Association and of the American Homecroft Society, which latter he organized in 1907. The idea of the Homecrofters is the establishment of young men and women on farms throughout the country, where the men may be trained in the art of war while they are carrying on their agricultural work, and thus form a backbone of national defense that would be inexpensive and at the same time reliable. Maxwell is the author of the First Book of the Homecrofters and also of "Our National Defense, the Patriotism of Peace."

While considered by many ultra-conservative people as visionary and given to undue enthusiasms, Maxwell has done wonderful work for the country in the matter of irrigation. He is a man of commanding appearance and persuasive eloquence. It was probably his personality as much as anything that has made him win the day in hundreds of encounters with men who deemed themselves ready to meet his arguments, but in the end were swept away by his array of facts and his burning enthusiasm.

To appreciate the value of his life work one has but to recall the fact that our Government's reclamation service, which has been in operation twenty years, shows as a result of its work during that period the providing of a complete water supply to 1,250,000 acres of land which formerly

was arid and waste. Besides this it has furnished a supplemental water supply over 1,000,000 acres of privately controlled land which was without water, and that this was done at the enormous cost of \$130,000,000. There are now over 30,000 farms, averaging fifty-three acres each, on Government reclamation projects. It has been pointed out that from an agricultural point of view the work of the reclamation service has added another state to the union, as the products of the land which has been made fertile and productive by its water supplies are equal in value all of the farm products of the states of Connecticut and Vermont. Assuredly Mr. Maxwell, who was the prime leader in this great work, has cause to be proud of its wonderful results, and yet it is to be doubted that many Californians are aware of what he has done to encourage irrigation projects, though his name is known to men of science who are always ready and willing to give him full credit for his splendid service.

L

A CHAIN OF IMPORTANT EVENTS

OAKLAND RISES FROM A MERE SUBURB TO A GREAT MUNICIPALITY—
LAURA D. FAIR KILLS ALEXANDER CRITTENDEN—BUILDING OF THE
GREAT HOTELS—SAN JOSE BUILDS THE FIRST UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC
LINE AND THE CITY IS LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY—A GREAT STRIKE—
THE FAMOUS DURRANT MURDER CASE.

Oakland began to assume considerable importance in 1870, not merely as a suburb of San Francisco, but as a distinct and thriving municipality, and traffic between the two cities had so increased in volume that the ferry-boat El Capitan was carrying an average of 180 passengers a trip or 4,320 a day; and yet a pamphlet published in 1871 pointed out that the people of San Francisco were indifferent to the charms of the Alameda County capital and that most of them were "in blissful ignorance of its attractions."

In November of that year Alexander Crittenden, a prominent attorney of San Francisco, was shot and killed by Laura D. Fair because he had returned to his wife from whom the Fair woman had estranged him. The murderess was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on June 3, 1871, but managed to secure a new trial and was acquitted on the ground of emotional insanity.

The weekly Wasp was founded in 1870. It claimed the distinction of being the first periodical in the country to print cartoons in colors. Its cartoonists afterward supplied caricatures in colors for Puck of New York.

There was much labor trouble and business depression in 1871. These conditions have been traced by some chroniclers to land and railroad monopoly and speculation.

Some of the finest hotels of the city were completed and opened during the '70s, including the Palace, in 1875, and the Baldwin, in 1877. The Grand was opened in 1869. The Russ, the Lick, the Cosmopolitan and the Occidental were opened in the '60s.

There was a serious flood in the Sacramento valley in the winter of 1871-72. Portions of the Central Pacific near Marysville and Sacramento were washed away, seriously affecting traffic to and from the bay region.

During the '70s silver mining reached its height, as is reported more

fully in another chapter. There was a tremendous increase in immigration from the East and hordes of Chinese poured in from across the Pacific.

In 1878 five millionaires of San Francisco passed away—Mark Hopkins, Michael Reese, W. S. O'Brien, Isaac Friedlander and D. D. Colton. All these men, save Reese, were public spirited and left sums of money for public institutions. Reese's only known benefaction was \$3,000 for books for the State University.



VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO AND THE GOLDEN GATE FROM TWIN PEAK BOULEVARD

The Evening Post was established in 1871 and began its uncertain career. It was in 1873 that Henry George became prominently identified with that paper.

In 1877 the clearing house transactions amounted to \$500,000,000 and the real estate sales to \$18,000,000. The city at that time had one of the smallest city debts in the United States, only \$3,500,000.

In 1879 Denis Kearney was spouting against the Chinese on the sand lots, as more fully recorded elsewhere, and the new state constitution was adopted. In 1880 I. S. Kalloch shot and killed Charles de Young, as told in another chapter, and in the same year Christopher Buckley came to San

Francisco and in a few years became its political boss. During this period new lines of cable railroad were opened in the city. These followed the successful lead of the Clay Street road which was built in 1873 and was the forerunner of all the cable roads of the country.

San Jose tried the experiment of an underground electric railroad in the '80s, but this was not a success. This enterprising city was the first in California to be lighted by electricity. There was built in the early '80s a tall tower, with an immense electric light and reflectors atop of it, the rays of which were thrown far and wide over the city. After remaining for about forty years this tower collapsed and fell but luckily without fatality, though erected over the crossing of two busy streets, in the center of town.

Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco, which was a barren waste in 1870, was improved toward the middle of the '70s decade, and in the '80s there were still further improvements. The Lick Conservatory, one of the largest in the country, was also erected during that period.

San Francisco was rather slow in adopting electric lights or telephones. The first telephone company came into existence in 1880, with 180 subscribers, but telephones did not speedily become popular, though in later years San Francisco had in use a greater number of them than many larger cities, and while New York was in 1898, still "ringing up," San Francisco was merely putting the receiver to its ear without resorting to that time-wasting preliminary.

An atrocious crime was committed on August 13, 1883, when a merchant named Nicholas Skerritt was robbed and murdered by Wright LeRoy who bought a large quantity of chloride of lime for the purpose of destroying the body of his victim, but was frightened away from the scene of the murder by persons in the neighborhood. LeRoy was captured, tried for the crime and was hanged on January 18, 1885. Other murder trials of the period were those of J. Milton Bowers and Wheeler the strangler, whose cases, like LeRoy's, dragged along in the courts for years before punishment was meted out to the latter. Bowers was not convicted.

In 1889 the California and Oregon Railway was completed to a connection with a line from the North, thus giving San Francisco and Oakland direct rail connection with Portland.

By the liberal aid of the people of Oakland and San Francisco the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad gained entrance to the bay region in competition with the Southern Pacific Company's lines. This was done by the building of the San Joaquin Valley road by public subscription and the assumption of its control by the Santa Fe on March 26, 1895.

During the '90s the production and shipment of wheat in California began to fall off. There had been a time when the bay was full of ships coming here to transport grain to Europe and other countries, but in latter years California, because of the growth of the fruit trade, became an importer instead of a large exporter of wheat and flour.

The production of fruit increased rapidly and it became one of the great sources of Californian wealth. The output of prunes expanded from 7,500,000 pounds in 1887 to over 50,000,000 in 1893. At first the producers of fresh fruits, both citrus and deciduous, were greatly hampered by the fact that they had no really satisfactory and dependable market in the East. Harris Weinstock, a Sacramento merchant, and a man of much public spirit, who was later the State Market Director, with headquarters in San Francisco, conceived the idea of the auctioning of Californian fruit in New York. The experiment was tried and proved so successful that during a long subsequent period it was maintained and by this means tremendous quantities of our fruits have been disposed of in eastern markets at good prices.

The greatest shipment of gold that had been made up to that time was sent from the sub-treasury at San Francisco to New York in August, 1892. The total amount of the shipment was \$20,000,000. The coin was placed in 500 boxes, each containing \$40,000 and was in a special train of five cars guarded by fifty armed men.

The greatest strike in the history of San Francisco occurred on July 30, 1901, when 13,000 men left their work. As most of these were freight-handlers or connected with the shipping business, the marketing of fruit and other products was seriously interfered with. An aftermath of this strike was the ascendancy gained by Abram Ruef and Eugene Schmitz in local politics, a matter more fully dealt with elsewhere in these annals. Governor Gage intervened in the interest of order and of public good and the strikers returned to their work, after nearly two months' idleness.

After several futile attempts on the part of reformers to secure the adoption of a city charter to take the place of the old consolidation act, a charter framed by a board of freeholders was voted upon by the people who accepted it by a very small majority—only about 2,000 votes. With the charter as an effective set of municipal laws and with James D. Phelan as mayor, San Francisco emerged from its long period of bossism, and it was not until Eugene Schmitz became mayor that it again suffered under the stigma of such political rule.

What was called in the newspapers at the time "the crime of the century" was committed by Theodore Durrant in April, 1895, in Emanuel Baptist Church. Durrant outraged and killed two young women, Minnie Williams and Blanche Lamont, and hid their bodies in the church belfry.

He was found guilty of the awful crime and was hanged on January 7, 1898. It was rumored in the East that the pastor of the church confessed to having committed the murders, but there was no foundation whatever for the report.

During this period there were numerous fires in San Francisco and not a few in Oakland. The fire limits of San Francisco, which had been restricted in altogether too narrow a way, were enlarged in 1874, this action resulting quite beneficially though it was against the protests of many property owners who were unwilling to incur the additional expense thus involved.

The rainfall of the winter of 1897-98 was the smallest recorded for many years, being only 9.38 inches. The lowest record was for 1850, when only 7.40 inches fell. This caused no depression. The bank clearings for 1897 showed an increase of \$70,000,000 over the previous year.

In December of 1898 the first experiments in wireless telegraphy on the coast were conducted on the ocean beach near the Cliff House. The instruments, which were constructed and operated by R. Leo Van der Naillen, were crude, but a message was transmitted a distance of 1,500 feet.

In the same year the automobile made its first appearance. Oakland had the honor of being the city in which the first successful "horseless carriage" to run on the coast was built. It was constructed by W. L. Elliott. There had been a few previous attempts in this line, but they were futile. Elliott's machine climbed Mount Hamilton on September 13th in five and a half hours and had for a passenger, David Starr Jordan, who reported that not many horses were frightened by the motor. The "automobile," he wrote, "crosses the road and passes them before they realize its terrible horselessness. The engine is sensitive to grade and to dust and on very heavy grades she kicks stoutly with her hind legs." Five gallons of gasoline were consumed in the fifty-six mile run. The grades in some places on the mountain side were over 10 per cent.

During the latter '90s there was a great craze for cycling. In 1899 there was formed in San Jose a Chinese bicycle club.

In the same year the trade with the Philippine Islands opened with a rush. Mayor James D. Phelan sent out a message on the subject congratulating the merchants of the bay region on their golden opportunity and urging a reduction of port charges. In that year everybody was reading "David Harum," and the stories of Jack London and Frank Norris began to make their appearance. In February Daniel O'Connell, the Bohemian poet, died.

The foregoing are among some of the notable events of the few decades preceding the year 1900 and thereabout. Others that bulked large in the public mind at the time during that period are given more extended mention in other chapters.

LI

GRAFT AND GRAFTERS

FINDINGS OF THE WALLACE GRAND JURY LEAD TO THE FLIGHT OF BOSS BUCKLEY—JAMES D. PHELAN, A REFORM MAYOR—RISE OF ABRAHAM RUEF, THE POLITICAL BOSS, AND HIS PLIANT TOOL, MAYOR EUGENE SCHMITZ—RUEF'S CONVICTION ON A CHARGE OF BRIBERY AND HIS SENTENCE TO THE PENITENTIARY.

Matthew Arnold's criticism of Americans that "they make the machinery of their progress an end in itself" is valid only as it touches our materialists. That there is in this country, as in England and other European nations, an excess of materialism, there can be no question. Materialism, in its coarsest and most dangerous aspect, is found in the work of the Tweeds and Crokers and the loose civic systems that have made them possible. But when the spiritual, or, what may be more closely defined as the moral element of the community is aroused, the political opportunist and his parasites find themselves confronted by a factor sure to gain ascendancy if ably led, wisely counseled and persistent in its course of action.

Like all large American cities, San Francisco has been bled and robbed by grafters in public office. Also it has been cursed by agitators who, as in the instance of Denis Kearney, have worked upon the susceptibilities of the laboring classes in a way to bring them near to the point of revolution. But Kearney's influence, like that of many other loud-mouthed leaders of the mob, was of comparatively short duration.

"When I was in San Francisco in 1881," writes James Bryce, the British historian and economist, "people talked of Kearney as a spent rocket. Some did not know whether he was still in the city." And Bryce did not find that the new constitution, for which Kearney labored so hard, side by side with the San Francisco Chronicle, to whom the victory of its adoption really belonged, was in any large sense a distinct gain for the workingmen. "It is," writes the English commentator, "anything but agrarian or communistic, for it entrenches vested rights, especially in land, more thoroughly than before. * * * It is anything but a workman's constitution; it levies a poll tax without exemption and disfranchises a considerable portion of the floating vote." In all these statements

he was right, and it would have been better if the constitution had not supported the land policy which made it possible for a few men to control such enormous areas in California, and had given a better opportunity for the landless to become landed on a fair basis of agrarian division. To be sure, the constitution is opposed to the conditions which have since prevailed, but it did not afford a working basis upon which they might be altered for the benefit of the poorer classes.

Henry George, who lived and worked in San Francisco during the better years of his life and who attempted, in his remarkable book, "Progress and Poverty," to present a remedy for grasping landlordism, made many converts to his peculiar theory of single tax, but the great majority of people in California always have viewed his agrarian scheme as altogether too drastic, and whenever it has been placed on the ballot for adoption they have voted it down.

It is doubtful whether there would have been any great movement from the cities to the land had the George idea prevailed, for even where cheap lands have been available there has been no diminution of the cityward trend of the agricultural population. This has been particularly true in Canada where free lands were offered to soldiers who had served in the World war. A large proportion of those who went out upon the land remained only a short time and then sought the less lonely life of the city. Nor have the workingmen of San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles, shown any great desire to become farmers. They have swarmed into these cities and remained there, or if they have tried to gain a livelihood in the country, their stay, as a rule, there has been of comparatively short duration.

It is strange, yet true, that the civic conscience of labor is more easily touched than that of what are known as "the better classes." But labor is more readily moved by political demagogues and other self-seekers, and it is more likely at all times to be led astray by them. The prosperous, well-fed citizen is likely to become and remain indifferent to the work of the political grafter, unless he is directly touched by it. When he reads stories of graft exposures in the newspapers he is ready to denounce the evils thus plainly presented, but he is slow to take the obvious course in respect to them. After it was clearly shown that the doings of the sand-lotters, which came near involving the city in bloody riots, were a menace to the people there was a strong reaction in favor of the people of property, but it was the proletariat who, a dozen years later, were loudest in their denunciation of a condition of affairs into which San Francisco had drifted as a result of the steadily growing domination of Boss Buckley and the army of grafters of whom he was the leader. The rotten state of affairs in the City Hall was fully exposed by the Wallace

grand jury, impaneled in August, 1891, which investigated the doings of many city officers and proved the existence of a system of wholesale bribery and corruption on the part of corporations, legislators and supervisors.

The investigations of the Wallace grand jurors, blazed forth in many pages of newspaper print, shook San Francisco as it had not been shaken since the days of the Vigilantes. Christopher Buckley, against whom much of the ire of the citizens was justly aimed, left San Francisco very suddenly and never returned. There was a flurry of righteousness in the City Hall and a show of reform followed for a while, but the grafters still had a neck hold upon the city and they managed to retain it. There was no question but that Mayor L. R. Ellert, who was elected on a non-partisan ticket, in 1891, was an honest official, but graft still prevailed and was not to be shaken off.

Not until James D. Phelan was chosen mayor some years later, was there any noticeable improvement in the condition of affairs. It was generally easy enough to secure a mayor of integrity for San Francisco, and Phelan shone conspicuously as such; but the difficulty lay in the fact that the power of that officer was too limited. Phelan urged the adoption of a new city charter which should give the mayor greater powers. He appointed a committee of 100 to draft the charter and worked so strenuously and unremittingly in behalf of the measure, that it was adopted. The charter provided for civil-service reform and declared for municipal ownership of public utilities and other features of a modern city government. Phelan arrayed himself strongly against bossism and was credited with saving the tax payers over \$300,000 a year by closely watching the various "jobs" that were up before the supervisors from time to time and all of which he promptly and successfully vetoed. He lent a willing ear to the proletariat, although himself a very wealthy man, and raised the standard of wages of many workingmen in the employ of the municipality. Beside what he saved the city in frustrating the designs of would-be grafters, he gave to it large gifts of statuary and other objects of art as well as many of practical utility.

Toward the end of Mayor Phelan's incumbency in office serious labor troubles affected the peace of San Francisco. Workingmen were striking for greater compensation and also for recognition of their unions. One of the biggest strikes was that of the teamsters and draymen of the city. This finally was settled, though not to the satisfaction of the strikers, and labor remained in a sullen and threatening mood, with the likelihood of further trouble at any moment.

Out of this condition of affairs rose Abraham Ruef, a Jewish lawyer, who had become something of a political power with the laboring class.

Ruef managed, by adroit maneuvering, to gain the workingmen over to the idea that they should have their own man in the mayor's chair, and he convinced them that his friend, and tool, Eugene Schmitz, a member of the Musician's Union, was the right man to nominate. This was done and Schmitz was elected in 1901.

For a year or two Schmitz did not show his hand as the grafter he afterward appeared to be, but it was not long before it was revealed that he and his friend Ruef had grown rich by grafting on vice. The stories of their forced tribute from French restaurants and other places where notorious women congregated had their effect upon the popularity of Schmitz with the Labor party, but though he lost considerable strength, he was re-elected in 1905. The *Evening Bulletin*, edited by Fremont Older, charged that Schmitz had received a large vote from the capitalistic class because of his having shown it favors and promising others in future, though always for a consideration. Ruef's supervisors, working in close combination with Schmitz, were laboring men and not credited with high morals when it came to a question of whether or not they would accept their share of graft after Ruef and Schmitz had subtracted their own from the proceeds of a neat bit of jobbery.

But the proletariat, as well as many other voters, were beginning to lose faith in Schmitz, and as a sop to public opinion, Ruef committed the blunder of putting into the district attorney's chair, William A. Langdon, who had made a fine record as superintendent of schools and was known as a highly honest official. Both Ruef and Schmitz tried to dominate the new district attorney, but he was not to be dominated.

There were a number of gambling institutions in San Francisco from which the Ruef-Schmitz combine was exacting heavy tribute. Among these were the race tracks and the slot-machines upon both of which Langdon brought down the heavy hand of the law. Although hampered in every way possible by the mayor, the supervisors and Abe Ruef, the district attorney went on with his reforms.

Then Ruef made another mistake. He went to Rudolph Spreckels, a wealthy young man of the city and one of the highest integrity, with an atrocious scheme for enriching him and Ruef—at the expense of the city. Spreckels spurned the golden opportunity, but it had opened his eyes to the pressing need of reform in his native city, and this awakening of a conscientious young man of great public spirit was the best thing that possibly could have happened at the time, as was proved by future events.

The story of the rise of Rudolph Spreckels, who is entered in "Who's Who in America" as a civic reformer and banker, is an interesting one. His father, Claus Spreckels, made an immense fortune in sugar and owned one of the biggest refineries in the country, both in San Francisco and,

later, in Philadelphia. He lived in one of the finest and most costly residences in the Bay City. When Rudolph was seventeen years of age he quarreled with his father, who was a man of domineering disposition and whose iron rule in family matters was not to be brooked by one of such an independent spirit as that of Rudolph. The cause of the quarrel was that his father had had trouble with Rudolph's brother Augustus, whom he threatened to cast out. Rudolph thought that "Gus," as he was called, was in the right in his contention with his father, and plainly told him so.

"I am going to stand with Gus, father," declared Rudolph, "even though this causes a break between us."

"Why?" demanded his irate parent.

"Because I believe he is right. I am always going to stand for the right, father, all my life."

The angry Claus instantly ordered Rudolph out of the house, and he went. From that time on, with very little help from anyone, Rudolph made his own way and accumulated a fortune by his own efforts. After the old gentleman had cooled off a little he tried to make peace with his son. Rudolph told him that he now had money of his own and wanted to be independent of his family, but that if his father would sell him a certain sugar plantation in Hawaii he would buy it from him at a price which he named. Old Claus smiled at this proposal. The plantation had been a losing enterprise for years, and he did not see how anybody could make it pay, but it was a good way to try the mettle of the young man and to bring him back into the family fold. Together with his brother Augustus, Rudolph took charge of the plantation on the terms proposed and within a year he put it on a paying basis, and in 1898 he sold it at a large profit. He also made money in a gas company in San Francisco.

All this evidence of his son's business efficiency greatly pleased Claus, who relented, forgave him and left him a large portion of his estate on his death, which occurred after the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

Rudolph Spreckels, at the time of the Ruef-Schmitz regime, had had but little experience in political affairs, but after he had become aware of the iniquities of Ruef as revealed to him at short range, he was ready to enter a fight against him and the whole City Hall cabal. The opportunity came when Fremont Older of the Bulletin went to him shortly before the fire and told him he was trying to raise a fund of \$100,000 to prosecute the grafters. Spreckels became very enthusiastic over the idea and said he would put his money into the fight and back it to the limit.

Then came the great fire, and the graft prosecution was delayed, but it was organized, capitalized and well on its way within a month after the conflagration. The men conspicuous in this fight, beside Spreckels and Older, were Francis J. Heney, a well known prosecutor, and William J.

Burns, who had worked with Heney as detective for the government in land fraud cases. Associated with them were James D. Phelan, Charles W. Cobb and Joseph J. Dwyer. Heney had at his disposal a strong detective force and was aided by a number of well-known attorneys.

The first thing done by the graft prosecution was to prevail upon Judge Graham of the Superior Court to dismiss the existing grand jury, which was suspected of being in sympathy with Ruef. When this was done, Ruef took fright and had Langdon removed from his office of district attorney by his pliant tool in the mayor's chair. He then strengthened his position and caused a great display in the camp of the prosecutors by having himself appointed district attorney. The brazen effrontery of this proceeding staggered the reformers, but they appealed to Judge Graham not to recognize Ruef as the city's prosecutor, but to continue to recognize the authority of Langdon. This was done and a new grand jury was drawn, greatly to the delight of the reformers who were gaining adherents day by day. The new body was known as the Oliver grand jury. It was composed of honest men and they were not long in returning indictments against Ruef and Schmitz in what were known as the "vice cases." An attempt was made to indict Ruef for having accepted bribes in connection with the granting of permits for prize fights, but the facts were not proved at that time.

The indictment of the mayor and his boss caused great excitement among the people of San Francisco, but they were to be given a still greater shock. What Schmitz and Ruef received from wealthy French restaurant keepers and others of the tenderloin district was of small moment compared with what had been turned over to them and to the board of supervisors as direct bribes from certain corporations for favors granted before and after the fire.

For years the United Railroads had endeavored to establish and maintain an overhead trolley system in Market and other streets, but public sentiment had been against the plan both on esthetic and utilitarian grounds, as the trolley poles and wires were deemed unsightly and in case of fire would constitute obstructions to the operations of the firemen. But after the earthquake and fire, when the electric conduits in Market Street were out of commission and the streets were all full of debris, it was considered by many a wise act on the part of Mayor Schmitz and the supervisors to grant permission to the United Railroads to erect the trolley poles and wires, in order that street railway traffic might be resumed as quickly as possible and the work of rehabilitation be expedited. But it seems that Schmitz and his partner Ruef were not actuated by these considerations, but by a big bribe for which they held out very insistently.

Not long before Francis J. Heney, the able prosecutor, had begun his

investigations against the grafters, the carmen of the United Railroads had made a demand for more pay. Patrick Calhoun, president of the company, had prevailed upon them to submit their grievances to arbitration. It is probable that Calhoun had suspected that Heney, in making his investigations, might discover the fact that the United Railroads had paid a large sum of money to Schmitz, Ruef and the supervisors for the overhead trolley privilege, for he offered to make Heney one of the arbitrators. Heney had the offer under consideration and might have accepted it, but Detective Burns advised him not to do so, as he had just learned through an employe of the United States Mint that Calhoun had transmitted \$200,000 through that institution to Tirey L. Ford, an attorney of San Francisco, and Burns believed that the money was to be used to secure the overhead trolley permit.

The carmen were not satisfied with the terms which the United Railroads were willing to make and they went out on strike, tying up the street cars, thus halting the work of the rebuilding of the city and enraging the business men. An attempt was made by Calhoun to break the strike by employing a large number of imported carmen. This pleased the people of San Francisco, as they were extremely anxious that the cars should be moving again, and they did not enjoy the spectacle of the daily rioting in the streets, when men were beaten, crippled and killed by union carmen. There was general admiration for Calhoun. He was acclaimed as a man who was not afraid of organized labor, who was doing his best to break the strike and thus to assist in a return to normal conditions in a city full of turmoil and confusion whose people were striving nobly to build new business blocks and new homes, after the greatest conflagration known to history.

By increasing the force of strike-breakers and maintaining a solid front, Calhoun, with the approval of the people, continued to fight the union men and eventually he crushed the strike. He was hailed as the hero of the day, the savior of San Francisco.

Meantime Burns had been working to uncover the facts with respect to the \$200,000 entrusted by Calhoun to Tirey L. Ford, the attorney. It was not long before he definitely ascertained that the money had been paid to city officials as a bribe to secure the overhead trolley privilege. On the promise that they would not be prosecuted if they would confess to the bribery all of the eighteen supervisors admitted that they had been paid to vote for the permit and each agreed to testify in court to this fact and other briberies.

Ruef, who had handled the money paid to the supervisors, was taken into custody. He confessed to the crime on a promise of immunity from prosecution made by Detective Burns, which promise, it seems, was not

authorized by Heney or the other members of the anti-graft committee, all of whom were quick to repudiate the agreement.

Ruef went before the grand jury and gave the evidence which resulted in the indictment of himself, Schmitz, Patrick Calhoun, Frank Drum, John Martin and others on the bribery charges.

Public opinion, however, ran very strongly in favor of Calhoun, who, though indicted for the bribery, had crushed the strike and set all the street cars rolling. He was pointed out as the man who had saved San Francisco. Fremont Older, who had been largely instrumental in securing the indictments of Calhoun and the others, became an exceedingly unpopular man and his paper shared his unpopularity.

Mayor Schmitz was tried and found guilty on Ruef's testimony. He was convicted on June 13, 1907, but was afterward released on a technicality. Under the court decision which freed Schmitz, his friend Ruef also escaped a prison penalty for the time, but not for long, as he was again indicted and again sent up for trial, this time on August 26, 1908. All these trials which were financed by Rudolph Spreckels, were conducted in Carpenter's Hall in Fulton Street, near the edge of the burnt district, before Judge Lawlor of the Superior Court.

T. H. Gallagher, president of the Board of Supervisors, was the chief witness against Ruef. Before Ruef's second trial an attempt was made to assassinate Gallagher, whose home in Oakland was wrecked by dynamite on April 26, 1908. The man who made and fired the bomb testified that he was hired to do so by one of Ruef's henchmen.

An attempt was also made to put Fremont Older out of the way. He was lured by a false telephone message into a quiet street, where he was forced by gunmen into an automobile and taken to a way station where he was confined in the drawing room of a train bound for the South. The authorities in Santa Barbara were notified of the kidnaping and they secured the release of Older. Just what the result of this kidnaping of Older might have been had it not been frustrated by officers of the law it is difficult to say, but he returned safely to San Francisco and resumed his thunderings against the grafters.

So adroitly was the defense of Ruef conducted by his attorneys that a third trial was necessary to secure his sentence to the penitentiary. During the progress of this trial Francis J. Heney was shot in the crowded courtroom on the 13th of November by a man named Haas who, in the general opinion, was a hired assassin. Haas fired a pistol bullet into Heney's head just in front of his right ear. After being taken to jail Haas was in danger for a time from a mob that gathered in Fulton Street soon after the shooting. On being searched no weapon was discovered upon the prisoner, but before morning of the next day he was found dead in his cell as the result

of a wound inflicted by a derringer. Whether he was murdered or whether the weapon had been passed to him by some one outside the bars was not known and remains a mystery. It is to be suspected, if not assumed, that the person or persons who incited him to the attack upon Heney made it possible for Haas to commit suicide, or ordered him to do so.

The wound received by Heney was very painful, but not dangerous, and the only permanent disability resulting from it was deafness in one of his ears.

This murderous attack upon the prosecutor of Ruef did not, of course, aid the defense of the grafter, and for a time public opinion ran very strongly against him, though he retained much of the friendship of the gangsters and the other beneficiaries of his corrupt system. Ruef confidently counted upon being released from custody, but the prosecution as conducted by Matthew I. Sullivan and Hiram Johnson, was of such a strenuous nature that he was convicted and sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary.

Then began the trial of Patrick Calhoun which was dragged along for many months. Calhoun found himself in the most peculiar position in which a man of his stripe ever has appeared. To many, in fact to the great majority of citizens, he was a sort of idol. He possessed a fascinating, almost hypnotic personality, cut a wide swath in society, and the many friends he had made would listen to no words of condemnation of him. In their talk among themselves they never denied that he had paid at least \$200,000 for the overhead trolley privilege, but they held that it was a case where the great end to be gained—the restoration of street car facilities among the ruins of San Francisco—justified the means he had employed, and which many declared, were forced upon him.

After his indictment by the grand jury Calhoun denied in court that he ever had given a penny to a city official for the trolley privilege or for any other illegal purpose. Calhoun was a good fighter and it was soon discovered that it was going to be exceedingly difficult to fix the charges upon him. As one annalist writes: "Witnesses disappeared, the jurymen were bribed and copies of the reports of the Government detectives were stolen. It was impossible to convict him legally."

After all, it is true, as Young points out in his story of San Francisco, that the conditions that made it possible to secure municipal favors by bribery were the fault of the citizens themselves. For over two decades in which Buckleyism and Kellyism had prevailed and the railroads had gotten what they wanted through their agents, Gage, Stow and others, a condition had been created and tolerated which made the managers of corporations deem it expedient to submit to all sorts of depredations, those perpetrated by cunning men who took advantage of laws which had been designed to

protect the people from the aggressions of monopoly as well as offenses committed by public officials. It was a condition against which the *Chronicle*, the *Bulletin* and other papers had frequently protested, but the civic conscience had become callous, and when such a discovery was reported as that the foundations of the City Hall were being faultily constructed by a dishonest contractor who purchased immunity by bribing inspectors and supervisors, the blazing headlines were read with a stolid blink and the transgression went unpunished.

Ruef testified before the grand jury on May 16, 1907, that he had handed over to Schmitz \$55,000 as his share of the money paid by the agent of the United Railroads for the trolley privilege, and he declared that the mayor well understood the irregularity of the transaction, yet he took the bribe without question. Ruef followed this statement by the still more astonishing one that the street railway company could have had its trolley franchise without paying him or any of the city officials for it. "The money," he asserted, "came to us unsolicited. How can you prevent a corporation giving away money if it wishes to do so?" How, indeed? And it is quite true, as Ruef further pointed out, that in this instance the givers of the bribe were more culpable than the men that received it. But it was a bribe—there is no question as to that—and it was such a case of bribery as called for immediate punishment of both giver and receiver.

The charge was made in public print that the prosecution of the grafters was based solely on a desire on the part of Rudolph Spreckels who cheerfully financed it, to play even with the United Railroads which had successfully fought him and prevented the putting over of a street railway scheme of his own. Much capital was made of this and it was held in high quarters here and there that the prosecution of Calhoun amounted to persecution. In fact there was much sympathy built up for the man that had "saved San Francisco," and there were clubs and drawing-rooms in which it was not safe to breathe a word against him. "The bringing of Calhoun to trial," writes Gertrude Atherton, "was the signal for a disruption of society rivaling that caused by the Civil war. So many of the men whose families composed society were in danger of a similar indictment that they naturally herded together; and Mr. Calhoun being a social ornament, the wives were as vehement in his support as their husbands. Mrs. Spreckels, who enjoyed a brilliant position at Burlingame, suddenly found herself an outsider. So did Mrs. Heney, who was a member of one of the old southern families. Mr. Phelan also was ostracized, and a few other people of wealth and fashion were for a time in a similar plight. One wife of a suspected millionaire and personal friend of Calhoun went so far as to demand the politics of her guests as they crossed her threshold. And among all there was bitterness unspeakable." This condition of affairs

continued for months and distracted attention from the results of the great cataclysm which had all but destroyed San Francisco.

To one wholly free from prejudice in the matter, and inclined to take the most liberal view of it, in all its aspects, there would yet remain the feeling that the time had come for a thorough fumigation of municipal affairs, such a fumigation as even the great fire had failed to accomplish, although it had wholly destroyed the graft-built City Hall and sent its disreputable officials into other quarters.

Even while the fight was on against Ruef and Schmitz and the latter had been deposed, an attempt was made in this connection. Spreckels at that particular moment was in the ascendent and he and Older had no difficulty in securing the appointment for mayor of a man whom they had selected. This man was Edward Robeson Taylor, who, as a literary man, a physician and an attorney had been well known to the San Franciscans of former days, but who, because of his retirement from active life after reaching a good old age, had been lost sight of by men of affairs.

Carlyle, delving into what he called "the Lethean quagmire" for material upon which to build his biography of Cromwell, found that "this Oliver was not a man of falsehood, but a man of truth." This is a great thing to say of a man, and you can say it of few politicians. It was true of Doctor Taylor, as Spreckels and Older and his other supporters for the mayoralty well knew, but he never was a politician, and it was good for San Francisco, for he sat in the mayor's chair during the most troublous period of its civic existence. To have a man of trust, who stood only for the truth, who never was self-seeking and always was striving to do the right thing at the right time in its highest municipal office during the period of the graft prosecution when San Francisco was struggling grandly to rise from its ashes, was, indeed, a fortunate, nay a blessed thing for the stricken city.

In another chapter we shall see more of this grand old man, but for the present it will be well to go back to Abraham Ruef and his fellow grafters. One of the reasons why the prosecutors of these unholy men had been so severely criticized was that they pursued their "victims" so relentlessly, also that they had adopted unfair means to influence the jury against Ruef. But it must be remembered that the grafters, on their own side, had been charged with attempts to fix the jury. Detective Burns had reported to the prosecution that four of the twelve jurors had been bribed by the defense, and he said he knew their names, which he gave to Spreckels and Older. Hiram Johnson, who had succeeded Heney on his retirement from the prosecution after the murderous assault upon him in the courtroom, had brought to bear upon the jury all the fervor of his strenuous spirit. In his concluding argument he called each of the suspected jurymen by

name, pointed to him and said in theatrical tones, "You, you dare not acquit this man!" The jury retired after being charged by the judge and was out twenty minutes. When they returned to the courtroom some of them were white and trembling and with tears on their cheeks. Through their foreman they announced their verdict of "Guilty." In sentencing Ruef to San Quentin for fourteen years Judge Lawlor meted out to him the utmost penalty allowed by the law.

Ruef and his friends were very bitter in their denunciation of the prosecutors, asserting that the prisoner had been promised immunity because of the information he had given concerning Schmitz, Calhoun and the others.

Fremont Older had not known of the immunity promise as given by Detective Burns to Ruef, but on hearing of it and of other peculiar affairs in relation to the prosecution of the grafter, he became of a sudden very remorseful and ready to make amends to Ruef as far as possible by trying to secure his parole at the end of his first year of imprisonment. Of this phase of the affair Older says: "Owing to Governor Johnson's attitude toward Ruef, I could make no headway. I criticized the Board of Prison Directors for nullifying the statute that provided for the parole of any first offender who received less than a life sentence at the end of one year. The board had made this law inoperative by passing a rule that each prisoner must serve half of his net sentence before his petition for parole could be given a hearing. Prior to my efforts in Ruef's case this rule had been broken frequently, but as soon as I tried to make it apply to Ruef, the board endeavored to live up to the letter of their rule, and only in rare instances violated it. The power against me was too great to overcome. The governor insisted that Ruef should serve half of his 'net sentence,' four years and five months. Not a day was subtracted."

Another factor in the affair which caused Older's change of front after the imprisonment of Ruef was the fact, as he has related, that after years of fighting to uncover and punish the grafters the net result was the sending to prison of "one lone, miserable human being," while all the others had escaped the law. Ruef had begun his career in an honorable way. He had come from college a young man, to find San Francisco what it was, and he had made his place in it, doubtless justifying himself at every step. "When I thought of Ruef in this way," said Older, "I felt a change in my attitude toward him. I thought of the years I had spent doggedly pursuing him, with the one idea of putting him behind the bars, and it seemed to me that I had been foolish and wrong. It came to me that I should not have directed my rage against one man, human like myself, but that I should have directed it against the forces that made him what he was."

Older went to San Quentin and asked to see Ruef. This is what he

said of the meeting with the man whom he had so relentlessly pursued: "I went over to him and held out my hand. I told him that I had come to see many things differently, that I was sorry for much that I had done, and asked him to forgive me. We talked for some time." Ruef told Older that the reason why the immunity agreement between him and the prosecution had been broken was he had refused to testify that Tirey L. Ford, attorney for the United Railroads, ever had said anything in regard to bribing the supervisors, and it was because of this refusal that he had been sent to prison.

Older's change of attitude in regard to Ruef and his ardent pleas for clemency for him displeased all of his former associates in the graft prosecution. For him to ask for mercy for Ruef caused them all to say that he had in a measure renounced the fight that was so dear to them all. Older's frequent visits to San Quentin to see Ruef resulted in his becoming interested in the welfare of other prisoners. He befriended many of these in various ways. He had bought a ranch in Santa Clara County in the foothills near Saratoga and had taken up his residence there. It was a fruit ranch of 200 acres and there was a great deal of work to be done on it. To this place he brought convict after convict, out on parole or whose terms of imprisonment had just expired, and there he helped them to regain a foothold. Some of these did not prove worthy of his confidence. He proceeded on the theory that there was good in all men and that even the worst criminals might be reformed if given a chance. In the course of time he came to revise his opinion, and in his later years he said: "In my experience with criminals I have come to the conclusion that their minds in some ways work differently than the minds of what we call normal men. So that while my original opinion about them has changed, it has changed only to increase my abhorrence of our system of punishment of crime. We need the aid of science here. Punishment—revenge—is not the solution of the problem."

It will readily be understood that as an editor and as a reformer, Fremont Older, holding his peculiar views of penology, of socialism and of labor, was in a position to make many friends as well as many enemies. But from whatever point he may be viewed it would be idle to deny the fact that he has been and still is an outstanding figure in San Francisco journalism and San Francisco life. He was the managing editor of the *Bulletin* for twenty-four years up to August, 1918, and as his immediate successor I am able to say of him that he left in the office of the *Bulletin* more firm friends and admirers than a man generally leaves on retiring from such a position. At the same time I am free to say that there is a class of people in the newspaper life of the Bay City and among its residents generally to whom his name is anathema, and all because of

his exceedingly unconventional attitude toward society whose shams he professes to have seen and uncovered, and also because of a lack of the quality called "tact," which he himself confesses is not included in his mental make-up nor in his dealings with men. This is deplorable, as with tactfulness he would have been a far stronger man; for it is true, as Emerson wrote of tact:

What boots it, thy virtue,
What profit thy parts,
If one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts?

Older is now the editor of the San Francisco Call. He is at this writing sixty-six years of age, hale, hard-working, efficient—a recognized force in San Francisco journalism, which has produced few men of wider reputation or who have impressed themselves more deeply upon their age. It was to him that Hiram Johnson owed his political success, and it was to him that many other men are indebted for high public favor. For he has been and is a leading wielder of the power of "the fourth estate" in California. And those who do not approve many of his acts, and, indeed, are free to condemn them, must, in all fairness, recognize this obvious fact.

As for Older's change of attitude toward Ruef, after he discovered that the culprit had been dealt with unfairly, as he charged, in the matter of the promised immunity, it may be said that this sentiment was not shared by a majority of the citizens of San Francisco, who saw in Ruef a dangerous political boss who had been brought to the bar of justice and had been made to pay a severe penalty for his wrong-doings. It is true, as pointed out by Historian Young, that of all the bosses produced by the American system of electing men to municipal offices, Ruef stands out as the boldest. Boss Tweed and Boss Croker of New York made the public pay a much higher tribute, but that was only because they had a richer field in which to operate. It is not known just how much money Ruef made out of his shady political practices, but at the time of the beginning of the prosecution against him he was generally reputed to be a man of millions. Much of this money he managed to sequester, probably in some such manner as that adopted by his partner Schmitz, who had a peculiarly constructed vault in a secret place under the floor of his house. Of course much of Ruef's fortune went to his attorneys, who exacted large fees; but though he made rich pickings for them, it is understood that he managed to retain a sum which most men would regard as an independent fortune. This story, however, may have been merely a bit of local gossip. There is nothing to prove that Ruef after serving his sentence retained any great amount of his ill-gotten gains. His was the old

story of the corruptionist and of the transgressor generally. If it is true that "the thief steals from himself," it is doubly true that the fruit of fraud is never long enjoyed by the political boss, the municipal grafter, the gambler, the boot-legger, the smuggler or any other trickster. And this is shown through all history, which, as the cynical Gibbon held, and the equally misanthropic Voltaire attested, "is little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind."

A tragic incident connected with the graft prosecution was that relating to William J. Biggy, chief of police. Steps had been taken to remove Biggy from office because of asserted misdoings. He was deposed about the time that Haas, the assailant of Heney, slew himself in the city prison. On the night of November 30, 1908, Biggy, who had not yet accepted his dismissal, went across the bay in the police launch and visited Police Commissioner Hugo Keil. To Keil he expressed his intention of resigning his office, but the commissioner advised him against taking such a course. Biggy appeared to be much heartened by the talk with his friend and was in a cheerful mood when he left him to return to San Francisco. But when the launch reached the dock it was discovered that he had disappeared. In his testimony in regard to the affair William J. Murphy, engineer of the launch, said that he last saw Biggy seated by the low freeboard of the craft.

The tragedy still remains a mystery, though there are those who have stood ready to regard with grave suspicion the connection of Murphy with the affair, but the only ground for this is the fact that three years later Murphy went wildly insane and in his ravings cried: "I don't know who did it, but I swear to God I didn't."

LII

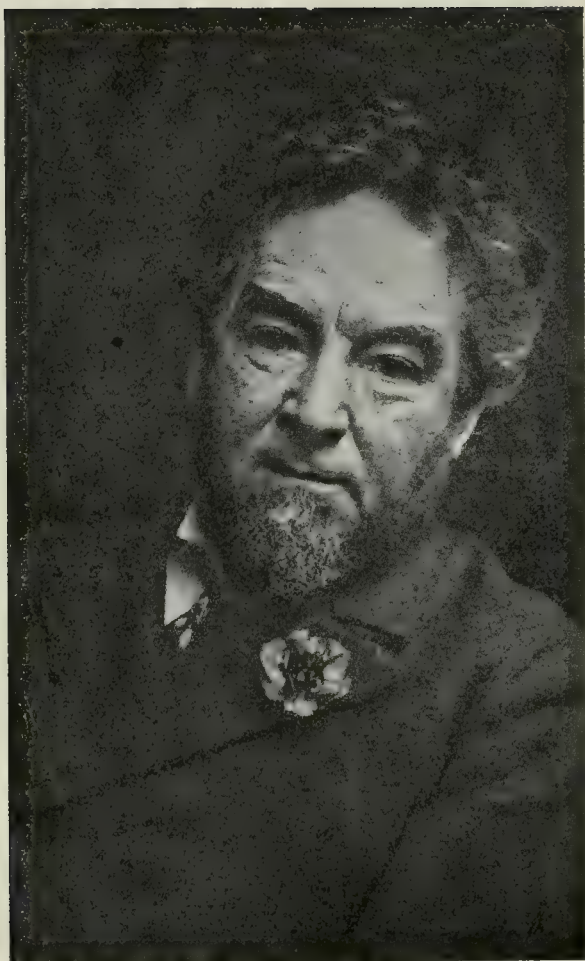
A SINGULAR POLITICAL ANOMALY

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR, POET-MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO—SOME OF HIS LYRICAL WORK AND HOW IT IS ESTIMATED BY CRITICS—HE ASSUMES THE MAYOR'S CHAIR AT THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF THE FIRE, THE GRAFT PROSECUTION AND THE REHABILITATION OF THE CITY—NOT AN INGLORIOUS FAILURE, AS VIEWED BY HOSTILE FORCES.

Writers rail against social and political conditions; they point out defects in systems of government; they decry the abuse of power, the insolence of office and the manifold evils of plutocracy. Of all these critics the poets have been the most severe, the most clamorous and irreconcilable. Their lives are long-drawn protests against established rule, against form and convention. Shelley thundered against monarchs, Wordsworth against civilized habits of life, Goldsmith and Rossetti against the rule of the rich, and Tennyson inveighed against many of the things held sacred by the mob. In our own land Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant and Markham have done the same.

But while these gifted bards have raised their voices against social misdeeds and political misrule the quiet citizen, admiring their motives and applauding their high-sounding lines, has sometimes wondered what a poet would do if he were elevated—or degraded—to the position of dictator, or if he were given any sort of opportunity in the way of mastery of affairs. Would he, with poor, weak, perverse and essentially human, material to direct and to send forth to do his bidding, prove a better monarch, a better governor or a better mayor than a man with less vision and less inspiration? Would it be possible for his spiritual insight and impeccable ideality to impress themselves upon his age in a way to work great reforms?

Rarely has a man of such elevation of mind and such scholarly attainments had such an opportunity. Montaigne had it, and proved himself a successful political leader. Edward Robeson Taylor had it as mayor of San Francisco and he, in the opinion of some of our annalists, was a failure. Whether or not we share this view—and doubtless some of my Californian readers do share it—has not such a character in such a



EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

place not only something of picturesque interest against the drab and sordid background of political life, but is he not worthy of a little study?

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above,
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

So sang the greatest of the Victorian poets and much of this sentiment applies to Taylor. He stood so far above the clang and dust of his time, he had so little sympathy with mean aims, so little admiration for men of purely worldly success and such spiritual kinship with artists and scholars, that it is no wonder he has not been understood by the multitude.

This chapter is not written as an apology for Taylor, for he needs none. It is written from the viewpoint of one who knew him and his work for many years and who wishes by this means to make him a little better known and understood by Californians. On another page of this history I have said that it was a fortunate thing for San Francisco to have had such a man for mayor while the stricken city was struggling to rise from its ashes, and so it was, though it might well have been predicted at the outset that, despite all his splendid intentions there would be those who would try in every way possible to keep them from being carried out, though here and there they might be frustrated in their efforts, as indeed, they were.

Doctor Taylor, who died in July, 1923, at the age of 84, lived in his latter years a life of study and meditation among his books in his California Street home in San Francisco, where for a time I was his next-door neighbor, though I had come to know him intimately years before, while he was writing his verse and acting as dean of the Hastings College of the Law, of the University of California.

In our walks and talks in the country in the old days Doctor Taylor always was full of poetry. It bubbled out of him at every turn of the road. A live oak, a limpid pool, a brambled covert or a tufted quail fleeing into a copse was enough to bring forth a fine poetic thought, clothed in purely poetic language. Once when we visited a "tree island" on the broad green Berkeley hillside, he composed a sonnet on the spot and sent me a copy of it next day. It was called "The Isle of Trees," and it was a very good sonnet, too.

There have been greater poets than Taylor, but there has been none who knew more about poetry. His study of it was not that of the dilettante, but of the seasoned scholar—the man who knows books and the men and women that make them. He wrote in all over five hundred

sonnets and had a passion for them that was excelled by that of no other verse writer. There was no one who could write a more illuminating essay on poetry or talk with more intelligence upon the subject than Taylor. He used to receive many requests to lecture upon this and other literary subjects, but he always declined, not caring to air his knowledge to a mixed audience, nor to talk down to his hearers, as he would have had to do in most cases. But once he did give an address on poetry, as I find by a letter received from him in November, 1904.

"I was tempted," he wrote, "and I fell! I made a talk on the sonnet the other day to a woman's club and gave readings in illustration of the subject." The way it came about was that the president of the club urged him to the effort, and Mrs. Taylor, who was a member of the society, joined in her request. "Then, of course," as he wrote, "I was surely netted beyond power of escape. But I did not regret the experience. The women treated me royally."

His self-effacing modesty, his diffidence in referring to his own work, seemed like that of Edward Fitzgerald. Also he never vaunted his high literary friendships. For example, few men know to what extent he helped Henry George, who was his close friend at the time he was writing "Progress and Poverty," one of the most famous books that ever came out of San Francisco—a work of which there have been published, first and last, over a million copies and which has been translated into several languages. It was Taylor who pointed out to George that to make a short magazine article of the material in hand, as his friend proposed to do, would be altogether insufficient and ineffective. He urged George to make a book of it, which he did. During all the difficulties of preparation and publication (the manuscript was at first declined by the leading publishers), Taylor was George's chief friend and adviser. He revised all the manuscript and subsequently the proofs, George's syntax being sometimes at fault.

Taylor could not be made to talk about the part he played to win success for "Progress and Poverty," but George has spoken eloquently upon it. There is a grateful inscription in a copy of the original edition of "Progress and Poverty" which the author presented to his friend, "in token of feelings which it would but poorly symbolize were it covered with gold and encrusted with diamonds."

Doctor Taylor, though conservative on many points and particularly as to that of the relations of capital and labor, wherein he had no strong prejudices, seeing alike the merits and the errors of each, was a man of such catholic views that even in his mature age his enthusiasm had not faded. On reading the life of Henry George, written by his son, Henry George, Jr., he was capable of the following emotional flight:

Again I hear his dauntless voice,
Again my heart with his is one,
Again I hear great souls rejoice
At deathless work supremely done,
And see once more the millions stirred
By his incomparable word!

But to the average reader of these annals it will be of more interest to know of the political work of Taylor than of his verses or literary alliances. In 1918, over a decade after his selection as mayor of San Francisco, he reviewed for me his relations with the government of the city which I will preface with a very brief outline of his other public work. He came to California in 1862 and was admitted to the California bar in 1872 and that of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1879. He was secretary to the governor of the State in 1867-71. In 1886-87 he was a member of the Board of Freeholders, and as a member of the fifth board in 1898 he assisted in framing the existing charter of San Francisco. For thirty years he was vice president and president of Cooper Medical College and until its incorporation by Stanford University. He was for a time president of the San Francisco Law Library and from 1886 to 1921 he was a trustee of the San Francisco Public Library. He was also president of the Bar Association of San Francisco from 1890 to 1892, and is an honorary member of several leading institutions. He was appointed mayor of San Francisco in July, 1907, on the resignation of Eugene Schmitz, and his services proved so satisfactory that he was elected mayor in November of the same year for a term which expired January 8, 1910. Although, being a democrat, he had strong party affiliations, he never showed any political favoritism while in office.

"Never in my life," he said while reviewing his political work on the occasion referred to, "have I been anybody's man, and while I was in that office I would not be anybody's mayor. Every influence that could be brought to bear upon me was exerted to make me do this or that, but unless it came to me convincingly that it was the right thing to do I simply would not do it.

"I knew that the people of San Francisco were with me at the outset—that is, all the people whose opinions I cared for—and that they saw and felt that a new epoch in our municipal history had begun. The transformation from a corrupt state of affairs in the Board of Supervisors to a condition of high morality came all in a day. It was a wonderful scene—that going-out of the old rascally set of men and the coming-in of men who had but one thought in their minds and that was to serve the city with honesty and efficiency.

"To be sure, it was hard to get the new board together. I had to go down on my knees to some of the men whom I urged to become supervisors. They were all busy men. Many of them were straining to reconstruct their affairs or their buildings. To get seventeen men representative of the highest types of citizenship together at that time—the most critical in the history of San Francisco, when many were almost despairing of the rehabilitation of the city after the great cataclysm that nearly had destroyed it—for such a purpose, was, indeed, difficult; but I did it. No one, not even the members of the graft prosecution, knew whom I was going to appoint. Only in a very few instances did I take anybody into my counsel in the matter of selection. That board was my board, just as I was my own mayor.

"Yes, it was a wonderful scene, the change that was worked on that day when my appointees were ready. First, one of the rascally members of the old body would get up and resign and pass out, to be replaced immediately by one of the new men. Then another rascal would rise, resign and depart, and the same thing was repeated until the entire seventeen whom I had chosen were all installed in their new places.

"Perhaps my best wheel horses were Matt Sullivan and Thomas Magee, but Henry Payot, Charles Murdock and H. U. Brandenstein were all fine men and great workers. Some of these were on the board afterward elected. There were eighteen during our elective terms, and we are all still good friends. We have a memorial dinner once a year, and when we get together and discuss those times we see things in the same light that we saw them then. For we had but one idea in governing the city and that was to do it in the best way we could. We instituted many reforms and we gave what heart we could to the distressed people of San Francisco, struggling to rebuild their city on nobler plans than before."

In reviewing what he and his colleagues had done to make San Francisco a cleaner and better city—the restriction of prize-fighting which had disgraced the town for years, the curtailment of the gambling industry, the wiping out of the redlight district, the betterment of the police, fire and health departments and other great improvements, Doctor Taylor spoke modestly but clearly, and it is plain that whatever his critics may have said of him, particularly as to how his "innocence" was imposed upon by crafty politicians, this much is true, that he set a high standard for the mayors that came after him. If any of them ever has reached that standard this annalist has not heard of it. And no one will challenge the statement that if he made mistakes they were not those of the self-seeking politician.

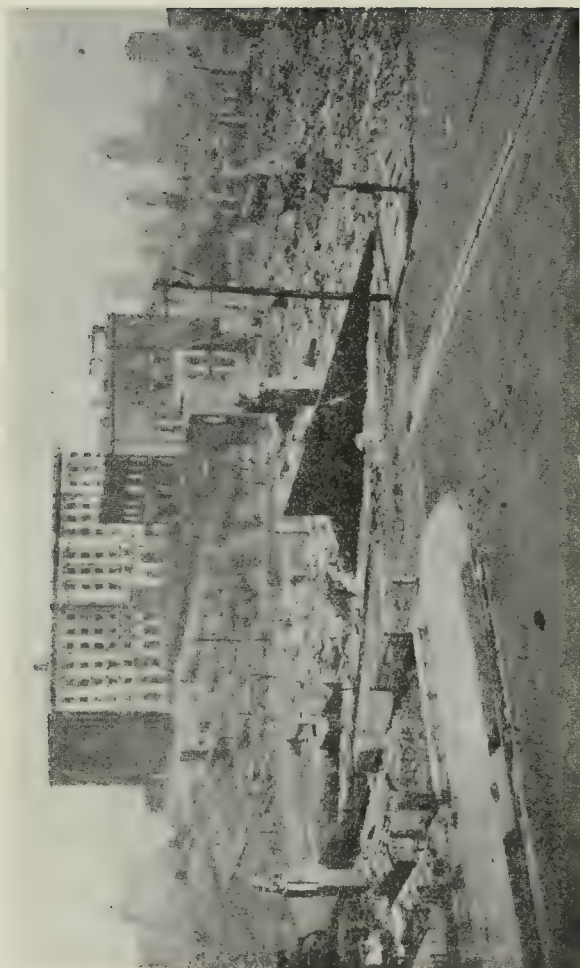
In a literary way Doctor Taylor for years was well known in England, for beside what his many literary friends there have said of some of his best work in their own circles, the reviews have treated his works

most kindly, in some cases even enthusiastically. Particularly is this the case of his remarkable book, "The Sonnets of Heredia," of which it is generally conceded no one has made such an acceptable translation. The London Times gave one of his collections of verse a glowing column and the British press has published many other flattering notices.

To write poetry one must, in a large sense, have suffered one's poems. That Taylor has suffered some of his, at least, may be gleaned from the following couplets in his "Memories," which book contains some of his best verse:

O Grief that is darker than night!
O Sympathy brighter than light!
Mysterious twins, I have heard
Your awfulest, kindest word.

It is because Edward Robeson Taylor has been treated so slightly by the other annalists of San Francisco and of California that he has been given a chapter in this book, and an appreciative one. This his many friends of highest standing in the community will not fail to consider an act of justice, at the least. Just why Young should have referred to him so disparagingly, why Markham should have dismissed him in a few lines, and merely as a "translator," and why Atherton should have set him down as a mayor who "refused to build up a machine of decent men" are profound mysteries to the writer of these pages, who does not care to pry into the motives underlying the slurs cast upon one of the noblest and most scholarly of San Franciscans.



SCENE AFTER GREAT FIRE OF APRIL, 1906, IN SAN FRANCISCO

LIII

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION

WIDESPREAD RUIN WROUGHT BY THE TERRIBLE FIRE OF APRIL, 1906—
THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO NEARLY WIPED OUT—
LOSS OF LIFE COMPARATIVELY SMALL—THE FIRE RESULTS FROM AN
EARTHQUAKE—OTHER BAY DISTRICT TOWNS ARE SHAKEN AND
MUCH DAMAGE DONE, BUT NO OTHER LOSSES BY FIRE.

Due to imperfect construction, to lack of proper safeguards and to the take-a-chance attitude of property owners, American cities have suffered greater fire losses in proportion to population than those of Europe, but there is one city on this continent which, more than likely, never will be visited again by a widespread conflagration, and that is San Francisco. In a bitter school it has learned its lesson, and it has scrupulously fortified itself against a repetition of such a cataclysm as that of 1906, the worst experienced by mankind in the history of the world.

The flimsy character of the first buildings thrown up hurriedly in the gold days was a standing invitation to disaster, as was also the lack of preparation to cope with a serious fire once it had made a start. As has been noted in former chapters, there were several bad fires in the city during the gold period. Six of these occurred between December, 1849, and June, 1851, and each proved so disastrous as nearly to wipe out the business section of the city. Many millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed, but after each fell event of this character the indomitable spirit of the citizens manifested itself anew. They set to work to rebuild the town and each time that this was done they built it better and better. Few could afford to pay the prevailing prices for labor, which were exceedingly high, and in not a few instances stone, ready cut and dressed, was shipped across the Pacific from China and bricks were brought from New York, London and even from Australia.

It was after these fires of the early days that the city council adopted for the seal of the municipality the emblem of a phoenix rising from flames before the Golden Gate; and when the city and county of San Francisco were consolidated this seal was still retained as a crest above the shield. This rather conventional device has proved singularly appropriate

in all the years that have followed and particularly following the cataclysmic one of 1906.

While the downtown district of San Francisco before the great fire was solid enough in construction, as much so as most American cities and more so than any other large municipality in the West, there had been a failure to provide the peculiar class of water mains and reservoirs necessary in Californian cities where occasional shocks of earthquake are felt, though none quite so severe as that of the year of dire disaster. Then, too, there had been too much reliance placed upon the popular idea as to the indestructibility of redwood where it was freely used in the residence district, though with a better water supply and properly constructed mains, other woods would have served the purpose as well.

There had been other severe earthquakes in the bay region prior to the one of 1906. On the morning of Wednesday, October 21, 1868, there were several shocks, a few of them of alarming severity. It was only the cheaper class of structures that were affected by these quakes. There was only one fire resulting from the disturbance and that was quickly extinguished. Perhaps it would have been better if there had been more fires at that time, for they would have suggested the need of piping against future conflagrations.

The temblor of 1868 was more severely felt on the east side of the bay than on the San Francisco side. The Alameda County jail at San Leandro was razed to the ground and the treasurer, whose office was in the building, was killed. Several brick buildings in Oakland were damaged, the wall of one at Twelfth and Broadway completely collapsing. Much damage was done to chimneys throughout the city and in the surrounding country. The wharf at the foot of Broadway, Oakland, sank into the bay and a large quantity of coal which had been standing upon it was lost. On the same day there were severe shocks in San Jose and San Mateo, but only slight damage was done.

The earthquake of 1868 caused much excitement in San Francisco. People ran from their homes into the street and there was a panicky feeling for a time, but no one was killed and few were badly injured. Confidence was soon restored, the frightened people went back to their homes and places of business, and the worst feature of the whole affair was that San Francisco learned no lesson by this alarming occurrence, but in a few days was going about its daily way unwarned and undismayed. None of the early conflagrations had been caused by earthquakes, and after the temblor of 1868 nobody dreamed that a great fire could arise from such a cause. And yet, in the light of future history, what could have been more likely, nay, more obvious?

It seems strange that those who had predicted a great earthquake for

this region of California—and nothing could be cheaper or vaguer than such a prediction—never had considered the consequences of such an event in that light. Soule and his colleagues in their “Annals of San Francisco,” written and published in the ’50’s, observed that nearly every year slight shocks and others not so slight had been felt, and they let their imaginations dwell upon what might happen to “the huge granite and brick palaces of four, five and six stories,” if a great temblor should occur, but they were assured that if they came down with a mighty crash or if half the city should be destroyed, San Francisco would live on, for the damages would be “speedily remedied by the indomitable energy and persevering character” of its irrepressible people. Then the annalists added, what was also very true, that earthquakes do not have discouraging results upon a nation, for if they did Italy would not be considered a desirable country in which to live, and yet not only do millions of people dwell there, but the country had proved a powerful magnet to draw people from all parts of the world to enjoy its varied attractions. The analogy between the country referred to and California is too obvious to require notice, and so far as the discouraging effects of earthquakes are concerned there is not a truer thing in history than the records which show how mankind has discounted and overridden them.

That the greater number of the inhabitants of San Francisco were asleep when the first shock of the earthquake of Wednesday morning, April 18, 1906, came was why the fatalities from the dire temblor did not reach 5,000 instead of 500. There were many after shocks, but the first one was the severest. It occurred at 5:12 a. m. and lasted one minute and five seconds. Here and there was a resident who slept through this and the succeeding shocks, but such a person was an exceedingly sound sleeper. The great mass of the population awoke with a sudden start and sprang out of bed, and hastily slipped into the nearest clothing within reach and ran out of doors to escape injury from falling walls or plastering. Many fled in their night clothing and remained outside for hours, fearing to return to their houses which were still trembling from time to time and seemed likely to be shaken down. Thousands believed that the end of the world was at hand. Not a few fell upon their knees and prayed to the deity to avert further calamity. Hysteria ran the whole length and breadth of the city and few could have set up any pretense to calmness amid such a palpable cause for agitation.

To narrate the thousands of individual experiences at the moment of the disaster and immediately afterward would not serve the purpose of a clear and adequate record of the event. There never can be such a record. Always it must be impressionistic, disproportionate and insufficient. For example, the author of these annals, a trained writer, who experienced



HEARST BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

the shocks and was all over the city on the morning of the disaster and afterward, would not attempt fully to portray what he saw and heard as to the cause and effects of the cataclysmic event, and can tell of it only in a formal, expeditious and compendious manner in which the emotional side of human nature, so freely and even nakedly displayed on that day, shall have little or no representation.

It was in a house on Green Street, near Fillmore, overlooking the northern waters of the bay, that I awoke to the terrors of that day, heard the crashing down of walls and the dull roar of the temblor. I did not immediately leave the house and advised the other inmates to remain until they were all fully dressed, giving them the further advice, instilled into me by many an old-time resident, that the safest place to be while inside was in a doorway. One of the members of our family rushed out in her night robe and narrowly escaped death from a falling chimney. I looked from a back window and saw the walls of a gas-house sway and tumble, while a great mass of flame immediately arose. This, however, was soon extinguished. On first going out into the street one of the first thoughts was of the effect of the disaster upon the food supply. A delivery wagon was passing, making its way toward a nearby grocery. I hailed the driver and bought all the crackers and cakes he would sell me. Others of the neighborhood did the same, and in a few minutes the wagon was empty. The grocery store was being besieged by a wild mob of people who were helping themselves from the shelves and laying down such amounts of money as might represent the price, while the harried and bewildered clerks were bustling about, madly endeavoring to wait on the customers. While they were in the store there would come from time to time a shock that would make nervous women scream and would pale the cheeks of hardy men. The food was being taken home in children's wagons, in wheelbarrows and in the arms and on the backs of the buyers. For the time there was no restriction upon the quantity allowed to be purchased and the store was soon sold out, as were all the others in the neighborhood. Unfortunate ones who were too late to be served by grocers, bakers or butchers, did not, however, go empty-handed, for their more fortunate neighbors did not hesitate to divide with them. Never was the community spirit in stronger evidence anywhere. A dozen eggs would be divided among three or four families. A loaf of bread would be cut in two. Nobody was permitted to go hungry.

After breakfast I hastened to Alta Plaza, on a high hill overlooking the greater part of the city. Along the way were seen fallen walls and chimneys, but as most of the houses in that part of town were of wood, none was shaken down, though not a few were standing awry or their foundations had been cracked and were bulging.

From the plaza hillside the first intimation of what the temblor meant by way of destruction was seen in huge clouds of smoke ascending on the warm, clear still morning air. In no less than twenty places fires had broken out, but nearly all the smaller ones had been extinguished and there was none blazing with any intensity north of Market Street.

Over the waterfront and the downtown section of the city hung a dense mass of smoke and the flames were leaping high. Even then it was not dreamed that the city was doomed. It was not known to the great mass of its inhabitants that the water mains were broken and were for the most part useless, that the chief of the fire department, David Scanlon, had been fatally injured by a falling wall, that though the entire force of firemen was out fighting the flames as best it could, with chemical extinguishers and with what water could be found here and there in the mains or in private sources of supply, and that already the desperate expedient of dynamite to arrest the progress of the flames was being seriously considered and would soon be employed.

The fires were mainly occasioned by the breaking of chimneys, gas pipes and electric connections. Those in the southern and eastern parts of the city were so numerous and grew so rapidly in extent that all hope of extinguishing them was abandoned before 10 o'clock in the morning, and for the rest of the day they continued to spread and to eat their way northward and westward following the general line of Market Street which runs toward Twin Peaks and the Mission district.

In order to obtain a closer view of the downtown destruction, I proceeded there in a buggy drawn by a frightened horse. Crossing Van Ness Avenue near Jackson Street, I saw huge cracks and bulges in the asphalt pavement, some of them of considerable depth. Some of the houses along the avenue, particularly those into whose construction brick or concrete had entered, were damaged, though none had fallen. Walls were curiously twisted or stood out of plumb and there were places where fires had started and had been extinguished.

It was a perfect Californian April day, sunny, bright and warm, with no breath of wind, which latter fact was thought to be greatly in the favor of the firemen; for we did not know that they had given up all hope of arresting the march of the many high phalanxes of flame.

In the direct line of fire were the tall buildings housing the newspapers. The managing editor of the Chronicle had called in all of his men and before 7 o'clock the city editor had assigned them to cover different phases of the conflagration. Within an hour a report of what had happened was ready for publication, but no paper could be printed, as there was not enough water to make steam to keep the presses going. There was also an explosion of gas from a broken pipe, so that the linotype machines could



MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

not be operated. The Examiner and Call were in a similar plight. An attempt was made by the three morning papers to combine with the Bulletin in the publication of a newspaper that should represent the four of them, but before this could be done the Bulletin office was so hard pressed by the conflagration that the plan had to be abandoned. The only newspaper printed that day in San Francisco was a small extra sent out by the Evening News. The Call, Chronicle and Examiner joined forces and, by courtesy of the proprietor of the Oakland Tribune, published a little sheet which, while it contained no great amount of news, served to prevent a break in their publications.

Fully a square mile of the district south of Market Street was a mass of blackened ruins by noon of Wednesday, the first day of the great fire. It was thought that the large quantity of water stored in a reservoir under the Palace Hotel would save that building from the flames, but the hope was futile. The firemen, who were fighting the flames south of the Palace, had to abandon their posts and in some instances their engines, and flee for their lives, so intense had the heat become in that quarter. It was thought to confine the fire to the south side of Market Street by the blowing up of the Monadnock building and other structures in that neighborhood, but the Presidio soldiers who attempted this work were inexperienced in handling explosives in that way and no good resulted. The Examiner building caught fire and its flames leaped across Third Street. Soon the tall Spreckels building was ablaze. I saw flames leaping from the upper windows of this eighteen-story structure, threatening the neighboring buildings. Before noon the south side of Market Street was a great wall of fire which had devoured the Emporium department store and other marts of trade. It was not until 3 o'clock Thursday morning, however, that the buildings north of Market Street in the vicinity of its junction with Kearny Street, began to burn, and before Thursday night the fire had swept the region about Union Square, had devoured Chinatown and was passing on toward Van Ness Avenue.

The mayor had called a citizens' committee to consider methods of fighting the fire, the burden of which had been assumed by the military authorities, who, while they doubtless prevented looting and other acts of disorder, could think of nothing better than dynamite to avert further disaster. All plans, however, failed and the fire continued to rage.

As the flames advanced toward the residential district, attacking its confines, the inhabitants began to remove their furniture and valuables, as best they could. For the most part, however, this labor proved futile. There were not enough vehicles in the whole town to perform half the work in a month, and it was necessary to do it in less than a day or it could not be done at all, so pressing was the progress of the conflagration.

Under the circumstances the prices charged by draymen and expressmen were not exorbitant, and there were those householders who would have been glad to pay twice what was asked by them to secure the removal of their effects which in the great majority of cases remained in the houses and were destroyed.

Automobiles played a conspicuous part in the removal of personal belongings which were taken to the Golden Gate Park or the public squares where they were heaped up in helter-skelter piles where they would remain, perhaps, for hours unguarded. Baby carriages, boys' wagons and sewing machines on castors, laden with household effects, were trundled along the sidewalks, and many persons bowed under the weight of greater burdens than they should have attempted to carry or probably could have carried at an ordinary time.

It was on the morning of the 19th that the joint newspaper called the "Call-Examiner-Chronicle" was issued from the press in Oakland and sent across the bay to the news-hungry people of San Francisco. They had been hearing the wildest rumors as to the number of victims claimed by the disaster and as to the conditions in outlying towns and in the East. A report had gone abroad that Chicago had been sunk and inundated and that Los Angeles and San Diego had been utterly destroyed. This was as insanely sensational as the "news" printed in Paris that a tidal wave had swept San Francisco and the grave assurance given by some of the New York papers that the number killed in San Francisco was 20,000.

During the first two days of the great fire the homeless ones did little but sit about, talk and read newspapers. After that they began to bestir themselves from their apathetic state to go into camp in the park or to cross the bay in search of rented lodgings. The boats and trains leaving the city were crowded with people. The scenes at the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street, where men, women and children struggled to gain entrance and go aboard the ferryboats, were weirdly strange, the great mass swaying to and fro, pushing and crowding and yet, under the exciting circumstances, orderly enough. The Ferry Building had been saved from the conflagration, though many of the other structures along the wharves were swept away. Some of them had collapsed at the first shock and in some instances the wharves went down.

The occasional tremors that shook the Ferry Building frightened the timid ones terribly. They had seen the great tower standing awry and also the cracks in the stone walls, and they feared their collapse. Immense beams were brought in and used as braces to prevent this, but it is unlikely that they were really required, as the shocks kept lessening in intensity. As to their number, time and severity we have the testimony of Prof. George Davidson, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, as follows:



FERRY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

"The earthquake came from North to South, and the only description I am able to give of its effect is that it seemed like a terrier shaking a rat. I was in bed, but was awakened by the first shock. I began to count the seconds as I went toward the table, where my watch was, being able through much practice closely to approximate the time in that manner. The shock came at 5:12 o'clock. The first sixty seconds were the most severe. From that time on it decreased gradually for about thirty seconds. There was then the slightest perceptible lull. Then the shock continued for sixty seconds longer, being slighter in degree in this minute than in any part of the preceding minute and a half. There were two slight shocks afterward which I did not time. At 8:14 o'clock I recorded a shock of five seconds duration, and one at 4:15 of two seconds. There were slight shocks which I did not record at 5:17 and at 5:27. At 6:50 p. m. there was a sharp shock of several seconds."

As indicating the variance of observations one has but to contrast the foregoing with that of Prof. A. O. Louschner of the observatory of the University at California at Berkeley: "The principal part of the earthquake came in two sections, the first series of vibrations lasting about forty seconds. The vibrations diminished gradually during the following ten seconds and then recurred with renewed vigor for about twenty-five seconds more. But even at noon the disturbance had not subsided, as slight shocks were recorded at frequent intervals on the seismograph. The motion was from South-Southeast to North-Northwest."

Allowance may be made for a difference in twelve miles between points of observation when the duration of shocks is considered, but how can it be explained that one observer noted the temblor as coming from an opposite direction from that recorded by the other? And in using the word "temblor" I am reminded that in nearly every instance where I saw this term so frequently employed by the Californian correspondents, in the New York and other Eastern newspapers, it had evidently been taken as a telegrapher's error and was gravely corrected to "trembler."

To care for the injured and dispose of the bodies of the dead occupied the first few hours immediately succeeding the earthquake. Ambulances and express wagons were hurrying through the streets bearing the wounded or the slain to morgues or hospitals, but soon these refuges were no safer than the rest of the city and had to be abandoned. The Mechanics' Pavilion, opposite the wrecked City Hall, had escaped injury from the quake. It had the largest floor space in San Francisco and this was pressed into service after other places had been quitted by the army of physicians, surgeons and nurses that was engaged in ministering to the needs of the injured ones. Many of the dead were left to the flames during the first rush of the rescuers to the fallen buildings to succor those stricken ones yet

alive; but one of the first wagons to arrive at the morgue brought a whole family—father, mother and three children—all dead except one baby which had a terrible cut across the forehead and a broken arm. They had been dragged from the ruins of their home near the water front. A large number of bodies, mostly of workingmen, came from a small hotel on Eddy Street, through the roof of which the upper part of a tall building next door had fallen.

Under the supervision of the mayor, the police were doing noble work in connection with the Presidio soldiers under General Funston. Throughout the whole of the fire period and afterward there was never a clash of civic and military authority, though the two overlapped each other at all times. Rigid precautions were taken against looting and against too great a personal risk by those venturing into burning houses to save their effects. The firemen worked without intercession during the three days that the city was burning. Many of them were completely exhausted and some lost their lives in the flames, but the slaying of Fire Chief Scanlon by the first shock did not seem to have a demoralizing effect upon the staff of the fire department, for his assistants labored without cessation throughout the long days and nights.

The order given to fire at will upon looters was not obeyed with undue haste by the trained troops from the Presidio, but it was a dangerous one to have been given to the militia and the volunteers that assisted them. More than one person was shot down while attempting to get into his own home. It was said that one man was killed for the slight offense of washing his hands in drinking water brought with much trouble for the thirsty people gathered in Columbia Park. A bank clerk, searching the ruins of his bank under orders, was shot down by a soldier who thought that he was looting. Two men were said to have been shot in their houses because they had disobeyed the general order and lit a candle, and one woman was killed because she built a fire in her cook stove. On the other hand there were plenty of acts of swift justice to which no one at the time made serious objection. Three men were said to have been shot for thievery. One of them had taken the rings from the fingers of a woman that had fainted, another had stolen a piece of bread from a hungry child, and the third was caught robbing tents.

So many and so fatal were the bad results from the use of firearms in unwarranted cases that the volunteers were forbidden the use of them and there was a stricter regulation of the soldiers in this respect. The good work they did, however, deserves creditable notice, particularly the efficient guard they preserved at the United States Mint, which escaped the fire but would not have escaped being looted of its millions in gold had it not been for Funston's men.

The fire raged all day Thursday and throughout Thursday night. The dynamiters thought to check it at Polk Street, and razed many buildings to this end, but it swept on to Van Ness Avenue and menaced the whole Western Addition and the Pacific Heights, while in the Mission the situation was no less terrifying. In the latter section it did not cease to burn threateningly until Friday morning about 2 o'clock, when it was seen that it had about run its course, further ruin having been averted by the use of water from large reservoirs in that section.

The Mechanics' Pavilion had been burned by noon of Wednesday and the fire had swept on westward. Further downtown it was sweeping the big buildings of the congested district. Before the sun had set on the following day ruin had been spread everywhere in the business section. All the street car lines had been put out of commission by the shocks and flames and people were walking the streets in the unconsumed portions of the city, or going about in automobiles or wagons.

The Citizens' Committee, appointed by the mayor, was everywhere and doing splendid work in feeding the homeless and assisting them in many other ways. There was little or no commandeering, for a simple request would be instantly obeyed, and it is doubtful if there was in all history a better spirit of cooperation during a great calamity. Every automobile in the city was virtually placed under the control of the committee and good use was made of the machines, particularly in the matter of communication between various officials, as there were no telephones available. What was needed more than anything as the fire narrowed down to its ultimate limits at and near Van Ness Avenue and along Dolores Street, where it ceased to burn before the close of Friday, was the restoration of public confidence, and it was by the spreading of words of hope by means of the automobile and the newspapers that the populace finally quieted down in its various places of refuge outside the ruined area. The mayor sent out an order that no resident should leave his home from darkness until daylight, and this was obeyed without question, but the order respecting the prohibition of fires in kitchens was found very irksome and there were not a few instances of its disregard. The idea was that no chimney was to be considered safe until it had been officially inspected, but the fact that so many had not even a crack in them caused their owners to dissent bitterly from this regulation. It was not known, however, that any new fires were caused by the disregard of this rule, though the person lighting a fire did not always escape a severe official reprimand, or warning.

In Golden Gate Park the camps of the refugees spread over everything—the lawns, the flower beds and among the groves. Many lived out of doors, but the majority were soon provided with tents. These generally bore the family name of the occupants, while others were given fantastic

titles. One tent was placarded, "Camp Thankful," another "Camp Glory," while a little farther along one man had posted the sign, "Camp Hell."

The cheerful spirit of the American under stress of untoward circumstance was everywhere manifest, and helpfulness in a true communistic way was observed on all hands. The work of relief was speedily begun. Generous Los Angeles had trainloads of supplies on the way long before the fire was extinguished. Sacramento and other Northern cities sent food and clothing. Fresno, Modesto, Merced, Santa Barbara and San Diego did their share of the noble work. By Saturday relief was pouring in from every direction and there was not a city in the whole country that did not contribute to the succor of the homeless host. Perhaps some idea of the spirit prevailing among the people of San Francisco in these parlous times may be gained by this extract from a magazine article which I wrote in June, 1906, under the caption, "When Altruria Awoke."

"In the cool hush of a mid-April morning on the Western side of the world I saw a great city, poised in serene reality, start wildly of a sudden, while the earth heaved under it as though the whole planet shivered and staggered in its orbit. Instantly flames arose and ran ruining everywhere, and everywhere ran death amid the ruins. For three long days I watched the city go down in flame and smoke, and, mile on dismal mile, I saw its shattered, blackened walls.

"I saw intrepid men and women rush into tottering houses to grasp their own or their neighbors' kin out of the stiff grip of death. I saw firefighters do deeds that made one feel they were eager to give their lives to save the city. I saw the people fleeing as they of old Pompeii fled from their ruined homes. I saw dazed masses of human beings encamped in the parks. And I saw that whole people thrown back, all in a moment, to the primal life from which their race had sprung.

"But what an amazing picture was there—the picture of self-effacement! The cruel selfishness of the old primal life and of the common civilized life was no more visible save in rare and negligible instances. Something besides public and private fortune had gone down with the walls of the city, and that something was the god of greed. The high altruism of the men and women of that hour loomed large in the eyes of one that gazed upon the homeless. The earth had shaken and was still shivering; but they had found that which was built of a stronger substance than the earth—a divine charity, an Olympian unworldliness. While the city was still burning and while out of the great heart of a great nation poured gifts impossible of adequate distribution, the free sharing from hand to hand among the homeless was as general as it was generous. The sight made one proud of one's race. Here the pessimist was confounded. One

realized what a magnificent being the human animal is when he hears out of the throat of desperate need the call of blood to blood.

"Woman, ever the balm of distress, outdid her history of heroism. I saw a beautiful girl of former social rank driving a great white motor car, piled high with the poor bedding and household goods of squalid refugees; and again I saw her speeding toward the Presidio with maimed victims of the disaster. For days and nights brave men and women toiled in the intolerable heat, over shaking ground, removing the sick and wounded from burning hospitals and caring for them in safe places. Dwellers in comfortable houses in the remnant of the town threw open their hospitable doors and filled their rooms with the homeless, sharing with them the last of their stores.

"Here was a luminous lesson in Utopian economics—a lesson for the whole, doubting, artificial, selfish world—a dropping off of all mean play at precedence and the cunning trickery of gain.

"Here was proportionately the richest, and surely the proudest and most prodigally generous of peoples suddenly come to want—a people to whom the acceptance of alms was more humbling than the world shall ever know. Never did the 'delicate nerves of receiving' thrill with more poetic self-abasement than when that proud city lived upon the nation's bounty.

"But to share, share, share, in substance and in kindly deed, to toil unremittingly among the helpless and to compete with one another only in heroism, were the unfailing acts of those altruists by the Golden Gate who gave the world its noblest lesson of self-effacement, and who saw in their own dark day the dream of Christ come true."

The burned district covered an area of 2,593 acres or 490 city blocks wholly and thirty-two partly destroyed. The number of buildings burned was 28,188. The loss has been variously estimated at \$500,000,000 to \$750,000,000. The insurance did not cover one-half this loss. Thirty-nine churches were destroyed. The United States Postoffice, Custom House and Mint were saved. The fire front extended nearly ten miles and nearly all the tall buildings and others in the congested district were swept by the fire. "Fire-proof" safes were a great disappointment, over 80 per cent of them failing. The solidly constructed brick vaults of the banks resisted the flames. Most of them were not opened for over a month to permit sufficient time for their cooling off. Not a few, however, were opened prematurely, with most disastrous results. All the city and county records were destroyed.

San Francisco was the only city in the immediate bay region that suffered any great loss as the result of the earthquake. Considerable damage was done in Oakland and Alameda, but very little in Berkeley. Santa Rosa, Petaluma and San Rafael sustained serious losses as did also San Jose and neighboring towns.



CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO

LIV

REBUILDING OF SAN FRANCISCO

NEARLY ALL THE NEW STRUCTURES ARE LARGER, STRONGER AND HANDSOMER THAN THE OLD ONES DESTROYED IN THE GREAT FIRE—INDOMITABLE WILL OF THE CITIZENS RESTORES THE CITY WITHIN FOUR YEARS AND CAUSES IT TO EXPAND BEYOND ITS OLD BORDERS—SOME OF THE EVENTS FOLLOWING THE FIRE.

San Francisco had been struck a terrible blow, but there was no city on earth more capable of sustaining it and setting its consequences at naught. This was as true of her spirit as of her resources. A city of less pride and pluck never would have been rebuilt, and a city of less wealth never could have been reconstructed on so grand a scale.

While the ruins were yet smoking, plans were being made for the erection of new and finer buildings on the old sites. One very fortunate condition was that the city just before the fire had been enjoying a wonderful degree of prosperity. The merchants were handling the greatest volume of trade they ever had known. Workingmen were all employed and were receiving fine wages. The city was expanding in nearly every direction and on every hand there were splendid evidences of thrift and prosperity. The banks were in good condition and they had over \$20,000,000 of surplus coin on deposit in the East ready to be drawn upon in this great emergency. There was some quibbling over insurance claims, but most of these were settled in the course of time. Money flowed in freely and the work of reconstruction was well under way inside of the first three months after the conflagration.

Within four years the city not only had been rebuilt but had actually expanded visibly. Nearly all the new buildings in the congested district were larger, neater, handsomer and more nearly fireproof than those standing before the disaster. It is proof of the wonderful resiliency of San Francisco after any great setback that within eight years after the fire she was planning to present to the world the greatest exposition in all history. Her new City Hall, her libraries, her great Auditorium, her wonderful new caravansaries and many other fine buildings attest to her indomitable spirit, her pride and her ability to accomplish big things in a big way. Above all else in the category of her good qualities is her faith. The

confidence of her citizens in their own town was so inspiring as to attract thousands of new people to the scene of their activities in the line of rehabilitation. Conservative companies of enormous wealth have not hesitated to invest their capital in new buildings and new industries in and about the city, despite all the talk that was heard during the first few months to the effect that San Francisco never would be rebuilt—that it had received a blow from which it never would recover.

While construction was going on downtown a great many retailers and professional men located in that part of the city lying between Van Ness Avenue and Fillmore Street. Van Ness Avenue was transformed from a beautiful residential thoroughfare to one devoted almost solely to trade. Within a year or two, however, the dry goods stores, markets and theatres had returned to their old habitat, and Van Ness Avenue became and still remains Automobile Row.

In the exposition year of 1915 there were still many vacant lots in the old tenement district south of Mission Street, but since that time most of these have been occupied by warehouses, factories and foundries. Up to 1919 there were also a number of large wineries in this section, but these were turned over to other uses after the coming of prohibition.

As a result of the great conflagration, the city is now more than amply provided with means for fire-fighting. Not only has it purchased many of the best types of motor fire engines, chemical engines, towers and other apparatus, but it has enormous water supplies and earthquake-proof mains connected with huge hydrants under high pressure. Over \$5,000,000 has been spent in making the city safe from great fires. There are two storage reservoirs on Twin Peaks with a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons, two distributing reservoirs of 1,500,000-gallon capacity, ninety-three miles of iron pipe, two fire boats, a fresh-water and two salt-water pumping stations. In addition to these there are 100 cisterns with a capacity of 75,000 gallons each, in various parts of the city.

The city, having outgrown the limit of water supply afforded by the Spring Valley Water Company, has been engaged during the past few years in securing a much larger supply from the Hetch-Hetchy valley in the Sierras. Up to January 1, 1922, over \$15,000,000 had been spent on this project, and construction and other work has been proceeding at the rate of \$7,000,000 a year. At the present writing concrete is being poured for a dam 230 feet high at the rate of 830 cubic feet a day. This dam will impound a lake 1,300 feet wide at the stream bed, seven miles long and 200 feet deep. The tunnels and mains will carry 400,000,000 gallons of water a day, or enough for 4,000,000 people. The enterprise includes a great power plant from which the city expects to receive \$1,750,000 a year from the first unit; others will be added in future.

It is confidently expected that in the course of time the entire bay region will be using water from the San Francisco mains, probably on the condition that some of the larger cities will consent to annexation with the bay metropolis.

As an example of the shortage of water in the bay district it may be stated that the sugar refinery at Crockett has for a long time been barging water across the bay from San Quentin, in Marin County. Two million gallons a day are sold to this refinery by the system controlled by the Marin Municipal Water District, an affair of recent establishment. Marin County was in sore need of a better water supply, so the district was formed and bonds issued after three years of preparation. The old water companies then in the field sold their holdings to the new district. Six thousand acres of land were condemned near Alpine, a reservoir holding 1,000,000,000 gallons was constructed to connect with the existing mains, and all the towns in Marin County, where the "water question" was formerly the greatest handicap to progress, now are supplied with an abundance of water.

One of the best proofs of the enterprise of San Francisco is its Municipal Railroad which has been in operation since December 28, 1912, when the Geary Street line was opened from Kearny Street to Thirty-third Avenue and the Park. Municipal control of this line proved so successful that it was extended down Market Street to the ferries and from Thirty-third Avenue to the ocean, with nearly eight miles of double track, opened for traffic June 24, 1913. Since that date the system has been extended to the Presidio by way of Van Ness Avenue and to other districts. This system has not cost the taxpayers a cent and it has had the effect of keeping down street railroad fares to 5 cents all over the city.

During the year 1915 when the Panama-Pacific Exposition was held near the Presidio, the municipal cars hauled enormous numbers of fair visitors and were a great convenience to the public.

On February 17, 1913, there passed from earth one of the most picturesque figures and the most unfettered of poets the world has ever seen—Joaquin Miller, who died in the seventy-second year of his age. The fame of Miller, the poet of the Sierras, was world wide and justly so. He was a big figure in London in the '70s and in Washington at a later period. The English people loved him for something which they did not possess—his freedom from convention and from the academic strait-jacket—as well as his daring defiance to literary forms and the noble sweep of his songs of the West. They loved his poem of "The Plains," which he recited in their drawing rooms, and many of his other rare lyrical outbursts. It was in England that he came to know Tennyson, Browning and other great Victorian poets, and it was England that made America know his greatness.

The "Wild Joaquin," as he has been called, was born in an emigrant wagon passing westward from Ohio to Indiana in 1841. While still a mere boy his pioneering people were pushing onward across the plains to Oregon. Later, as a young and adventurous man, he came to California, where he wrote most of his poems, and where he remained during the greater part of his life, save for his European odyssey, a voyage to Nicaragua and another to the Orient.

Oakland was his abode for over forty years. On the Oakland Heights he built his home, a neighbor of Edwin Markham, of Jack London and George Sterling and a friend of everybody.

Joaquin Miller knew or regarded few rules of English verse. He sang by ear, not by note, but he sang wonderfully. Often have I visited him on the Heights and always have I been struck by his careless, but always friendly attitude toward men and their institutions. He was never an imitator of other poets' verse, though he had the utmost respect for the carefully wrought lines of Tennyson and was a very close student of them, but he followed them only in a few respects, the most noteworthy being the stressing of a point by repetition of that involved nature which gave emphasis to the English bard's most telling stanzas. His imagery was most daring, as is instanced by his picture of the great sea storm:

* * * The typhoon turned, upwheeled,
And wrestled Death till Heaven reeled.
Then lightning reached a fiery rod
And on Death's fearful forehead wrote
The autograph of God.

His Whitmanian carelessness of convention and of the ideals of modern civilization are seen in these lines from his "Arizonian:":

So I have said, and I say it over,
And can prove it over and over again,
That the four-footed beasts on the red-crowned clover,
The field and horned beasts of the plain,
That lie down, rise up and repose again,
And do never take care nor toil nor spin,
Nor buy, nor build, nor gather in gold,
Though the days go out and the tides come in,
Are better than we by a thousand fold,
For what is it all, in the words of fire,
But a vexing of soul and a vain desire?

In his "Passing of Tennyson" after paying tribute to the bards who had died during the three previous years—Browning, Lowell, Whittier and Whitman—he sings:

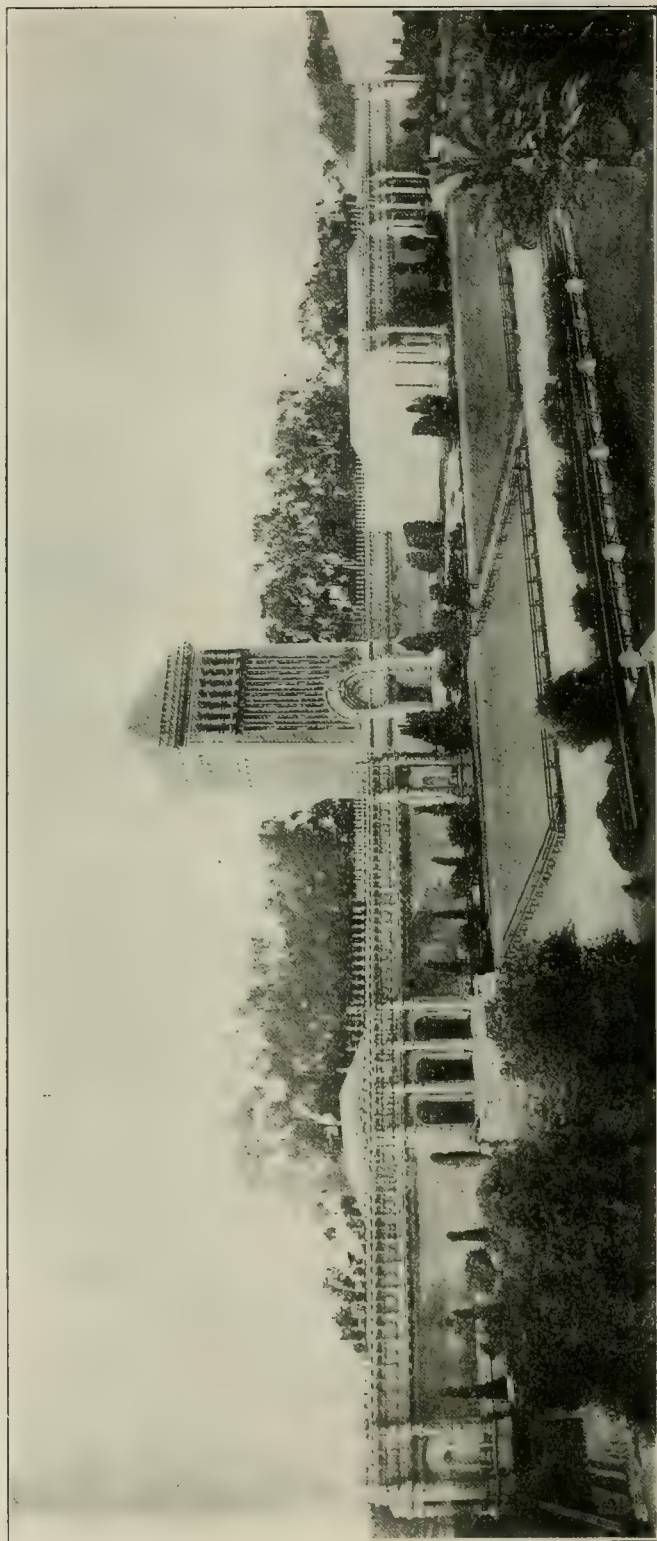
And then the king came, king of thought,
 King David with his harp and crown.
 How wisely well the gods had wrought
 That these had gone and sat them down
 To wait and welcome mid the stars
 All silent in the sight of Mars.

All silent * * * So he lies in state * * *
 Our redwoods drip and drip with rain.
 Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
 We hear the great sad sobbing main.
 But silent all * * * He walked the stars
 That year the whole world turned to Mars.

The significance of this song is that in that year of 1892 Mars was in closer propinquity to the earth than for many previous years and that it was to this, as the poet feigned, that we owed the passing of Tennyson and the heavy rains of that winter.

Miller's master poem, "Columbus," was first published in the San Francisco Morning Call while William A. Boyce and myself were its editors. Miller used frequently to come to the Call office to bring manuscripts, both prose and poetry, and it was there that I made his acquaintance. He was a man of much eccentricity of dress and manner, but always amiable. He had learned from Browning, whom he knew very well in England, the lesson of optimism and he never forgot it. He was a great poet—one of the greatest this country ever has produced—and California, and particularly Oakland, is very proud of him.

And now we come to the crowning splendor of San Francisco and of California—the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition—scantily sketched in the following chapter.



M. H. DE YOUNG MEMORIAL BUILDING, GOLDEN GATE PARK

LV

A CITY OF FAIRS

CREDITABLE DISPLAYS IN THE OLD MECHANICS' INSTITUTE—THE AUTHORS' CARNIVALS—MIDWINTER FAIR IN GOLDEN GATE PARK—THE MEMORIAL MUSEUM—PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1915 A GRAND SPECTACULAR AFFAIR WHICH DREW THE WORLD—ITS WONDERFUL BUILDINGS AND LIGHTING EFFECTS.

The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each,
This by its mountainside,
That by its burthened beach.

And part of this pride is displayed in pomp and pageantry, in great market fair and civic show. San Franciscans have been accused of being a spectacular people—a community that loves to put its best foot forward and to impress the residents of other less favored regions with its wealth and splendor. This may be true, but it is no truer of the Bay City than of other urban centers; it is only that San Francisco has the means and the ability to present shows that dazzle the eyes of the world, and, in these things as in many others, it has been amply proven that, in the language of William Howard Taft, "San Francisco knows how." Nor is this love of display a mere survival of the old Spanish carnival spirit, though perhaps that has afforded some of its inspiration.

Many fairs were held in the early days in the old Mechanics' Institute in San Francisco, which was destroyed by the fire of 1906. Probably the most interesting and educational of these was the Authors' Carnival of 1879, followed in 1880 by another though not so successful an exhibition. The first of these carnivals netted nearly \$45,000 which was devoted to charitable purposes.

The Midwinter Fair of 1894, which owed its inception to M. H. de Young, proprietor of the Chronicle, who had been vice president of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in the previous year, and while attending that great spectacular affair, had dreamed of an exhibition at San Francisco as soon after the conclusion of the lakeside show.

Expositions generally have been held in the summer time, but Mr.

de Young thought to accentuate the climatic possibilities of California by one that would be open at the time of the severest low temperature in the Eastern country and thus to bring in a large number of visitors from the land of snows. When through his newspaper Mr. De Young presented the idea of the holding of such an exposition at such a time, there were not a few who were opposed to it, but the great majority of citizens responded to his appeal and it was not long before the sum of \$350,000 was raised by popular subscription to forward the enterprise. It has been said that when you wish to have something big done in a hurry you should get a newspaper man to do it, and that was probably the reason why the committee appointed to gather the subscriptions and to supervise the work of the Midwinter Fair chose M. H. de Young the director general, though of



PORTALS OF THE PAST

course some such recognition was due him because of his having conceived the idea.

Over 75,000 people witnessed the turning of the first shovelful of earth for the fair in Golden Gate Park, which event took place on the 24th of August, 1893. Grading and construction were at once begun and were pursued with such vigor that by January 1, 1894, nearly all the buildings and grounds were ready to receive visitors, while the greater number of exhibits were in place. Over 100 buildings were erected within five months and they occupied, with their grounds, a space of over 200 acres. No assistance had been given to the enterprise by the government, and it was complained that some of the departments actually went so far as to hinder the transfer of foreign exhibits from the Chicago fair to San Francisco. Where the great music stand is now located and where the Midwinter Fair Memorial Museum and Japanese Tea Garden now stand the natural bowl was cleared away and the main buildings were erected therein. Some of

these buildings were very imposing affairs, only second to those of the Columbian Exposition. The Midway Plaisance was a section of it devoted to more or less frivolous entertainment, and it was very popular. In fact the whole exposition was so attractive that it drew a total attendance of 2,255,000 people. The finance committee expended over \$730,000 before the gates were opened, while the concessionaires, and the coast states spent other large amounts, so that there was no lack of funds, although at that time the country was in the throes of a serious financial depression. There was a considerable surplus when the Midwinter Fair was closed on the 9th of July in a blaze of glory, and this money was devoted to the securing of a large portion of the collection now contained in the great museum which is monument to the success of the fair.

The Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum, as it is now generally known, was made possible by the munificence of M. H. de Young, its founder, who has contributed thousands of beautiful works of art as well as curios and relics. The present magnificent building was completed in 1917. In it are fifty departments and eleven art galleries in which are to be viewed some of the finest pictures and statues in the country. Two entire galleries are devoted to the work of California artists.

Many of the exhibits of the wonderful oriental department are excessively rare. The Ney Wolskill collection of 1,000 lacquers is world-famous and there is a most valuable Japanese painting by Twasi Matabel. There are over 52,000 articles and paintings on exhibition in this department.

Original bronzes and marbles in Statuary Hall call for much admiring comment from visitors. They include a massive bronze vase sculptured by Gustave Dore and cast by the French Government. It is a colossal work, weighing over three tons and is said to be one of the largest examples of bronze work in the world.

There is in the museum a splendid collection of musical instruments. There is also a fine textile display containing examples of the best fabrics made in various parts of the globe. One of the most interesting exhibits is that contained in the room devoted to Napoleonic relics. Other rooms are devoted to armour, ceramics, jewels, furniture, tapestries, Indian workmanship, Colonial relics. Four rooms are given over to pioneer exhibits.

Altogether there are in the great museums over 1,000,000 articles on exhibition, many of them invaluable and representing years of labor in their collection.

The annual attendance as registered by the turnstiles is over 1,000,000 persons.

What is conceded on all hands to have been the world's most wonderful

fair was the Panama-Pacific International Exposition held in San Francisco in the year 1915. This enormous exposition cost over \$20,000,000, which sum was raised by Californian and bay region subscribers who financed the scheme from the beginning. First and last 18,756,148 people were in attendance. The total receipts were \$12,524,090, of which \$4,715,523 was from admission fees. The net revenue from the concessions was \$7,809,565. And this in spite of the fact that the San Francisco fair had to divide honors and rewards with that of San Diego, held during the same year.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition was held in commemoration of the quartercentenary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, but it had for its more immediate object the celebration of the opening of the Panama canal. About one-half a mile in width and fronting the bay of San Francisco for two and one-half miles, the fair grounds covered an area of 625 acres in that northern part of the city now known as the Marina and used chiefly for aviation purposes, it being the principal air port of the Pacific Coast.

The exposition was in three huge sections, the central space being devoted to the exhibits. Altogether there were eleven magnificent palaces, each of them a dream of beauty, and costing about \$12,000,000. These were the art, educational, agricultural, horticultural, mechanical and other buildings. Forty-two nations and forty-three states sent exhibits that numbered in all over 80,000 and which were valued at many millions of dollars.

President Wilson, at Washington, pressed a gold-studded button on February 6, 1915, whereupon the doors of the buildings swung open and the mechanical exhibits began to move. Secretary of the Interior Franklin Knight Lane made the opening address to a multitude of people. On the first day the attendance to the exposition was over 400,000. Many of these were greatly interested in the Joy Zone to which they flocked in great numbers to be entertained by many novel spectacles.

Conspicuous among the buildings of the fair was the vast Palace of Machinery in which nearly every known useful invention of the period was to be found, together with many of an historic nature. Then there was the wonderful Court of the Four Seasons, a gigantic and unique structure, decked with many single statues and heroic groups. A splendid feature was the dome of the Palace of Horticulture, said to have been the largest ever constructed. Opposite the Palace of Horticulture stood the gorgeous Festival Hall, with the flowering acres of the great south gardens spread between them, "musical with fountains." Then there was the huge Oregon Building, with its surrounding columns of enormous fir logs. In a way, this structure called to mind the Parthenon of Greece, though it was by

no means intended as an imitation of that classic edifice, but was designed primarily to call attention to the fact that Oregon possessed within its borders one-fourth of all the standing timber in the United States.

Over all rose the magnificent Tower of Jewels, which was the dominant note of the exposition city and to which all eyes were bound to turn, so resplendently attractive did it appear. At night this tower called forth exclamations from the multitude when its thousands of gems were seen



PALACE OF FINE ARTS

flashing in prismatic splendor under the concentrated glow of fifty powerful searchlights.

In fact the illuminating effects of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition revealed to millions of people for the first time the wonderful possibilities of electric lighting when schemed out by master minds and put into execution by skilled mechanics of the electric craft. For example the spectacular effects as witnessed on the exterior of the Palace of Fine Arts and reflected in the lake by which it stood, were seen at once to have been unequalled in the history of electric lighting. Bathed in softened bluish lights which flooded the rosy walls and marble copings, this beautiful structure, designed by Architect Maybeck of Berkeley, was gazed upon for hours at a time by the more appreciative of the visitors to the fair.

Indirect lighting was brought into play within the walls of the exposition with such novel and amazingly beautiful effect that the system here introduced for the first time on a large scale was afterward widely imitated and is still employed in many cities all over the world. If nothing else had been accomplished by the Panama-Pacific enterprise than this setting of a novel example of illumination to be followed so extensively elsewhere the fair would not have been in vain.

The Palace of Fine Arts was the most universally admired of all the buildings of the exposition, and it was for this reason that this superb structure was retained after the others had been demolished. Within its walls many of the art treasures of this epoch-making fair are now on exhibition, among them the famous mural paintings of Brangwyn, a display of the work of the great Finnish painter, Axel Kallella, together with some fine exhibitions of Hungarian art as well as many of the best works of Californian artists and of American painters generally, including some notable examples of impressionism and futurism which awaken the admiration of the appreciative and the uncertain smiles of the rabble.

San Franciscans were tremendously and warrantably proud of their great exposition. It brought the city and the whole bay region into the purview of the public in an unforgettable way. The almost militant hospitality of the city during the whole year made friends for it everywhere and many of these have returned to take up their residence by the Golden Gate. One of the features of the exposition year was its conventions, notably that of the journalists and authors who were feted by the city in a manner that surprised many of them and all of whom were glad to set forth in their various periodicals the story of the wonderful fair.

And here it may be pointed out that while remote from the center of America's population, San Francisco is often selected as the place for holding the conventions of national organizations, and it has even had the honor of being the meeting place of the democratic convention of 1920. Every year the number of these meetings is being added to. There are scheduled for 1923 over 100 of these events. San Francisco eagerly solicits this class of visitors, its interests in this respect being fostered by the San Francisco Convention and Tourist League. Its 1,270 hostels and 1,714 apartment houses are often crowded with these travelers from afar. It may be said of them that they reflect the true Western hospitable spirit, with a genuine desire to afford the best of service.

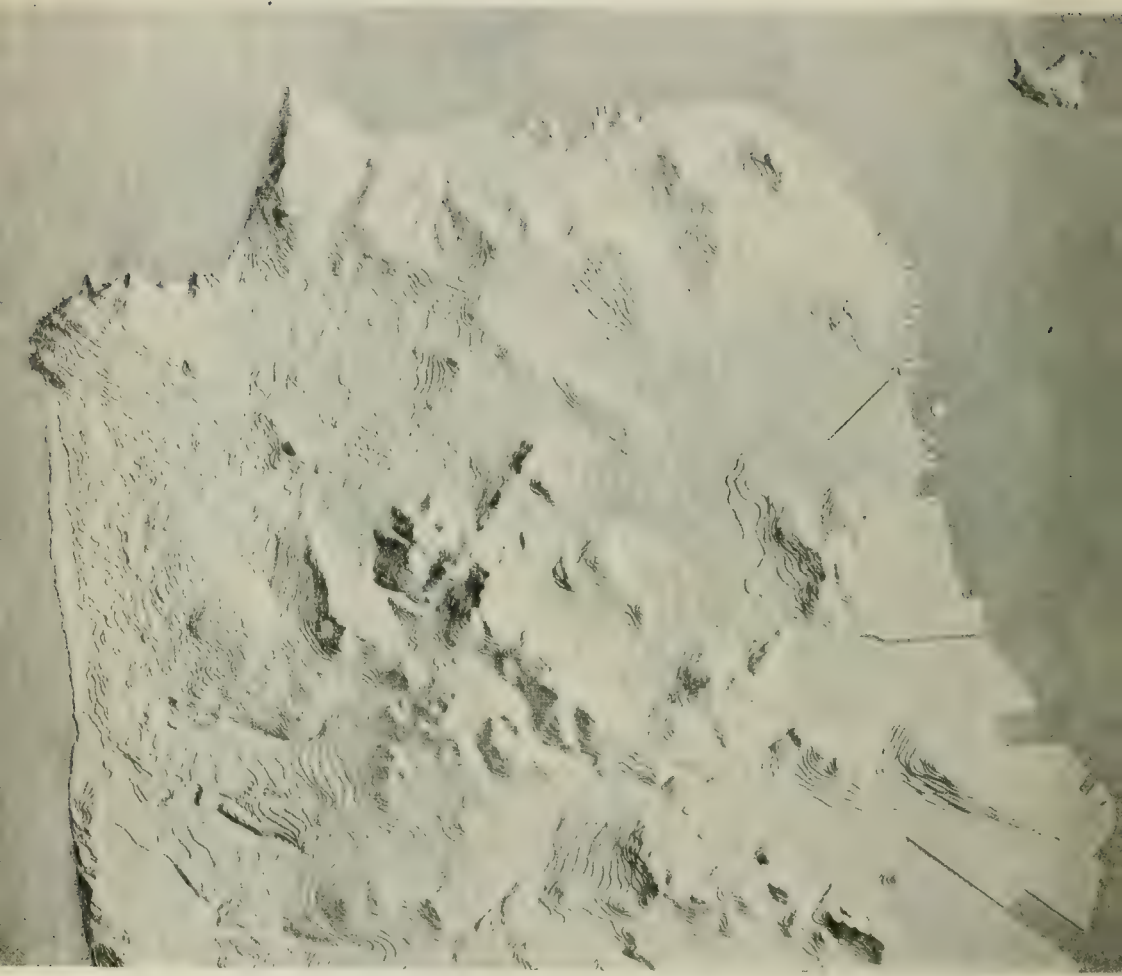
LVI

LATER PHASES

THE BAY REGION DURING THE WORLD WAR—PREPAREDNESS PARADERS
ATTACKED BY INFAMOUS BOMBER—CONSPICUOUS PATRIOTISM EX-
HIBITED BY BAY CITIES IN THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RED CROSS
AND THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE LIBERTY LOANS—RISE OF A
SUPERIOR CIVILIZATION IN THIS DELECTABLE REGION.

While Europe was in the first throes of the World war which began in August, 1914, San Francisco and the entire bay region were in a way to profit materially because of the special demand upon their resources, while agricultural California became excited over the prospects of better market prices due to the extraordinary demand thus created. Foodstuffs had been very cheap and the farmers had not been profiting by their production and sale. For example, a scientific orchardist had raised an enormous crop of peaches. To make any profit whatever he had to sell the dried product at 5 cents a pound, but the most he could get for them was 2½ cents, and this despite the fact that similar peaches were retailing in New York at 25 cents a pound. In order to overcome this condition, which was not greatly relieved during the first year of the war, the idea was conceived of forming a State Market in California—the first of the kind ever established. Hiram Johnson, one of the most progressive governors the state ever had, favored the idea, and when it was adopted by the Legislature he appointed Harris Weinstock as State Market Director. Weinstock proceeded to organize every branch of the farming industry in a separate association, with the result that before the war was over and for some years afterward the prices of every kind of food were soaring. This had not been the idea of the legislators who had voted for the measure and there was much discontent among consumers who had been promised fair treatment, but through two terms of office Weinstock held to his policy of high prices for the producer and these were maintained, as a rule, and at the present writing, seven years after our entry into the great war, the farmers are still enjoying better prices for Californian products than are to be had in many other states, and the consumer is still complaining.

It may be said of the bay region that as a whole, it stood behind President Wilson in his recognition of the fact that Germany's challenge to America must be answered. Long before our entry into the war this sec-



SAN FRANCISCO IN RELIEF

tion of California had looked with pride upon the valiant action of many of its young men who had joined the Canadian or English colors. San Francisco was strongly for preparedness. On July 22, 1916, there was held in the Bay City one of the greatest demonstrations of the war period in this country—an enormous preparedness parade participated in by citizens of all classes. An incident which marred this exhibition of patriotic fervor was the explosion of a bomb, fired by some radicals who had sent out post cards to the newspapers warning the public not to make the demonstration. These “pacifists” or terrorists, had not been taken seriously. The procession filed up Market Street from the ferries, and when the major portion of it had passed Steuart Street, the bomb, which had been left in a suitcase on the sidewalk near the intersection of that thoroughfare with Market Street, exploded with a terrific detonation, killing nine persons and wounding forty-two others.

Several suspects were arrested, but only one was convicted of the crime—Thomas J. Mooney, an agitator who was among those who had made threats against the paraders. Mooney’s neck was saved because of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon the governor by the laboring element and others who contended that the evidence against him was insufficient. Attempt after attempt was made to have the convicted man released from prison, but without avail. The conservative element of the community backed gubernatorial authority in all its acts which had for their end the punishment of one who was regarded as a dangerous criminal, even though it was conceded on nearly every hand that he did not place or fire the bomb. In the opinion of the public the fact that he was in favor of the commission of the crime and that he had committed others of a heinous nature, made his punishment one of poetic, if not of exact, justice.

When the United States entered the World war in 1916 the bay region became fired with such patriotism as has not been excelled by other portions of the country. This was evidenced both in the matter of volunteers to fight for liberty in Europe and in the offerings of treasure to assist in the great enterprise. Subscriptions to Liberty bonds by patriotic San Franciscans more than doubled those of any other city on the coast, as will be seen by the following record:

Loan	San Francisco	Los Angeles	Seattle
First	\$ 56,000,000	\$ 16,156,000	\$ 9,226,300
Second	69,823,150	33,178,750	15,195,450
Third	55,892,900	31,404,300	15,174,750
Fourth	110,836,150	48,686,350	29,536,050
Fifth	79,671,550	33,078,250	19,188,750
Totals	<u>\$316,223,750</u>	<u>\$146,347,650</u>	<u>\$88,321,300</u>

It may seem amazing to the outsider that cities which had claimed such wonderful populations and such splendid prosperity should have made such poor showings when contrasted with San Francisco, but statistics prove that the Bay City far exceeded in its war loan subscriptions the combined offerings of both of the other two large cities of the Pacific Coast.

A three-year record of shipbuilding on San Francisco Bay during and succeeding the war was 110 naval craft including three super-dreadnaughts together with ninety-seven cargo ships of a total of 945,783 tons.



THREE MODERN BUSINESS BLOCKS, RICHMOND

During the war period there was constructed the great Twin Peaks tunnel which solved the problem of quick transportation to a beautiful but formerly isolated home district by boring through the mountain at a cost of over \$4,000,000.

The whole bay region was thrilled to high patriotic fervor by the visit and orations of President Wilson in behalf of the League of Nations, but most of the newspapers did not support the peace pact, and so public enthusiasm waned. Only one newspaper in San Francisco—the Bulletin—stood forth conspicuously and backed the President in his efforts to insure the entry of the United States into the world league. At a later day these same newspapers which expressed their hostility to the League of Nations also endeavored to throw cold water upon the well-meant efforts of President Harding in support of the World Court which had for its aims a similarly peaceful object.

In and contiguous to the bay district are some of the largest vineyards in California, and it was feared that the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, by the Volstead Act which went into effect on July 1, 1919, would result in the destruction of these and other vineyards and would ruin the grape-growers. No such disastrous condition resulted. On the other hand, the grape-growers received much higher prices for their product than ever before. In former years they would have been glad to sell their grapes at \$20 a ton, but during the prohibition year and in the three that have succeeded it they have received from \$70 to \$100 a ton for the common Mission and Zinfandel grapes and even higher prices for the better varieties. The grapes were used by home vintners East and West, and these thirsty ones were willing to pay more for the product of the vine than the wholesale winemakers ever had offered. As I wrote in a magazine article published in 1920 on the result of prohibition in the Golden State: "A general and genial smile spread all over viticultural California, radiant as the sunshine of the Golden West. Prohibition had not only destroyed the vineyards, but, indirectly of course, it had given them a pretty strong excuse for continuance and expansion. And yet could anything be more paradoxical, more unbelievable? Still there it was, the enormous sum that had been received for the 1919 grape crop—over \$15,000,000.

Nor did prohibition have the effect desired by the reformers in the matter of the manufacture and consumption of strong alcoholic beverages; for, judging by all the evidence at hand, there is about as much liquor of various kinds made and drunk in California at the present writing as there was previous to the enactment of the Volstead law. True, the saloons, of which San Francisco had the most lavishly luxurious ones in the West, are closed, but "bootlegging" is practiced to an extent that not only alarms the reformers but those who fear that the poisons peddled as illicit beverages will work widespread injury. There is a growing popularity at the present writing for the amendment of the Volstead Act to admit of the manufacture and sale of wines and beer, but it is considered doubtful, while women have the vote, that this ever will be done.

The year 1919 saw the real beginning of a movement which will give San Francisco more direct access to the country across the bay north and east by means of bridges over the harbor. On December 27, 1922, J. B. Strauss, one of Chicago's best known civil engineers, working in conjunction with M. M. O'Shaughnessy, the city engineer of San Francisco, made public plans for a bridge across the Golden Gate, linking the city with the Marin shore. The gap to be covered measures 6,700 feet. This, however, is somewhat reduced by two rock ledges on either side, each at a distance of 1,300 feet from the shore, with a depth of water on the rocks of only

fifty feet. On these ledges the principal piers will be built, holding between them a central span of 4,000 feet. This is the longest span for a bridge ever planned or built, the longest cantilever span being 1,800 feet, while the longest suspension span is 1,600 feet, or less than half the Golden Gate span in either case. In simple language the plan is for a structure to consist of two cantilever bridges sustaining between them a suspension bridge. There will be two main piers each 200 feet high on which are to be superimposed steel towers 747 feet high, making the total pier height 1,010 feet, or only thirty-four feet less than that of the Eiffel Tower. The width of the bridge is to be eighty feet. This provides for two lines of trolley cars, two lines of automobiles in each direction and two seven-foot lines of sidewalks. The cost of this unique structure will be \$17,250,000.

Marin and Sonoma counties will be greatly benefited by the construction of the Golden Gate bridge. The attractions of Marin County to the summer resident and the tourist are being enhanced by the construction of a scenic boulevard to the summit of Tamalpais. There has been much new building going on of late years in San Rafael, Petaluma and neighboring towns. Among other structures of high value is the new \$100,000 concrete theatre building at San Anselmo.

Construction of a suspension bridge across Carquinez Straits is expected to prove a great boon to residents of the north bay district as well as to motorists generally. This bridge will be more than 3,000 feet in length, with a central span for navigation 1,500 feet wide and 135 feet high.

A bridge to connect San Francisco with the east bay district will be built during the next few years, or before 1930. This bridge will be of tremendous value to both Oakland and San Francisco and will afford that connecting link—the absence of which stands in the way of the joining of the two cities as one municipality—the dream of all those who are well-wishers of these two great centers of population. When this is done, and when Berkeley and Alameda are added to the new great city there will be no question of the coast primacy of San Francisco for all time.

An event which bowed the whole nation in sorrow occurred in San Francisco on August 2, 1923. On that day Warren Gamaliel Harding, twenty-ninth President of the United States, breathed his last in the Bay City after an illness of brief duration which was due to his forensic efforts in a tour across the country in July, made in furtherance of his project of a World Court of Justice. He devoted so much of his vital energy in putting forth this peace plan to his countrymen that he greatly weakened his physical powers, and yet his death was surprisingly unexpected, for only the day before its occurrence he had been reported as being in an improved condition of health.

It is remarkable that two of our great Presidents should have exhausted

their physical forces in putting forth mighty efforts to establish permanent peace for the world. It was his strenuous tour of speechmaking to the Pacific Coast that brought Woodrow Wilson almost to death's door only a few years before, while he was advocating the entry of the United States into the League of Nations. And it was a significant coincidence that the nature of their high aims as well as the contributing causes of their illnesses should have been so nearly identical.

The question of what should be done to preserve our Chief Magistrates in health during their arduous terms of office has become a weighty one, but it would seem that we must not in future expect to see them upon the public platform save at rare intervals, as speech-making, coupled with their many other duties, is something that is too obviously overdone, much as the public enjoys it.

During the years 1922 and 1923 tremendous strides have been made by the east bay cities. Richmond, with its yearly output of over \$75,000,-000 worth of products and its payroll of over \$12,000,000 for industrial labor, has advanced to fourth place as a California manufacturing city. Oakland has progressed proportionately, while the industries of San Jose, Santa Clara, Redwood City, San Mateo and the whole Peninsular region have made great strides. A person who had left the bay district twenty years ago and has only recently returned to it hardly recognizes the physical features of these bay cities. Tall buildings rivaling those of New York have shot up in San Francisco in a way to make a brave showing. Towers of trade fifteen, seventeen and even twenty stories high have been added to the skyline during the three years ending with the 1st of July, 1923.

What the future has in store for the bay region in the way of cultural and industrial progress is hardly to be measured by the footrule of the past, for it is not a case of simple, but of cumulative progression. Without boosting or boasting, trade expansion and the rise of realty values, together with the steady increase of manufactures, are making a wonderful showing from year to year.

And year by year the lure of San Francisco, the dream city by the Golden Gate, and of the whole bay region, will be felt by pulsing multitudes who, turning their eyes to the West, will not rest until they have found homes along its shining shores. For "dream city," the name given it by the poet Clarence Urmey in the lines that follow, suggests the glamour and the glory of San Francisco in a way to fill the hearts of those who love to call it "home." And to love, let it always be remembered, is to understand. Urmey, for years a dweller in San Jose, was born in San Francisco in 1858. He died in the present year of 1923.

Against a sky of rose and violet
The city's outline clearly, sharply shows,

Against a sky of violet and rose
The shapes of turret, tower and minaret;
Twin Peaks, high hills, in dream repose are set,
Around whose heads the poppy-zephyr blows,
Twin Peaks, high hills, are set in dream repose
Where Occident and Orient have met;
And now the skies have turned to gold and green,
Rare jewels blaze on steeple, spire and dome—
Over the deck's low rail I lonely lean
And throw a kiss to thee, my natal home!
Dream city! Pilgrim hearts alone can prize
Such precious balm for weary, homesick eyes.

A superior civilization is rising about the bay, and the heart of it is San Francisco. No other modern city has been so widely sung, so celebrated in prose. And why? Because it is a city of golden tradition, of brightest romance, of deepest tragedy, a city of brave men and women, a city of firm convictions and firmer faith—a city with a soul!



NEWBORN'S
358 POST
STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

OPPOSITE
UNION
SQUARE

